

Gc
974.502
B776t
1240552

GENEALOGY COLLECTION

ALLEN COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY



3 1833 00084 6623

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL



SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

Written and Edited by
CHARLES O. F. THOMPSON

Printed in *PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND*
by the *ROGER WILLIAMS PRESS* 1942

PRINTED IN PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND
BY THE ROGER WILLIAMS PRESS, 1942

1246552

TO THE MEMORY OF
MY MOTHER

ABBIE HOWLAND THOMPSON

*Her appreciation and understanding
would have been the greatest.*



Southern - 4/15/00



CONTENTS

Bristol in 1820	I
Town Officers in 1820 and Other Items of Interest . . .	10
Bristol in the Year 1825	16
Simeon Potter	19
Notable Bristolians, 1826	21
Sammy Usher	23
Bristol in 1840	29
Old-Time Firefighters	38
Old Bristol Reminiscences, 1840-1850	40
Bristol Schools One Hundred Years Ago	67
Bristol in the Year 1855	88
Bristol in the Year 1856	89
Town Officials in 1856	91
The Days of the West Indiamen Square-Riggers . . .	96
The "Mansion House" — Captain Charles D'Wolf . .	98
Hon. James D'Wolf	99
"The Mount"	103
The Old D'Wolf Family Bible	110
The Old D'Wolf Warehouse	111
A D'Wolf Project	114
The Slave Trade in 1807 — Captain James D'Wolf . .	115
Gen. George D'Wolf's Failure in 1825	116
Hon. John D'Wolf and the "Farm"	117
The Military — 1820	123
Old-Time Musters	125

CONTENTS (*continued*)

The Train of Artillery	126
The Train of Artillery and the "Dorr War," 1842	128
The Brick Schoolhouse on the Neck	130
The "Old Brick School House"	133
The Streets and Lanes of Bristol as Originally Laid Out	137
The First Houses Built in Bristol	141
"King's Highway"	149
"Daddy" Bullock — 106 years old	150
Bourn's Tavern	151
The Court House	152
The Town's Poor Farm	154
Castle Island Beacon	155
Old Bristol "Colored Folks"	156
Bristol, a Sleepy Little Village	159
J. Gladding & Co., Bookbinders	160
The Days of Long Ago in Bristol	162
Rev. Henry Wight, D.D.	164
Excerpts from "Parson" Wight's Records	165
Excerpts from Diary of "Parson" Wight, 1787	169
The Middle District School	176
The Town Watch Years Ago	182
The Old Graveyard	
on the Southeast Corner of the Common	185
Babbitt's or "Long Wharf"	186
The Old Congregational Meeting-House	192
Home Life of Long Ago	197
Hon. James Diman	206

CONTENTS (*continued*)

The Old Gas House	207
Some Bristol "Colored Folks" of the Long Ago	209
Hon. Byron Diman	212
John Howe, "Squire"	214
Robert Rogers	216
"Goree"	220
Some Quaint Bristol Characters of the Old Days	221
Hon. Joseph M. Blake	223
The Old Gladding Windmill	225
Old Lanes of Bristol	226
Doctor Jabez Holmes	228
Old Stage Coach Days	229
The Old Franklin St. Station	239
The Town Crier	250
Bristol Sketches	254
Major Jacob Babbitt	264
The News of Lee's Surrender Arrives in Bristol, 1865 . . .	265
Hon. Samuel W. Church	267
Old-Time Bristol Blacksmiths	269
The Old Bristol and Warren Boundary Line	272
The Old Freeman's Bank Building	273
Peter Gladding — Town Clerk	274
The "Old Diman House"	275
Col. William R. Taylor	276
"Green Lane"	277
Old Well Unearthed	277
Rt. Rev. Mark Antony DeWolfe Howe	278

CONTENTS (*continued*)

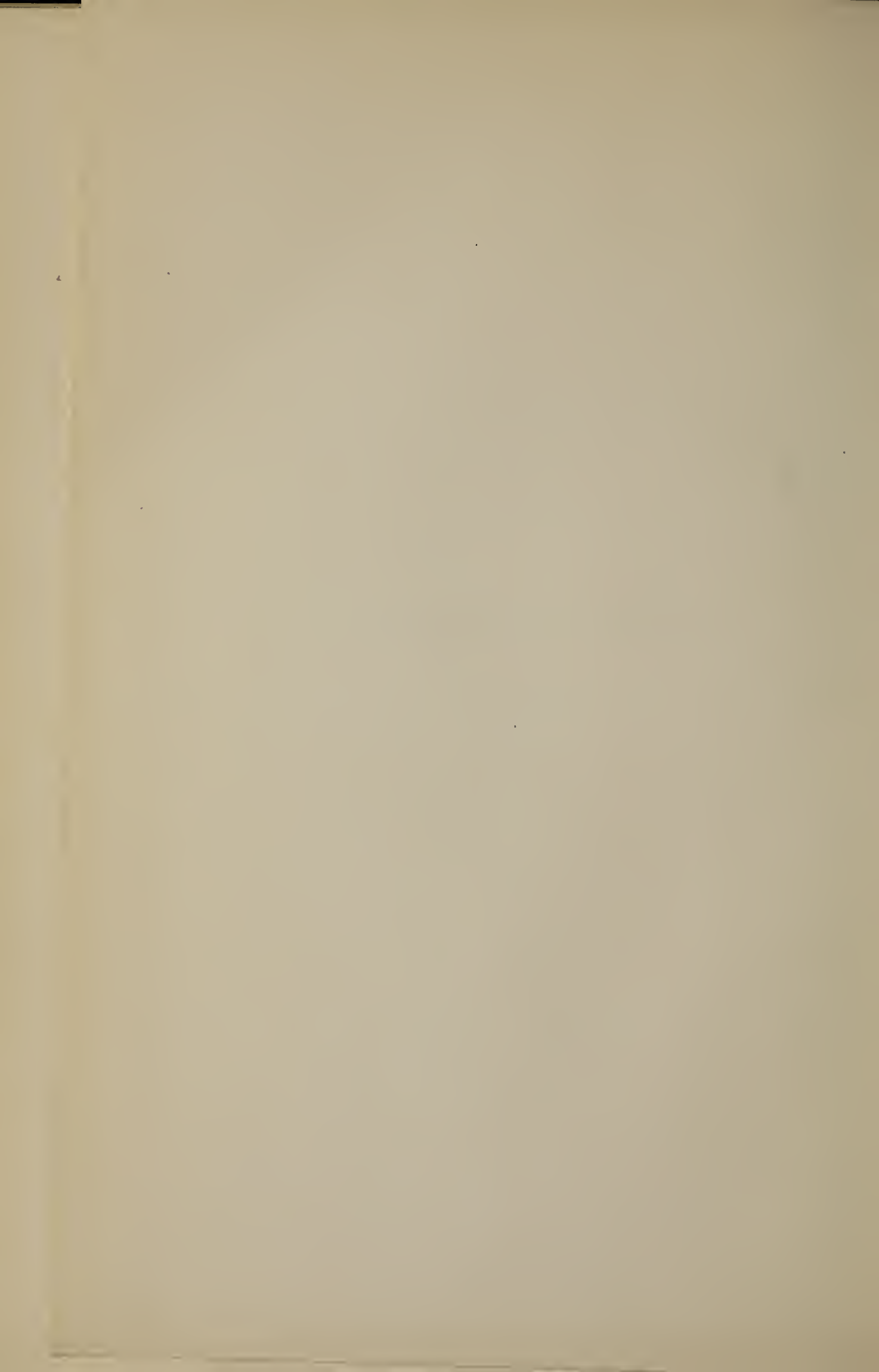
James DeWolf Perry	282
A Picture of Bristol, 1866-1875	284
Town Meeting in 1875	294
Hon. Jonathan Russell Bullock	296
Burning of the Empire State	298
The Bristol <i>PHOENIX</i> — a History	299
Hog Island	308
Bristol Banks of Long Ago	311
Superintendents of Schools	320
High School Principals	321
Marmaduke Mason	322
Edward Isaac Thompson	322
Col. Charles A. Greene	325
Charles H. Spooner	326
Hon. Isaac F. Williams	328
George W. Easterbrooks	329
"Scotty" Dixon	329
Herbert Franklin Bennett — Town Clerk	331
Rev. George Lyman Locke, D.D.	333
Hon. William T. C. Wardwell	335
Hon. Augustus Osborn Bourn	338
Parmenas Skinner, Jr.	339
George Ulric Arnold	341
The Old Burying-Grounds	342
The Old Bristol Ferry	345
The Great September Gale of 1815	351
The Hurricane, 1938	353

CONTENTS (*continued*)

An Incident Concerning Gov. William Bradford in 1775	356
The Governor Bradford Farm	357
Burial of Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry in 1826	359
United States Post Office and Custom House—Postmasters	362
Notable Bristolians of the Past	364
The Old Stone Wall on the Neck Road	365
“The Old Tramp House”	366
Bristol Police Force of 1904	367
Hon. Ezra Dixon	367
Rev. William Ramsay Trotter	370
John Post Reynolds	371
Orrin Luther Bosworth — Judge	373
Charles Bristed Rockwell	374
William Frederick Williams, M.D.	376
Philo V. Cady — Sheriff	377
Alfred M. Merriman, M.D.	378
The Old Herreshoff Family	380
“Fourth of July” — 1838	382
Some Choice Ads and Notices of the Long Ago	383
Gleanings from the Past	392
A Few Anecdotes	403
Census Statistics of Bristol from 1748 to 1940	411
Census of Bristol — 1774	412
Census of Bristol — 1785 — A Summary	414
Census of Bristol — 1790	415
Interesting Facts of the Past	418



SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL



BRISTOL in 1820

Written in 1870 by BENNETT J. MUNRO (1809-1888)

THE last half century has seen many and great changes in the town of Bristol. Old monuments of ancient structure have disappeared and new ones of more modern style and architecture have taken their places. Old customs in social life, in trade, and manners, have given place to more modern ideas. The men who in 1820 filled places of honor and trust and directed public affairs have passed off the stage of action, and been succeeded by others who have developed new ideas of human obligations and relations in life.

The United States census of 1820, taken by Golden Dearth, Esq., gives the population of Bristol as:

MALES	1633
FEMALES	<u>1564</u>
TOTAL	3197

Of these 213 were colored.

The census for this year (1870) shows a total population of 5302, a net increase of 2105, an average gain of 42 each year. Should one who left Bristol in 1820, return today, fifty years later, he would look in vain for things which were familiar in his youthful days, such have been the great changes that have come about.

Standing at the north end of the town, near the town bridge, and looking south, his eye would rest on the depot, engine house, and iron rails of the Providence, Warren & Bristol R. R. Co., also the Marine Railway at the foot of Oliver street, in place of the spacious wharves and well-stored warehouses of the late Thomas Church, Parker Borden, Benjamin Bosworth, and Nicholas Peck.

He would look in vain for the humble one-story "West house," the birthplace of several generations; the slaughterhouse of Judge Howland, where Jack Haskell reigned supreme, the

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

terror of all horned cattle and sheep kind; the Coggeshall house, on which site the mansion house erected by the late Thomas Church in 1840 now stands; the dwelling house of Capt. Daniel Gladding where the first Methodist meeting was held in 1790;* the hay press and stores of Newton Waldron, now used as a lumber yard; the warehouses and distillery of Col. Samuel Wardwell where now stands the cotton mill of the Richmond Mfg. Co.; the store of Aaron Usher, with the ponderous scales where hay and other merchandise was suspended in the air and weighed; the noble mansion in the rear built by the Rev'd. Mr. Samuel Lee, the first settled minister of the community (1687-91), where he resided during his stay in Bristol.

Further on the Lindsey house subsequently owned by Restcome Hart, where now stands the store occupied by Otis Munro;** the store where Maj. Benjamin Wardwell presided for more than half a century; the blacksmith shop and shipyard on whose site the cotton mill of the Reynolds' Mfg. Co. now stands; and last, but not least, the large mansion, the beautiful gardens adjoining, and the well-filled warehouses of Capt. Charles D'Wolf.

On Hope street he would miss the Norris house; the Joseph Diman house; the house where Thomas Diman made grave-stones; the Smith house; the house on the corner occupied by the Manchester family, where "Marm" May taught the young "ideas" of several generations; the Gladding house opposite; further on the tavern stand of Stephen Wardwell;*** the Russell, more familiarly known as the Van Doorn house; the house on the corner built by Nathaniel Paine in 1681; the store adjoining occupied by Simon Davis; the barber's shop of Seabury Manchester, where the aged men of the town met twice a week to talk over matters of local interest while undergoing tonsorial opera-

*In 1890 the old house was still standing on Thames street, next south of the Phenix Sugar Refinery.

**This is the brick building still standing at the southwest corner of Thames and State streets, at the head of the steamboat wharf. A white stone marker on the front (near the peak) gives the date of construction, 1826.

***This stood on the site of the Henry W. Peck house on Hope street.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

tions; the Woodbury house famed for the fact of its survival after the burning of the town by the British troops in 1778; the Mosher place; Bourn's Tavern; and the Smith house; the Oxx house, recently demolished; the Richard Smith house; the house on the corner of Constitution street with the store attached, whose occupant spelled coffee "*kauphey*", and kept his book accounts in chalk marks on the door, which the good dame obliterated once a year when house cleaning; the building in the rear built by Capt. Church in 1680; the two Nooning houses; the humble residence of John Coy, the town crier; the Liscomb house, and Gladding's grist mill at the south end of the town.

He would look in vain for the residence of Sammy Usher, whose eccentric form and manners and wit made him the jovial companion of his compeers; or the Isaac Young house; the Drown place, and many others which might be named.

On High street in 1820 there were 29 buildings—four have been removed and 63 added. On Wood street, commencing south up to State street, there were three buildings; thence north on the east side to Crooked Lane, where now stands the plant of the National India Rubber Co., the Roman Catholic Church and various dwellings, there were five small houses, and on the opposite side three, all occupied by colored folks. This street numbers at present about 60 houses. The large space east of Wood street now dotted over with houses, in 1820 contained not a single house.

During the year 1820 forty-nine foreign cargoes were entered at the Custom House in this town, and the duties on imports that year amounted to \$121,570. Sixty-nine ships engaged in foreign trade hailed from this port. The exports for the year 1820 amounted to about \$75,000; they consisted chiefly of lumber, hoops, fish, provisions, horses and mules, onions, potatoes, and other articles of produce and manufacture.

Among the imports in 1820 at this port were 6,397 boxes of sugar, 2,869 casks of molasses, 4,538 bars of iron, 292 tons of hemp, 2,289 bales of Russia duck, 1,160 packages of Russia diaper, 68 packages of sheeting, 24 bales of feathers, 29,100

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

quills, 469 bags of coffee, 123 puncheons* of rum, 35 casks of honey, 2,700 boxes of cigars, 110 zeroons** of indigo, 3,718 bushels of salt, 3,150 calf-skins, 26 tons of old iron, 193 casks of palm oil, 73 tons of ivory, 320 ounces of gold dust, 1,055 hides, 205 tons of dye woods and mahogany, and various other articles of merchandise.

Chas. Collins, Esq., was Collector of Customs for the District of Bristol and Warren, and the Custom House was located on Bradford street in the dwelling house now owned and occupied by Capt. Allen T. Usher. Capt. Collins held the office of Collector for several years during the time Bristol was at its height of commercial prosperity; he was a shipmaster and a native of Warren but resided in this town for many years; he married Lydia, the daughter of the Hon. William Bradford.

The merchants engaged in commerce at this time were James D'Wolf, Jacob Babbitt, Thomas Church, Nicholas Peck, Parker Borden, Byron Diman, Benj. Norris, Hersey Bradford, Henry Wight, Jr., Allen Wardwell, Samuel Gladding, George D'Wolf, Chas. D'Wolf, Jr., John Smith, Robert Rogers, Wm. R. Noyes, Thos. Lindsey, Royal Diman, Nathaniel Wardwell, Samuel Wardwell, Nathaniel Gladding, Robert Davis, John Wardwell, James Pitkins, Edward Church, Lemuel C. Richmond, Edward Spalding, and Geo. S. Wardwell.

A great portion of the molasses imported was manufactured into rum and sent to market elsewhere; two distilleries were in full operation at this time, also one establishment where spirits were rectified.

Prominent among the business men and mechanics of the town were: Nicholas Peck & Son, and Samuel Coggeshall, wholesale dealers; Ephraim Gifford, Benj. Hall, Benj. Wardwell, Monro & Norris, Zebedee Paull, Joseph Coe, Stephen Chafee, Greenwood Reynolds, and William Pearce, 3d were all grocers; Geo. Coggeshall, Thos. Richmond, James LeBaron, and Henry Smith dealt in dry goods; Sylvester Luther, Ebenezer

*A cask, a liquid measure of 84 wine-gallons.

**A bale or package, covered with hide, or wood bound with hide.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

Bosworth and Obediah Brown were dealers in boots and shoes; Benj. Wyatt, Palmer Brown, Wm. Van Doorn, James P. Burgess, and John A. Pitman were merchant tailors; Crawford Easterbrooks, James Smith, and George B. Peck made hats; William Muenschler sold books and stationery; Russell Warren, Benj. Norris, Charles Shaw, Samuel Warren, Jonathan West, and Timothy French were house carpenters and contractors; Nehemiah Cole, Benj. Grant, Nathan Bishop, Haile Mason, and Joseph Waldron were stone and brick masons; Ephraim Sprague, Joseph Brown, and Isaac Freeborn, cabinet makers; Eleaser Luther, Nelson Miller, Restcome Hart, Ephraim Monro, and Samuel Taylor were blacksmiths; James Fales and Josiah Gooding,* jewelers; John Peckham and Amasa Breck, harness and truck makers; Edward Munro, John Manchester, Bennett Munro, Richard Harding, Seabury Manchester and Joseph Wardwell were coopers; Jonathan Nooning and Daniel Gladding were sail makers; Benj. Tilley and Lefavour Howland made cordage; John C. Harding and Benj. West were block-makers; Joseph Coit made spars; Aaron Bourne, Gilbert Richmond, Sheffield Atwood and John Gardner were bakers; Wm. S. Simmons was a carriage maker; Henry P. Bowers painted carriages; Samuel Thompson was a wheelwright; Gilbert Norris was a glazier; Amos T. Gorham** made tin ware; John Wadsworth and Isaiah Cole were weavers; Enos Eddy and Jonathan Hill were shipbuilders; Amos Wright, Thos. Collamore and Jonathan Peck were calkers; John West, Richard West, Ansel Meigs, Ceaser Tanner and Thos. Wilson were butchers; William Young, Abraham Leonard, John U. Sandford, and Richard Manchester were "teamers"; Samuel Gladding, Noah Hall, Mason Kingsley, Charles Munro, Titus Peck and York Usher were woodchoppers; the undertakers were Nathaniel Smith, 2d and Scipeo Burt, the former being the sexton of the Episcopal and the latter of the Congregational church. Ben Gannett drove the public hearse, and Samuel Thompson and Thomas Goff rang

*Father of James M. and Josephus B. Gooding.

**Father of "Wash" Gorham.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

the town bell. Peleg Slocum who was Constable also kept the Jail.

The Town Clerk, in 1820, was Daniel Bradford; he was a man of rare abilities and finished education; he also held the office of Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas; he was a teacher in the public schools, and was also extensively engaged in the settlement of estates and other legal matters. After Judge Bradford's death in December, 1820, the town voted that the records of the town should be kept hereafter in some suitable place in the town, south from Oliver street and north from Constitution street. Judge Bradford for several years resided on Bristol Neck, on the farm since occupied by Chas. Fales, Esq., and the town records were kept in his house which made it very inconvenient for those who wished to consult the records. It is related of the late Gov. Nathaniel Bullock* that on being asked by a stranger in regard to the location of the Town Clerk's office, replied in his prompt and humorous manner, "You will find it in Judge Bradford's hat."

The Town Crier, John Coy, was born in 1771 and held this office for many years up to the time of his death in 1824. He was a very faithful and efficient officer conferring honor on the same by the dignity with which he performed his duties, whether by notifying town meetings by beat of drum, or crying at the corners of the streets the goods to be sold by Wm. Reynolds and John W. Bourn, the leading auctioneers of that time.

The Post Office in 1820 was kept at Pardon Handy's store on Thames street, in the Long Wharf building. Pardon Handy, Esq. was the postmaster and it was at his store that Sammy Usher used to hang out. Dr. Lemuel W. Briggs, who succeeded Mr. Handy as postmaster in 1823, removed the office to State street, thence to his store on Hope street. Dr. Briggs held the office until his death in 1840. He was born in Middleborough, Mass. in 1786; studied medicine with Dr. Thos. Nelson, a distinguished physician of this town, was admitted to practice in 1807; practiced two years in his native town, and located himself in Bristol in 1810, where he continued to practice until his death, a

*Father of the late Judge J. Russell Bullock.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

period of thirty years. Dr. Briggs was a valuable citizen, much interested in the affairs of the town; he was an early member of the School Committee, and was one of the original members of the Baptist church; he was one of the founders of the R. I. Medical Society. The beautiful elms which shade the public buildings in front of the Common were planted under his immediate direction and will remain for many generations to come, monuments to his taste and judgment. The town meeting records show that the good doctor was year after year appointed a committee for the care of the Common.

Members of the legislature were elected semi-annually, in April and August. The town in 1820 voted a tax of \$2,500. Of this amount \$800 was appropriated for highways, and \$1,700 for incidental expenses, including the support of the poor, and the pay of members of the Legislature who were paid by the several towns. In 1820 the town supported 14 paupers who were boarded in private families at from \$1.25-\$2.00 per week; five paupers died during the year, one of which had been supported by the town for 51 years, living in one family nearly all that time.

Twenty-nine licenses for the sale of ardent spirits were granted in 1820—one out of every 110 persons in the town was engaged in this business. The income received from licenses was \$148.75—not a very large sum when you consider the number of permits granted.

The tavern keepers licensed were Shearjashub Bourn, George Spooner, Jonathan Reynolds, Samuel Read and Sanford Horton. The latter conducted the Bristol Hotel, in those days known as "Horton's". The Town Council and Court of Probate held their meetings at Bourn's Tavern and Mr. Bourn's bill, that year, for entertaining the town's fathers was \$42.28. Years ago Bourn's Tavern stood on the site of the present Post Office building.

In 1820 John C. Leveck kept a victualing house in the town. That year a town watch was ordered to be set during the winter months; also Jacob Babbitt, William D'Wolf, and John Howe were appointed a committee to lease the public docks at the foot of the various streets.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

PUBLIC SCHOOLS

The question of public school instruction was beginning to be agitated throughout the State at this time, and at the January session of the Legislature the question was discussed, and the whole subject matter was referred to the people (the free holders) to be voted upon at the election of members of the General Assembly. At the April town meeting the matter was introduced by the Hon. James D'Wolf, who advocated strenuously the adoption of the free school system. The question, however, was postponed until the August town meeting when, after a very spirited and earnest debate, the following resolution was passed nearly unanimously, only four voting in the negative:

"Voted, That it is expedient to establish free schools through the State at the public expense, and that our Representatives be instructed to vote accordingly."

The Legislature at the next session passed the bill establishing public schools, and at the spring election, in 1823, the town elected the following persons as the School Committee, under whose direction free schools were first inaugurated in this town. In point of learning and high moral culture this committee will compare favorably with those of more modern times:

Alexander V. Griswold, Bishop of the Diocese of Rhode Island, Rector of St. Michael's Church, and at the time Chancellor of Brown University, and for many years a teacher of youth, was the chairman of the Committee; Lemuel W. Briggs, a distinguished physician and a man of high intellectual abilities, was the secretary; the other members of the committee were Henry Wight, D.D., graduate of Harvard University, pastor of the Congregational Church, and one of the board of Fellows of Brown University, a man ripe in years and experience; John D'Wolf, jr., a graduate of Brown University, at that time Professor of Chemistry in that college; John Howe, Esq., a celebrated lawyer, also a graduate of Brown University; Jabez Holmes, M.D., a graduate of Yale, with Col. Peter Church, and Charles Fales, Esq., both farmers.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

Abner Alden, A.M., for many years principal of the Academy in this town, died on the 18th day of August, 1820, aged 64 years. Mr. Alden was born in Middleborough, Mass., in 1756—graduated at Brown University in 1780, taught at the Academy in East Greenwich a short time, came to this place in 1786, where he resided until his death. Mr. Alden was a man of strong mind and finished education; he was the author of several valuable school books which were in general use at that time, but which have now become extinct. Mr. Alden was succeeded in the Academy by his nephew, Charles H. Alden, who taught several years.

The "town schools," as they were termed, were taught successively by Daniel Bradford, Joseph Rawson, Greenwood Reynolds, Samuel Reynolds and William R. Noyes. Stutely Wyatt taught a private school, and the primary departments were conducted by "Marm" May, "Marm" Borden, "Madam" Waldron, the Misses Elliotts, and Miss Drown.

FIRE DEPARTMENT

The Fire Department consisted of three small fire engines, two fire hooks, three ladders, about three hundred feet of leather hose, twenty-four fire buckets, eight to each engine, six axes, four wrenches, four iron bars, and three speaking trumpets. Each dwelling house was furnished with one or more fire buckets to be used in case of necessity. The engines were supplied with water, usually from the harbor, lines being formed from the docks to the engines, the men passing the filled buckets and the women and children the empty ones.

Engine No. 1 was located at the foot of Bradford street and was manned as follows: John W. Bourn, Captain, Nathaniel C. Townsend, John Peckham, Nathaniel G. Bourne, Thomas Lindsey, Samuel Norris, Nicholas Peck, jun., Jonathan Alger, Hezekiah Norris, Jonathan West, Joseph Gifford, Eleaser Luther, and Joseph Booth. The engine house was built in 1806 at a cost of \$106.

Engine No. 2 was located at the foot of Church street. Edward Munro, jun., was Captain. The Company consisted of

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

Joseph Coit, George M. Coit, Billings Waldron, 2d, Richard S. Gladding, William S. Simmons, John P. Simmons, Samuel Taylor, Benjamin T. Easterbrooks, John A. Pitman, William C. Smith, and Edward T. Gladding. This engine house was erected in 1814 at a cost of \$205.

Engine No. 3, at the foot of Constitution street — Charles D'Wolf, jun., Captain. This company was composed of Milton French, James Pitkins, Robert Davis, Jonathan Nooning, Joseph Wardwell, James Diman, Josiah Gooding, George S. Wardwell, Seabury Manchester, 2d, James T. Newman, Nathaniel T. Paine, and Ephraim Sprague. The building was erected in 1817 at a cost of \$198. Forty-nine persons belonged to the fire department at this time, five only survive. The whole amount expended on account of the fire department that year was \$38.49.

TOWN OFFICERS in 1820 and Other Items of Interest

ANYONE who is interested in the past, whether it be antiques, customs and usages, or the people, will tell you that the greatest thrill comes when the unexpected turns up.

The other morning when I arrived at the office, I found on my desk a small booklet that had all the appearances of a very old almanac. On examination it proved to be a copy, in very good condition, of:

THE
RHODE-ISLAND
REGISTER
and
United States Calander
For the year of Our Lord Christ,
1820;
Being the forty-fourth of
American Independence.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

A friend, knowing my interest in things old or ancient, had thoughtfully left it for me to look over.

1820 was a long time ago; the War of 1812 had been fought and ended but a few years since; at that time my old grandsire, who ended his earthly career back in the early nineties, was a young man going on six years.

This little gem of the past turned out to be full of interesting things, many about Bristol. It started off with the regular Almanack for the year 1820, printed with the old-style spelling, f's for s's. The month of April had this solemn warning at the top of the page:

“Travelers fhould be careful to deliver their baggage to proper perfons; as a gentleman a few days fince, on alighting from a ftage coach, entrusted his wife to a ftranger, and has not heard from her fince!”

The first thing of local interest that catches the eye is:

Representatives from the several Towns—Bristol; James D'Wolf, Hopestill P. Diman. Speaker of the House, Hon. James D'Wolf, Esq.

TOWN OFFICERS

Town Clerk—Daniel Bradford. Town Council and Overseers of the Poor—John D'Wolf, Wm. Pearce, 2d, Thomas Church, Royal Diman, Benjamin Norris. Town Sergeant—Benjamin Munro. Town Treasurer—Samuel Coggeshall.

Assessors of Taxes—Richard Smith, John Peck, Nath'l Wardwell. Town Auditors—Richard Smith, John D'Wolf, Thomas Church. Auctioneers—William Reynolds, John W. Bourn. Surveyors of Highways—Wm. Pearce, James D'Wolf, Nicholas Peck, Thomas Church, John Peck, Giles Luther, Nath'l Fales, Joseph Munro.

Sealer of Weights and Measures—John W. Bourn. Sealer of Leather—Benjamin Munro. To appraise Estates, when disputed in voting—Jacob Babbitt, Parker Borden, Greenwood Reynolds. Packers of Provisions—Thomas Pearce, Samuel Gladding, Joseph Munro, Ansel Meigs. Measurer of Grain—

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

Benjamin Munro. Clerk of the Market—Aaron Easterbrooks.

Constables—Peleg Slocum, Joseph Sylvester, Royal Thresher. Gaugers of Casks—Joshua Gladding, Jeremiah Diman, William Throop, Benjamin K. Churchill. Fence Viewers—John Peck, Oliver West, Hezekiah Munro, 2d, Jonathan Reynolds, David Munro.

Town Crier—John Coy. Pound Keepers—Samuel Waldron, Benjamin W. Doty. Field Drivers—Raymond H. Perry, Edward B. Munro, Royal Thresher, Edward Usher, Benjamin W. Doty. Cullers of Staves and Surveyors of Hoops—Benjamin Bosworth, 2d, Edward Munro, Richard Harding, Bennet Munro, Edward Munro, jun.

Surveyors of Lumber—Jonathan Slade, Isaac Borden, Charles Shaw, Hezekiah C. Wardwell, Hezekiah Norris, Winchester Heath, Timothy French, Samuel Warren. Surveyors of Wood—William Throop, William Young. Inspector of Fish—Benjamin Bosworth, 2d. Corders of Wood—Geo. Waldron, Royal Sanford, Mason Kingsley, Joseph Relph, Samuel Gladding, Edward Usher, Samuel Gladding, jun.

To examine Nuisances — Jacob Babbitt, John Howland, H. Munro, jun.

Presidents of Fire Wards*—Jacob Babbitt, Thomas Swan, Charles Collins. Fire Wardens — James D'Wolf, William D'Wolf, Benjamin Norris, Billings Waldron, Nathaniel Gladding, Parker Borden, Nicholas Peck, Samuel Wardwell.

FIRE ENGINE COMPANIES IN TOWN

Three in number—No. 1, 13 men; No. 2, 12 men; No. 3, 13 men.

Ministers—Rev. Henry Wight, Senior Pastor of the Catholic Congregational Society; Rev. Joel Mann, Junior Pastor. Right Rev. Alexander V. Griswold, Rector of St. Michael's Church. Rev. Thomas Tucker, Methodist. Rev. Barnabas Bates, Baptist.

*Freemen of the town were appointed by the electors in town meeting: "To pull down houses and buildings, under the directions of the Presidents of Fire Wards in times of fire."

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

Attornies—John Howe, Nathaniel Bullock.

Physicians—Lemuel W. Briggs, Jabez Holmes, Caleb Miller.

JUDGES OF THE COURTS

The Judiciary of the State consisted of five Judges of the Supreme Court, and five Justices from each of the Counties constituted the Court of Common Pleas, making thirty judges in all. They were elected annually and paid by fees.

(Only those from Bristol are reprinted)

John D'Wolf—Justice of the Supreme Judicial Court.

Justices of the Court of Common Pleas and General Sessions of the Peace, within and for the County of Bristol—Daniel Bradford, Chief Justice; John Howland.

Public Notaries—Benj. M. Bosworth, Samuel Smith, 2d, John West, 3d, John Wardwell.

Justices of the Peace—Thomas Diman, Greenwold Reynolds, Edward Church, Samuel Coggeshall, Josiah Gooding, Lemuel C. Richmond.

In 1820 there were in the town:

*Marine Insurance Company**—John Wardwell, President; John W. Bourn, Secretary. Directors: Thomas Church, Daniel Bradford, John West, jun., Nicholas Peck, Robert Rogers, jun., Nathaniel Wardwell, Nathaniel Bullock, William Pearce, 2d.

Mount Hope Academy—Rev. Henry Wight, President. Trustees: John D'Wolf, James D'Wolf, Hersey Bradford. Abner Alden, Preceptor.

Literary Society, established about two years since. Rev. Henry Wight, President; John West, jun., Sec. and Treas. Censors: John Howe, Rev. Joel Mann, Rev. Barnabas Bates.

Female Charitable Society, established about 1811. Mary Goodwin, President; Ruth Brown, Secretary.

*"Parson" Wight in his Records of the buildings erected in the town of Bristol mentions: "A 3-story brick house for the Insurance Co. on Court street in 1804." This is the old Bristol Hotel on State street. In those days State street was known as Court street.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

Tract Society, established in 1815. Harriet Smith, President; Hannah Church, Secretary.

MASONIC

St. Alban's Lodge, No. 6, A.F. & A.M.—Barnabas Bates, Master; George B. Peck, Senior Warden; Sylvester Luther, Junior Warden; John W. Bourn, Secretary; Samuel Wardwell, jun., Treasurer; Golden Dearth, Senior Deacon; Benjamin Wyatt, Junior Deacon; Thomas W. Tucker, Chaplain; Joseph Booth, Tyler; Restcome Hart, Second Tyler and Steward.

The monthly meetings of this Lodge are holden on the Wednesday evening preceding the full Moon.

Post-Towns—BRISTOL—Post-Master, Barnabas Bates, April 17, 1817 to April 25, 1820. Pardon Handy, April 25, 1820 to March 4, 1823.

Rates of Postage

On Single Letters—for any distance not exceeding 30 miles, 6 cts.

Over 30 and not over 80 miles—10 cts.

Over 80 and not over 150 miles 12½ cts.

Over 150 and not over 400 miles, 13½ cts.

Over 400 miles, 25 cts.

Double Letters, or those composed of two pieces of paper, double those rates.

Triple Letters, or those composed of three pieces of paper, triple those rates.

Ship Letters, not carried by mail, 6 cts.

BANKS

In Providence—United States' Branch Bank. James D'Wolf and George D'Wolf were directors of this Bank.

In Bristol—Commercial Bank, capital \$150,000. Discount day Tuesday. William D'Wolf, President; John Wardwell, Cashier. Directors: Thomas Church, Jacob Babbitt, Thomas

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

Richmond, Benj. M. Bosworth, John Howland, Parker Borden, Nathaniel Wardwell, Nathaniel Gladding.

Freemen's Bank, capital \$62,500. Charles Collins, President; John West, jun., Cashier. Directors: Daniel Bradford, John Howe, William Reynolds, Benjamin Norris, Allen Wardwell, William Pearce, 2d, Lemuel C. Richmond, Henry Wight, jun., Hopestill P. Diman, Benjamin K. Churchill, Charles Collins.

Eagle Bank, capital \$50,000. Discount day Wednesday. Charles D'Wolf, jun., President; William Muenscher, Cashier. Directors: Charles D'Wolf, jun., Robert Rogers, jun., Samuel Bosworth, jun., Edward Spalding, James LeBaron, Nathaniel G. Bourn, Pardon Handy.

Bank of Bristol, capital \$20,000. Discount day Thursday. John D'Wolf, President; Samuel Smith, 2d, Cashier. Directors: John D'Wolf, Richard Smith, John Smith, Hersey Bradford, Robert Davis, George Coggeshall, Henry D'Wolf, Nathaniel Bullock, Barnard Smith.

Mount Hope Bank. James D'Wolf, President; Byron Diman, Cashier. Directors: James D'Wolf, Francis L. B. D'Wolf, Byron Diman, Levi D'Wolf, Mark A. D'Wolf.

The population of Bristol is 3197. The number of dwelling-houses is about 450, and the amount of shipping owned in Bristol district is 9093 tons.

There are in the town, 35 mercantile stores of every description, 21 warehouses, many of which are very extensive, three grain mills and two ropewalks. There are one public, one charity, and six private schools.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

BRISTOL in the year 1825

Written in 1875 by DR. S. C. SMITH* (1814-1876)

ONE whose youthful eyes were accustomed to look upon the lovely scenery of Narragansett Bay and its surroundings, whose carefree days were spent within sound of the waves lapping its shores, can, after a long absence, look back on those early days with only the fondest recollections.

Half a century has passed since the writer called Bristol his home, yet my attachments to the dear old town grow stronger. It was the home of my parents, and their parents for generations back. It is the home of almost all my old relatives—and there is associated with it the memory of many loved ones, almost all of whom have passed on to the other side. I have often revisited it since my boyhood, at intervals of years—and with few exceptions its people are strangers to me. I walk the familiar streets where every house and tree seems to welcome me back to my old home; yet the faces I meet are unknown to me, as I too am unknown. When a boy, I knew everyone in the town; then the population was not so great but that every one was an acquaintance; indeed, almost the entire town was related to each other. Even the Goree people claimed a family connection, and there claims were allowed. They had all been servants to the old families of fifty years back. There was scarcely a family in town which had not formerly owned slaves, and when these old retainers became free they still remained attached to their old masters and were recipients of their bounty. Goree was built by their old masters for those of them who chose to live by themselves.

Many of the younger men became sailors — but the old “uncles” and “aunts” remained, mostly in the families. Among

*Dr. S. C. Smith was born in this town in 1814. In 1825 he removed to the State of Wisconsin. Years ago he wrote a number of sketches about his early life in Bristol which appeared in the *Phoenix* under the pen-name “Perry Winckle.”

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

the last of the faithful old fellows was old Uncle John Casco, and Prime Clark. I remember meeting Prime once in a foreign port, he was on shore leave from one of the square-riggers hailing from Bristol, and I shall never forget his joy in meeting one of "his Bristol boys", and I believe his joy was no greater than my own. Uncle John Casco lived to be over 100 years old and died in his master's (Lemuel C. Richmond) house. Then there was Aunt Sara, and Barbary, and Bristol Smith, and Jack Howland, and many others whom we all loved as if they were one of our own blood.

Fifty years ago Bristol was a wealthy and prosperous seaport; its harbors and wharves were crowded with shipping; few New England ports surpassed it in commercial enterprise. Years before, during the war with Great Britain, the place became famous as the home of the saucy little privateers Yankee and McDonough, the former of which brought into port no less than seventy-two rich prizes, while the latter boasted of fifty-four. One of the Yankee's prizes, a rich East Indiaman, was docked along side of Long Wharf (Babbitt's); her cargo was sold for about \$250,000, a very sizable sum in those days. This was in the days of the D'Wolfs, Jacob Babbitt, Capt. John Smith, Robert Rogers, Nicholas Peck, and other enterprising merchants, who were largely engaged in the West India trade which brought untold riches to all of them.

I remember as a youngster how long the old wharf appeared to my youthful eyes, and the long row of warehouses seemed the most capacious that were ever built, and when years afterwards I again saw them, I was astonished at the insignificance to which they had shrunk. I believe this is the experience of everyone—what to our young eyes seems to be of vast proportions—is astonishingly dwindled to our adult vision.

Bristol, at the period of which I write, was strictly a commercial town; there was not a factory within its limits; and with the exception of an occasional sailor, a foreigner (except some Cuban visitants) was rarely seen among us. Half a century ago—the only field of enterprise open to the young men of the town was

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

the sea, and their greatest ambition was to become masters of ships.

I suppose that the population of the town has increased somewhat in the last fifty years, yet I can see but little change in its streets, or even in its buildings. I can recall when State street was known only as Pump lane; another was Goose lane; then there was Mount lane, Church lane, and I believe one of the up-town streets was christened "Pig alley". In those days the town was divided off by the boys into districts, such as Talby's corner, Goose land, Payne's liberty pole, "up town" and "down town". One of our battle cries of those times used to be:

"Down town gentlemen,
Up town shacks,
Goree niggers,
And Poppasquash rats!"

This insulting challenge on the part of the "downtowners" invariably brought on a fight, and woe to the unlucky fellow who was so unfortunate as to be caught by the "uptowners", he generally went home with a bloody nose or blackened optic, oftentimes both.

Then there was a perpetual enmity between the "Bristol Clams" and the "Warren Mussels"; the field of battle was on the Neck—where the two towns joined. These were sometimes serious frays, in which the older boys took part. Why these enmities between the two towns existed, we never knew; the only explanation is that it has always been so.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

SIMEON POTTER, 1720-1806

PROF. WILFRED H. MUNRO in his masterly written *History of Bristol*, Chapter XXIV, has well covered the life and career of this old sea-master and merchant who played such an important part in the annals of the old town.

In Chapter XXX, he mentions: "In 1798 the first Public Library of the town was established. Of the five hundred dollars originally subscribed, three hundred were given by Col. Simeon Potter and one hundred and twenty-one by Capt. Chas. D'Wolf. The association was called 'The Potter Library Company'. Its first meeting was held in the 'Academy', Nov. 3, 1798. Nearly all the money subscribed was invested in books and a very excellent library was thus obtained (as a reference to its catalogue, now in the possession of the Rogers Free Library will show). The library was opened only on Saturday afternoons. In 1837 the company was dissolved, and its property divided among those who then held shares.

"When the Rogers Free Library was opened, in 1878, a greater portion of the old volumes belonging to the Potter Library were turned over to the new association."

Professor Munro states: "In November, 1761, at a session of the Superior Court held in Bristol, a bill of indictment was found against Simeon Potter, for an assault made upon the Rev. John Usher. A verdict was found against him, and he was fined £500."

"Of the cause of this trouble we know nothing—possibly a glance at the characters of the two men may give us some clew etc."

One hundred and eighty years later (1941) this clew was forthcoming. From the records of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, records that have been buried in the society's archives, over in England, since 1761, the following recently came to light:

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

"In a letter written from Bristol Nov. 10, 1761, Mr. Usher gives an account of a notorious abuse he had lately met with from one Mr. Simeon Potter, who after threatening him, did, on the 18th of August last, attack, assault and batter him so shamefully and cruelly that he was under a necessity of prosecuting him.

"A rich man was reported to live in a criminal conversation with a young woman of Mr. Usher's parish; he thought it his duty to admonish the young woman in a private manner as her friend and spiritual Father; which she informing the man of, he insulted Mr. Usher with threatening and profane language and a few days after assaulted and beat him in a most cruel manner, for which he was indicted and in a course of law found guilty and fined £500; which he refusing to pay, was committed to the Sheriff's Court, and nothing further done at present."

At that time the society voted, Mr. Usher to go to England and fight his case. Mr. Usher was at that time 66 years old and in feeble health—while Captain Potter was but 41 years old.

An old record of Swanzev mentions this Captain Potter: "In 1779 Capt. Simeon Potter, a native of Bristol, settled on Gardner's Neck. For more than a quarter of a century he was one of the prominent figures of the community, a hospitable and generous householder, surrounded by whatever wealth could command, owning also a number of slaves. He was representative in 1784 to the General Court from Swanzev.

In 1795 he gave a valuable parcel of land in Newport to support in that city a free school, forever, for poor children of every denomination. A large school house erected in 1880 is named the "Potter School".

He was born in this town in the year 1720, in a house which stood at the southeast corner of Church and Hope streets. This house was burned by the British troops in 1775, after which, he lived in the old house which stands (1880) on the west side of Thames street, about half way between Bradford and State streets. The captain left the sea and returned to Bristol to live very soon after the town was annexed to Rhode Island. In 1746 his name first appears in the list of the vestrymen of St. Michael's

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

Church; and in 1747 he built the rope-walk, which was later to prove the source of such a great income to him. He died in February, 1806, from old age; from his house on Thames street, the old captain was borne to his last resting-place in the burying-ground upon the Common.

Back in the fifties when the town decided to clear off the south-east corner of the Common where the old cemetery was located, his stone was removed to the North Burial Ground, on the Neck, where it now (1942) is still standing.

The census of Bristol, taken in the year 1774, shows that the old captain owned 11 slaves at that time; he was the largest slave-owner in the village.

NOTABLE BRISTOLIANS, 1826

OF THOSE who took a leading part in the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the American Independence here in Bristol, back in the year 1826, there is only one now (1876) living. At this time a brief sketch of some of those old Bristolians of 50 years ago may be of interest.

Jacob Babbitt was born in Taunton, Mass. in 1770; he came to this village when he was 21 years old and for a period of nearly 60 years was actively engaged in various commercial enterprises, "very seldom leaving the place, even for a day". During his long life he was a prominent merchant, shipowner, stockholder and President of the "Down Town Mill" and also President of the old Commercial Bank. In his early manhood he was a member of the Train of Artillery. At the time the organization was started in 1796, he was one of the four Sergeants chosen. Mr. Babbitt died in 1850, aged 80 years.

Luke Drury who was a native of Marblehead, Mass. was a graduate of Brown University. Coming to this town in early manhood, he married Lydia Potter, the eldest daughter of Capt. Levi D'Wolf. For a time he taught school here and during the period compiled a school geography. He was an Associate Jus-

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

tice of the Supreme Court of R. I., Collector of the Port of Bristol in 1825, and held many offices in town affairs. He removed West some thirty years ago where he has since died.

John D'Wolf, jr. was born in this town in 1786, son of John and Susan (Reynolds) D'Wolf. He was a graduate of Brown University and was Professor of Chemistry at that institution for many years. He represented this town in the State legislature in 1818 and again in 1821. He died in 1862.

Rev. Henry Wight, D.D., who officiated as Chaplain, was born in Medfield, Mass. in 1752, graduated from Harvard University in 1782; was pastor of the Congregational Church of this village for 52 years; he died in 1837.

Col. Giles Luther, the Marshal of the Day, was born in Swanzey, Mass., but made Bristol his home throughout his life. He was a shipmaster, merchant and farmer, and at one time commanded the Train of Artillery. He was a man large of proportion and when attired in uniform made a striking appearance. He was also a man of good executive ability and was often called upon to preside over the town meetings and other assemblies of those days. He died in 1841, aged 66 years.

Walter W. Dalton, the Orator of the Day, was born in this town in 1806; he received his early education here and after his graduation from Brown University in 1824, he studied law in the office of the late Nathaniel Bullock. On being admitted to the bar he practiced for a short while in this town; later removing to the State of Michigan where he died at an early age in the midst of his practice.

Col. Samuel Taylor who commanded the Train of Artillery at that time, was born in Little Compton in 1787. He came here early in life and entered himself as an apprentice to the late Mr. Ephraim Munro, to learn the trade of a blacksmith. After attaining his majority, he established himself in business here which he carried on until advanced age compelled him to retire. He died at his residence on John street in 1863, aged 76 years.

John Chadwick, the proprietor of the Bristol Hotel in those days, was born in Dedham, Mass. For many years he was pro-

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

prietor of a daily line of stages hence to Providence; he died in 1855, aged 61 years.

The old Revolutionary soldiers who took part on that memorable occasion have all long since departed. The commanding officer, at that time, of the Bristol Light Infantry, our venerable townsman, Hon. William P. Monroe,* alone survives.

SAMMY USHER, 1755-1833

DIED

In this town, yesterday,
Mr. Samuel Usher
age 78 years.

The above was taken from the September 28, 1833, issue of the *Bristol Gazette*, a forerunner of the *Bristol Phoenix*.

Mr. Samuel Usher will live forever in the history of Bristol as the town's most eccentric and outstanding character. His life covered a most interesting period of the town, when the wharves were lined with square-riggers and the spacious warehouses filled with goods from foreign marts, all of which brought great wealth to their owners.

Sammy was born in the year 1755; his father was the Rector of St. Michael's church, as his father had been before him. He was a quaint little character, small of stature, not more than five feet in height and of very slender build.

Harriette Hall Brooks, a granddaughter of Sen. James D'Wolf, writing about those times, when Sammy roamed the streets of this old seaport, pictures him as "a poor, half-witted fellow, the butt of the village". "Once or twice a year Grandmother used to ask him up to dinner. Grandfather, although equally kind at heart, seriously objected to having Sammy at the same table with the family, for, although he wore ruffles at his

*Mr. Monroe died in 1885, aged 84 years.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

wrists, they were hopelessly soiled, and altogether his dress was far from clean. Moreover, he was cross-eyed and could not see plainly the food on his plate, so consequently had to use his fingers. But Grandmother was firm and always said, 'But his father was clergyman of our church, James,' and Grandfather gave in and tried not to look at Sammy during dinner."

Sylvia Griswold D'Wolf in 1833, writing to her husband, mentions Sammy: "I had a visit from Sammy Usher yesterday. He said you invited him to call and perhaps I should have something nice for him. I was glad to give him something to eat for he looked very miserably. I invited him to call again when you returned, that is to say 'once in a great while.' "

Although Sammy belonged to one of the most aristocratic and exclusive families of the village, he was democratic in his choice of company. He was no respecter of persons, high or low; his fiery temper, quickness and ready wit, and lightning-like repartee at those who offended him, will long be remembered. Although he had had the benefit of good breeding and much religious training all during his tender years, it would seem as if all the eloquence of his pious ancestors had been perverted and come to naught. In later years when poverty and hardship had done their worst and he was jeered and ridiculed by the unrefined, he would respond with such a torrent of profanity as to dumbfound the boldest of them. Being small and unable to defend himself by bodily courage, he was forced to defend himself with such weapons as nature had given him. The stories of the little fellow's wit and every-ready stinging tongue that have come down to us are without end. I shall repeat here only a few of those which best show the little fellow's character.

"One time he went to the house of a relative, he had neglected to give his hands the much needed washing. 'What would you say if I came to your house with hands like yours?' he was asked. 'I'd be too polite to say anything about it,' was the reply."

"Senator James D'Wolf enjoyed Sammy's wit and sometimes suffered from it. The little fellow often paid his respects to the senator at the Mount, his beautiful home east of the town. One

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

time he treated Sammy to a small glass or 'pony' of fine old brandy, telling him it was very rare and at least forty years old. Sammy looked at the little glass in front of him and remarked, 'It's mighty small, Senator, for its age.' "

"General George D'Wolf once remarked that he had never played a game of cards for money, attended a horse race, or travelled free. 'I wish I could say as much,' Senator D'Wolf commented. 'Why don't you,' said Sammy, 'the General does.' This General George D'Wolf at one time came out in a new uniform, it so delighted Sammy that the general had him measured and fitted for one just like it. This gave the little fellow unbounded delight and on all state occasions he would come out in his little scarlet coat and cape."

"Sammy dearly loved cider and one time he had a barrel of it in partnership with a neighbor; the quantity seemed so ample that it was arranged with an end on both premises, nicely fitted with a spigot in each head. Not long after the neighbor went to draw some cider and found the barrel empty. 'How is this, Mr. Usher?' he asked. 'I don't know,' replied Sammy, 'I've only drawn from my end.' "

As he grew old and his means were drawing to an end he was often invited out to his meals. Sometimes when these invitations were not forthcoming he would call about meal time and remark, "I haven't had any dinner since yesterday and tomorrow will make three days since I had any," and this usually brought an invitation to stay. As he grew old he missed the company of his friends that he had enjoyed for so many years—nearly all of them had long since passed on—he was an old man and beginning to feel that he was alone in the world. The yellow satin breeches and blue coat had long ago worn out; the lace frills and cocked hat had become shabby, but sparks of the old wit still flashed. He lived in a little house on one of the side streets; the house was flush with the pavement and the street line. His wants, as far as possible, were looked after by two kind old ladies, maiden sisters, old friends of the family; the good old souls, from their slender means cared for him, as he grew feebler, up to the last. Finally

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

the end came, on the 27th of September, 1833. The pathetic little form was laid in the coffin, his beloved scarlet cloak wrapped around him; the funeral was held from the little chapel, most of the townsfolk were there to pay their final respects to the little figure they had known for so many years.

The following sketch of Sammy Usher was written by Dr. S. C. Smith* in 1875.

When I was a boy Bristol had its share of oddities and notabilities. Chief among its eccentric characters was Sammy Usher, who doubtless will be remembered by all of the older generation. Sammy was the son of one of our earliest Episcopal clergymen. He was a dwarf and from congenital imperfection of vision and intellect had never learned to read. He was of good family and at one time was in possession of some landed property which he rented. The income from this and what he received from the old friends of his father and other benevolent persons was sufficient for his maintenance. I believe he never became a town charge in his old age but at the last was cared for by two kind old ladies, with whom he made his home.

The last time I met Sammy was many years ago, while on a summer vacation trip to Bristol. We chanced to meet at the store of Pardon Handy on Long Wharf. Sammy had come for his customary glass of cider, of which he had always been very fond. He learned who I was, and having known my father, entered in a long talk with me. While we were talking, Deacon Thrasher, who had been a regular tenant of Sammy's small garden lot, called to renew the lease. The deacon approached and interrupted Sammy while he was in the middle of one of his early reminiscences. For some minutes the little fellow seemed to ignore entirely the presence of his tenant; but at length, when the deacon became more persistent, he turned suddenly upon him with a very supercilious manner and with his peculiar high-pitched and child-like voice demanded, "What do you want,

*Dr. S. C. Smith was born in this town in 1814. In 1825 he removed to the State of Wisconsin. Years ago he wrote a number of interesting sketches about his early life in Bristol. These appeared in the *Phoenix* under the pen-name, "Perry Winckle". It was not generally known until long after his death (1876) that they were from his pen.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

sirrah?" "Mr. Usher," very respectfully answered the deacon, "I would like to renew the lease of your lot." "Well, sir," squeaked out Sammy, highly incensed at the intrusion and haughtily eyeing the deacon from head to foot, "don't you know better than to interrupt gentlemen when engaged in conversation? Call at my house, sir, at three o'clock p. m. and I will give you a categorical answer—now go," and he waved him majestically toward the door.

Sammy's home at this time was an attic room in the dwelling of his benevolent old friends who from their own slender means supplied him with food and lodging. Like many others of small mental calibre Sammy would sometimes make very sharp and witty replies. His reply to a couple of young Bostonians I have often heard repeated when I was a boy. Two young bloods from the Hub, meeting Sammy at the hotel, thinking to have their fun with the little fellow, looked down upon him with apparent surprise, and one of them enquired, "Ah! what little fellow is this?" Sammy drew himself up to his greatest height and without an instant's hesitation answered, "Be gad! sir, my name is Saul, the son of Kish—looking for my father's asses—and now I've found 'em!"

On another occasion, Sammy, who had been the owner of a hungry equine which he was fond of riding through the streets of the village and which for the want of oats had died, chanced to meet a gentleman, long since dead, who saluted him by saying, "Ah! Mr. Usher, I see you have to go on foot now—you are one of the hasbeens." "Yes," squealed Sammy, indignant that his poverty should be so ungently thrown at him, "Yes, sir—and I believe that you are now one of the hasbeens—you used to walk the upper deck of a man-of-war, sir, now you walk the land." The gentleman had formerly been a naval officer but had been dismissed from the service.

Sammy was proud of his ancestry and inclined to regard with haughty contempt those who had to labor for a livelihood. One day a gentleman now among the stolid men of the village but who at that time was the owner of a small seaweed sloop—and

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

used to bring in loads of that useful fertilizer—saw Sammy standing on the wharf as his boat ran up into the dock. He hailed him with a “Good morning, Mr. Usher.” Sammy did not return the salutation. Thinking perhaps he was not heard, the boatman repeated the salutation and added “a pleasant morning, sir.” Sammy would not condescend a reply to the friendly salute, but turning to Captain Browning, who happened to be passing, exclaimed, “Only look, sir, at the impudence of that kelp gatherer trying to pass syllogisms with a gentleman.”

One time Sammy met in the hotel where he was in the habit of passing his time, Parker Borden. Parker occasionally amused himself by drawing out our little friend and often came out second-best. “Sammy,” said he, “how long does a fool live?” “I don’t know,” was the quick reply, “how old are you, Parker?”

Sammy lived to be very old and destitute; his fine clothes had long since worn out and his dress was very shabby. What was remarkable, after he was over seventy, he had an entire third set of teeth and partially recovered his hearing which had been defective for many years.

Note—In view of what has come down to us concerning Sammy’s pecuniary circumstances, the following may shed a little light on the matter:

“He was cared for by his father, the Rev. John Usher, jr., until the latter’s death in 1804, who left the bulk of his small estate in trust; and at her death in 1812, his sister Hannah Usher Robecheaux left her property in trust. So it would seem that he could not have been in such dire need as reference might indicate.”

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

BRISTOL in 1840

Written in 1907 by "OLD BRISTOLIAN"

MY MEMORY extends back to sixty-seven years ago, before either of the mills on Thames street or the old sugar house were built; when there was no depot here, and long before the cars came to Bristol; no boat-building shops nor rubber company plant in town; not a house on Mount lane, as it was called then, or any of the avenues leading to it. There was one house that stood on what is called Gooding's avenue, occupied by a colored family, former slaves of Capt. James D'Wolf, he having brought them from Africa. They were called Pauledore and Adjua, and they had quite a large family of girls. There was another small square house standing in the street at the entrance of DeWolf avenue, which was occupied by an old colored couple; the man's name was Ichabod, and the wife's Barbara.

The street now called Catherine street, when I was a boy was a rope walk owned by Benjamin Tilley, grandfather of Rear Admiral Benjamin F. Tilley of the U. S. Navy. This rope walk extended east from Wood street as far as where the N. I. R. Co. pumping station now stands on Mount Hope avenue, and did a very large business in the manufacture of rope, cables, and rigging for vessels in all the New England states. The men who worked there were all old townsmen; Aaron Easterbrooks, John Easterbrooks, Joseph Springer, Samuel Sparks, John Howland Pitman, and many others whose names I am unable to recall.

The square now enclosed by High, Walley, Hope, and Burton streets contained when I was a small boy only three dwelling houses. One of them on Hope street was owned by Lemuel C. Richmond who owned a large part of the square. There were two houses on Burton street; one of them owned by John Diman, a cooper by trade, and the other by Leonard Waldron, a gardener growing large quantities of onions, and carrots. Mr. Richmond was a large landowner in the south part of the town at that time

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

and carried on farming extensively, growing corn, potatoes, wheat, and hay. He also owned a large herd of cows. He was the cashier of the old Freeman's bank on State street which was located in the building now owned by Richard S. Gladding.

The square bounded by High, Burton, Wood, and Walley streets then contained but two houses, which were on High street. One was owned by Richard Waldron, and has been moved to the upper part of the town within a few years. It formerly stood where Mrs. John Simmons now lives. The other house stood where the Codman mansion now is. William Lawless, father of the late Capt. James Lawless, lived there; it was later taken down to make room for the present large house. The street now called Bay View avenue, was then called Crooked lane. When I was a small boy there was but one house on this lane; it was owned by George B. Monro, and is still standing—a gamble-roofed house facing west.

Sixty-five years ago there were three wharfs in the north part of the town. The one farthest north was called Pearse's wharf, owned by William Pearse, father of the late John Wesley Pearse, an honest upright man. The next wharf south was owned by Thomas Church, who was engaged in the export and import trade with Cuba; he exported large quantities of hoops, which were used in making hogsheads for molasses, which he imported to Bristol. He also exported large quantities of potatoes and onions to Cuba. He lived on the farm owned by the late Benjamin Church on Poppasquash. He was the father of the late Samuel W. Church, State Senator for many years, and no one had reason to complain of his integrity, for he was an honest man, whose word was as good as any man's bond. Stephen T. Church, his brother, was fully his equal in every respect. The next wharf south of Church's wharf was Peck's wharf, and was owned by Nicholas Peck.

In 1840, the time we are writing about, there were two wharves, where the "Sugar House" now stands. The north wharf belonged to James White, who formerly lived in and owned the house which is now the Old Ladies' Home, on lower

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

Franklin street, and which was given to the town by his son, James White of Newport. James White, sr. used this wharf for storing wood, in which he was a large dealer, for that was before coal was generally used by families in the town. The first coal brought here was a small quantity in large lumps, brought here on the deck of a vessel, and given to people for a trial. The owner of this coal was James DeWolf Perry, father of the late Major Raymond H. Perry. At that time there were no stoves in town, except the old-fashioned wood stoves without grates. Of course the coal would not burn in these stoves, and those who tried it, pronounced the coal "nothing but black stones," and continued to burn wood for sometime after. Mr. Perry later kept a small coal yard at the foot of Constitution street where the railroad station now is. David Waldron was salesman for him for a long time. They had no delivery teams, as there was such a small amount used, so the coal was carted by the local teamsters.

The wharf south of James White's wharf, was owned by Capt. John Norris, father of the late Col. Samuel Norris. Upon this wharf (in 1849) was built the sugar refinery, by Horace M. Barns, Samuel Norris, and C. R. Dimond, who carried on a large business in refining sugar. The firm name was C. R. Dimond & Co. The business was not successful, and it was afterwards bought by three enterprising young men from New York, Hugh N. Camp, Edward W. Brunsen, and Charles Sherry, who made extensive additions to the works, and did a prosperous business, all becoming wealthy, and retiring. Afterwards Mr. Brunsen bought the works and formed a new company called the Phenix Sugar Refining Co. Mr. Brunsen was president, and a Mr. Chapman of New York was treasurer. The stockholders were all Bristol people. The enterprise proved a failure, and wound up after making two assessments upon the stockholders.

At the time the principal stockholders were: Maj. Henry Goff, Sam Drury Wardwell, Wm. T. C. Wardwell, John B. Munro, James A. Miller, Alfred Pierce, Capt. Allen M. Newman, Seth Paull, J. Howard Manchester, Capt. William H. West, Benjamin West, Nathan N. Cole, and Nehemiah Cole.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

The wharf south of the old sugar house was occupied by Crawford Easterbrooks, who kept a wholesale provision and grain store. After his death Hezekiah Wardwell kept a lumber yard on the wharf. Before the Namquit Mill was built, the wharf south of the Wardwell wharf was used for ship building, and several ships of large tonnage, for those times, were built there. The next wharf south was Dimond's wharf.

The wharf now owned by the Seth Paull Co. formerly belonged to James D'Wolf. He carried on a large trade with the East Indies, Africa, Russia and other parts of the world, and manufactured New England rum in one of the large buildings still standing on the south side of the wharf, and called yet the "still house". Mr. D'Wolf was reputed to be a very rich man, for those days; he owned the bank called the Bank of Bristol. Samuel Smith was the cashier, he carried the keys to the banking rooms and the vault in a green flannel bag about twelve inches long and eight wide. The keys were the common, old barn-door type, weighing about one pound each, and one would think that the old cashier was carrying the keys of King Solomon's Temple. The bank was located in the brick building just south of the Seth Paull Co's. coal office on Thames street. The bank bills would hardly pass outside of the state; I have offered them in New York, and they were thrown back to me as "no good". It was the same with all our State banks before the Civil War, the bills were worth, outside the state, about as much as a last year's almanac.

The wharf south of the D'Wolf wharf was owned by Ephraim Gifford, grandfather of Samuel Drury Wardwell and William T. C. Wardwell. It was used by A. T. & T. J. Usher, who were engaged in extensive export and import trade with Cuba. They imported large quantities of molasses, and owned and chartered a big fleet of vessels, and gave employment to many people. They bought nearly all of the onions that were then raised in Bristol county, which usually amounted to from 100,000 to 150,000 bushels a year. The old saying among the growers of onions was: "What the smut and worms don't take the Ushers will."

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

Following are some of the men who were masters of the Ushers' fleet: Benj. B. Usher, Geo. F. Usher, William Munro, Richard S. Pearse, Davis Ingraham, Geo. Coggeshall, Capt. Zeete, William Hunt, Capt. Johnson, father of Chas. A. Johnson, the grocer, Isaac Camm, Charles D. Eddy, Geo. Wilson, Job Wilson, Stephen T. Williston, Jobe Williston, Harvey Ferguson, Samuel Wells, (or one-armed Sam, as the boys used to call him).

The wharf south of the Gifford wharf, was owned by the Fall River Iron Works Co., which ran a line of boats from Fall River to Providence for about 70 years and made a landing at Bristol Ferry and Bristol each way, every day in the year except Sunday, whenever the weather would permit, and "it was a bad day when she missed a trip". The name of the first boat to run on this line was the King Phillip, the next was the Bradford Durfee, then followed the Conanicus and the Richard Borden. Seth Durfee was clerk for many years, and William Dimond did the collecting, and carting of the freight for a great many years. Mr. Dimond always carried the bills to collect in his old plug hat, and a great many bills went wrong when that old hat blew off. Harry Dimond was collector after the death of William; and after Harry came William James Dimond, who died a few years ago.

The next wharf south of the Steamboat wharf was Sprague's wharf;* it was owned by Ephraim Sprague, who used it for wharfage for the public and anyone who landed anything on it and did not pay the wharfage was pretty smart.

The wharf south of the Sprague wharf was owned by Robert Rogers and Jacob Babbitt, the latter being the grandfather of the late Edward S. Babbitt. Mr. Rogers was engaged in the importation of iron and hemp, and owned a number of ships. Capt. William Mosher was one of his ship masters. The wharf south of Babbitt's, so called, was formerly owned by Capt. Charles D'Wolf, brother of James D'Wolf. James DeWolf Perry lived

*August, 1865: "Bank of Bristol sold to National Rubber Co. the wharf estate on Thames street at the foot of Church street, known as "Sprague's Wharf, for \$3390."

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

in the Charles D'Wolf mansion which was nearby, when I was a boy, and it was one of the most beautiful places in Bristol. Later the house was used as a boarding house. Capt. Joseph L. Gardner, who owned the house where Dr. Gallup now lives, on Hope street, built a large establishment on the grounds for a saw mill, block making, blacksmithing, and many other businesses. Gen. A. E. Burnside also built a shop to manufacture firearms, which was all completed and was to start operations "the following Monday morning", but before Monday morning came a fire destroyed the entire plant. That was over 50 years ago. The wharf south of the Capt. Charles D'Wolf wharf was owned by Capt. Samuel Gladding, and was of great use in my time.

The wharf south of the Gladding wharf was where the Herreshoff boat building is now carried on. Back in the year 1840 it was a small tumble-down affair, with a small building at the head of it, on Hope street. Here a man named Slocum started the manufacture of what is said to have been the first headed pins made in this country. After that John W. Dearth began the manufacture of soap. Then Capt. Hugh N. Gifford began the tanning of hides there, but none of them made any money, so gave it up.

When I was a boy the southeast quarter of our common was a burial ground, with a high stone wall on three sides, the north, west and south sides. On the east side there was a board or rail fence. At that time there were a great many graves in the enclosure; but back in the fifties all the bodies were taken up and reburied over in the East Burial Ground. In those days there were many fine gravestones marking the last resting place of the old settlers; these were all removed to the East Burial Ground at the time. One can still see today where the old road leading to the cemetery used to be; just to the south of the Court House there is a rise in the ground showing where the roadway used to be. On the east side of the Common there used to be a small building about 15 or 20 feet square, where the Train of Artillery used to keep their cannon or "wheel pieces" as they were called.*

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

The King Philip fire engine was housed in a barn near the "Mansion House" when it first came to Bristol, some sixty odd years ago. The old engine has done her duty in years gone by, and saved a great many thousand dollars in Bristol on many a bitter cold night; she is entitled to all the credit possible. Sixty-five years ago there were four fire engines in town. One was called the Hydraulion, and was then considered a great fire fighter. She was equipped with a suction hose and all the latest improvements of the times for fighting fires.

There were three other engines, all very small affairs, called No. 1, No. 2, and No. 3. One was housed in a small building at the foot of Bradford street, one at the foot of Church street, and one at the foot of Constitution street. The engines were equipped with about 50 feet of leather hose and 12 or 15 leather fire buckets with the engine's number painted on them. It was the law at that time for every person who owned a house in town to have two fire buckets hanging in the front hall or entry of the house, with his name on each bucket. When there was a fire in town every man was expected to take his buckets to the fire and help pass water along to fill the "tubs". At the big fires the men formed in one line, passing the filled buckets along, while the women formed another line, passing the empty ones back to be refilled. The big powerful men of the community manned the bars of the old pumbers.

As for the stages running out of Bristol there were three lines. John Chadwick and Nathan Warren each ran a line to Providence, and I think the last mentioned owned the line to Fall River. I presume the Providence lines ceased when the railroad was built. The last driver I remember on the Fall River line was Frank Manchester, now I believe a resident of Providence.

Bristol had in those old days its share of queer characters, persons whose mental or physical peculiarities or eccentricities marked them as oddities in the community. Sammy Usher died

*"Parson" Wight's records, 1800—"Gun-House for the Artillery Co., east of the Public Square." Town-Meeting records of 1843—"Wm. R. Taylor was appointed a committee to dispose of the old Gun-House on the Common."

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

before my time, and I judge must have been decidedly a "character". Many were the stories told of him in my boyhood. Dr. Henry Turner of Newport, who was much interested in, and was an authority on, Rhode Island history expressed a wish to me some time before his death that an account of Sammy Usher's life and career might be preserved in its appropriate place in the history of the state. Sam Oxx and Sam Slocum flourished in my day. The latter's mission seemed to be to furnish amusement to several generations of boys. How proud Sammy looked when he made his appearance about 9 o'clock in the forenoon of the Fourth of July at Gooding's corner in his immaculate white suit and his immense brass breast pin, to which he exultingly called his friends attention. Alas! Sammy hardly ever got far past that corner before some bad boy would manage to get a bunch of lighted firecrackers in the pocket of that white jacket. What a "circus", too, to see Sammy another day, rushing pell mell down "Pump lane" in chase of the boy who had just stolen his basket, trundling his wheelbarrow ahead of him to keep the boy's wicked confederate from stealing that too. But when Sammy was pressed too hard he would take to stones, and then the boys must look out, as he could generally "get there" with a stone. I remember one boy he hit in the back with a rock that nearly put an end to that boy's fun for good and all. In early life Sammy had a sort of secondhand interest in the "Great Metropolis", having as he declared, a brother who kept a "cookie stand" "right round the corner in New York".

Another odd character occasionally seen in town in my school days was Ben Mann,* an old servant and pensioner of Capt. James D'Wolf. He always appeared in town in a grey suit, wearing a short jacket over a coat. Ben had a love for New England rum, a love to which he was faithful unto death. Capt. D'Wolf recognizing the permanence of this affection left a provision in his will, providing for a regular ration of rum for

*Benj. Mann (1788-1858), American, single, coachman for Senator D'Wolf for many years. When the family made the long trips to Washington in the heavy coach it was Ben Mann who handled the reins.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

Ben as long as he lived. One of the stories told of these two illustrates the familiarity existing between them as master and man, and also old Ben's ready wit. "Capt. Jim", as he was generally called, was at that time managing an immense business. His ships going to all parts of the world, besides owning a large number of smaller vessels in the coasting trade, and running factories and farms. With so much on his mind it is not to be wondered at that one day after closing his office, he walked out in deep thought and took his way afoot to his residence east of the town, utterly forgetting his horse and chaise which was left standing in front of the office on Thames street. This absent-mindedness on the old gentleman's part necessitated old Ben's footing it to town to bring home the team, much to the latter's disgust. Shortly after this Ben was sent to town with the chaise and embraced the opportunity to get drunk. When Ben's condition was discovered some friendly hands lifted him carefully and laid him in the bottom of the chaise, and, making the lines fast, started the horse towards home. The animal knowing the way pretty well turned all the corners safely and finally brought up at the gate and waited patiently for someone to open it. "Capt. Jim" looking down the lane and seeing the team without a driver walked down to investigate. Looking over the dasher he discovered Ben in a very limp and flabby condition. "Pretty drunk, Mr. Mann; pretty drunk," quietly observed the Captain. "Yes," said Ben—whose speech and whose wit were in normal condition—"but not so drunk but what I knew enough to bring the team home." This witty thrust at the Captain amused the latter immensely.

Other pensioners of Capt. Jim were the old colored "Darby and Joan", who lived in the little cottage just off Mount lane, east of Fox Hill. This couple were genuine Africans, having been brought from the "coast" when quite young and this century was still younger. Whatever "horrors" the "middle passage" had for them I know not, but in my time they seemed to be living peaceful, happy lives, having outlived the old Captain by many years and passing away not so many years ago.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

A favorite habit of this old couple in fine weather was the inspiration of that simple but touching poetical gem—

“Aguaway and Polydore
A’ sittin’ on the cellar door.”

I well remember the first menagerie, that is the first that we had ever seen, that came to town. A caravan it was called then, and was distinct from the circus proper. It came up from Newport, crossing the Ferry on the old horse-boat, all but the elephants, which swam across. It took three trips to ferry the outfit across in the old antiquated water wagon. Nearly the whole town was on the road to the ferry that morning, a large crowd was waiting at the old windmill which in those days stood just to the south of the site of the Herreshoff boat shops, near the junction of Hope and Walley streets. Few of us small boys had ever seen an elephant and it was all a great treat.

OLD-TIME FIREFIGHTERS

IN THOSE days No. 1 was located at the foot of Pump lane (State street); No. 2 and 3 at the foot of Church and Constitution streets. The style of architecture of the station houses was the same with all. I especially remember No. 3, a square box of a building about 12 feet square. The door opened nearly the whole front and was securely fastened on the outside against any boy not big enough to reach the wooden button.

A copper box, green with verdigris, on four low wheels, held the simplest possible machinery for pumping water. Several leather buckets hung on the brake bars and a length of unserviceable hose (leather), a fifty-foot short, was strung along the top of the concern; no hose reel, no suction hose, but there were generally a few clam hoes in the corner of the house; its situation near the shore making it a convenient abiding place for baskets, seaweed forks and hoes belonging to the shore rangers of the neighborhood.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

Of course on an alarm of fire, anyone able to reach the button on the door had free access to the house, and generally the boys would get there first. Quite likely when any men arrived the engine would be out of the house and half capsized in the deep gully near by. The boys enjoyed a fire better in those days than now, they could "holler" and yell to their heart's content and had unlimited opportunities of making a nuisance of themselves, which they fully improved. I can only remember a few fires in my boyhood; the burning of the "Up-Town" Factory in 1843; the Butt Factory a few years later; and a little later the burning of the old Windmill, just below the Herreshoff place; and the fire of July 4, 1855, on the roof of the Baptist church. This last did hardly any damage and was only noteworthy from the remarkable presence of mind of the boy who "shinned" up the lightning rod to the roof and got the first water on the fire. I believe now that all these engines had companies especially for them, but the only man I can remember as belonging to any of them was the late Samuel Taylor, who was I believe foreman of No. 2. I have heard in later years that the members of these companies used sometimes to meet together on festive occasions, styled "tripe suppers!" The fire in Fall River July 2d, 1843, which destroyed a large part of that town, though 12 miles away, was one that Bristol people were much interested in. It was plainly visible from this town, and on an appeal for help Bristol responded by sending the Hydraulion with a company to work it. I have always thought it a pretty quick piece of work for those slow times. That fire broke out early Sunday afternoon. When the serious extent of the disaster became apparent an express was sent over to Bristol by land for help. The company was mustered, the engine put on board a sloop, and Fall River was reached in time for the Hydraulion to do effective service in staying the flames and saving much valuable property. Fall River people were always very willing to give the Bristol company full credit for the valuable assistance rendered at that time. As well as I can remember there was never a uniformed company or a parade of local firemen in Bristol until the coming of

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

the King Philip and the formation of that company. For a while after that machine came to town it was kept in the carriage house of James DeWolf Perry, just south of the down town factory. Its coming created great enthusiasm among the small boys and also those of older growth.

I think the uniform was blue shirt with red facings and black pants, with the regulation fire hat inscribed with the inspiring legend, "On to the rescue."

OLD BRISTOL REMINISCENCES

1840-1850

By GRAFTON W. GARDNER

FIFTY years ago there were some good old-fashioned people living in Bristol, and, as usual, the humorous side of character was generally found by us boys.

There was "Sam" Slocum, who used to go over to Pappoose-squaw and dig clams, wheel them home, wash them clean, and go out with a basket full of them to sell. He could be persuaded by no one, not even the late Gov. Byron Diman, to take twenty-five cents in change, but must have a silver quarter. How we boys used to pilfer his best clams which were always placed on top.

Then to see Sam on Sunday, dressed in a white suit, wearing a silk hat rather the worse for wear, going to church. Sam always attended the Congregational church and had one particular seat in the gallery. Sam had a temper when aroused, he being half-witted. One time we boys were tormenting him when he was sawing a load of wood for Capt. John Norris, who then lived on Church street. Sam got mad, real mad, and I bear the marks of that fun today, a large scar on my forehead. Sam loved the ladies and was extremely polite to them, and he was also fond of flowers. A buttonhole bouquet was Sam's delight.

There was Joseph Cade Waldron, who was familiarly called "Joe Cade". He was an old sailor who had spent many years of

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

his life whaling. He was the hog-killer of the town. We boys used to watch Joe and follow him to a killing, so as to get the bladder for a football. We would get Job Barrus to make the cover and then we would put in our spare moments playing football. Ex-Lieut. Gov. Wardwell will remember those days when he was called "Dubbed Shins", for he could stand more kicking in the shins than any of the boys, never losing his temper, always smiling and ready to console the losers.

"Prof." Gushee was principal of the school and his punishment for any violation of school rules was a dose of "blue pill". Ask my old schoolmates, Governor Wardwell, Joe Burgess and others, why—for the "blue pill" was nothing more than a light, flexible piece of cowhide, painted blue—why, when one was subjected to a dose, certain parts of his anatomy burned and smarted for some time.

There was Ben Mott, the blind fellow, who counted as his friends about everybody in town. Ben, as everybody called him, had some odd sayings. The writer remembers well the completion of the present Post Office and Custom House building. Ben was examining the location of the boxes, delivery windows and other parts of the new building, when Hezekiah Pitman, the postmaster, asked him what he thought of it. Ben grinned and said: "Why, it's as handy as a pocket in a shirt". Ben could go over the roughest streets in the town, blind as he was, better than most people. He was, in those days, looked upon as a good politician. He had a good memory and could easily repeat an entire sermon. Ben was a faithful attendant and communicant of St. Michael's church.

Joe Springer, sexton of St. Michael's church, was another of the eccentric Bristolians who lived long ago. The old man had a habit, whenever the minister gave out notices of services, either in the church or vestry room, of jumping up and saying something. Well do I remember how it used to worry and fret the old man just before Christmas when preparations were being made in the basement to decorate the church with evergreens. I recollect at one time when Rev. James Cooke gave out notice of an

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

evening service in the church, old Mr. Springer, who was seated in the gallery, jumped up and in a loud voice cried out, "Mr. Cooke, there ain't any ile".

On the northwest corner of Hope and State streets, James M. Gooding conducted a watch and jewelry store. A crowd consisting of Samuel Church, Byron Diman, J. Russell Bullock, George H. Pearce, Capt. Gardner, Major Munroe, and many others used to wait there every night for the arrival of the Boston Evening Journal. At that time Geo. W. Easterbrooks was the agent and distributor; he conducted a little store in the small brick building, on the south side of State street, one door from Hope street. This building was formerly occupied by Mr. Throop, the town clerk. While waiting they would pass the time in storytelling and in joking Sam Slocum about his clams, whenever he dropped in, and not infrequently Ben Mott would stand an attentive listener and a week afterwards would repeat every word that had been said.

Another of the old-timers was Josiah Gooding, father of James and Josephus Gooding. The old gentleman lived next south of the Durian Home. He had a bell so fixed that anyone opening or closing his store door would start the bell ringing, thereby notifying the family that someone was in the store. What fun we boys used to have opening the door, just to hear the bell ring. The good old man would come and look out of the door and go back only to be called again.

There was another store on the southwest corner of Thames street and Long Wharf kept by William Bradford, one of nature's noblemen. He kept a small store, and one would find in the winter time old and young men gathered around the fire, now and then sampling his cheese and crackers. I do not believe that Mr. Bradford could say "no" to anyone who said, "I believe I'll try some of your cheese and crackers, William". In the summer time you would find Capt. Blye, Capt. Willard, Herb Bosworth and Jonnie Rawson down on Long Wharf pitching pennies for amusement—gambling was unknown among our people in those days.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

James LeBaron, who lived on Church street and owned the rock building* on the corner of Church and Thames streets, kept a mixed store. Summer or winter he never appeared on the street without a snow-white cravat (then called neckerchief) and a tall beaver or silk hat. He rarely entered into conversation with any one and was considered eccentric in many respects, but a most worthy, and I firmly believe a Christian gentleman.

Where is the Bristol boy of those days, or man for that matter, who does not remember George Easterbrooks' famous oyster stews and clam chowders? The greatest of all of them for the last named dish was Capt. Richard Pearse; whenever a church fair was to be held the Captain was always asked to make the chowder. Oh, but it was different from the chowders of today.

There were the two Lawless brothers, both sea captains, who gave a merry affair every year.

Then there was William R. Taylor; he was colonel of the Train of Artillery for years. He kept a store down on Thames street. In later years he was our town treasurer.

There are so many memories of good old Bristolians of those days who are now gone, that it is almost impossible to record them all.

In those days the old Freeman's Bank, on the north side of State street, was presided over by Lemuel C. Richmond, and even now in my mind I can see the old gentleman with his little bag containing the keys of the bank, ready to open the bank at the appointed hour.

Where is the boy of those days who does not remember Mr. Barnes with his fife and Geo. Alger with his kettle drum playing on holidays until Bristol had a regular brass band; Mount Hope and Cold Springs for clambakes and picnics, where old and young met and played together; good old Dr. Jabez Holmes, with his bobtailed horse, "Billy"; and Dr. Lemuel Briggs, who always had a smile and a pleasant word for everyone. I think more boys rode in Dr. Holmes' buggy than in any other carriage in town.

*The Church Street House. Years ago it was known as "The LeBaron House".

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

In those days to go and come from Boston was a great trip for one to take in one day; rise at 4 a. m., ride three hours in the stage to Providence, and then two and one-half hours by rail to Boston.

I believe the Fourth of July in those days was better and more fully celebrated in Bristol than in any place of its size in New England.

The editor of our local paper in those days was Wm. H. S. Bayley. He not only published the *Phoenix* but embodied in his business that of auctioneer, administrator, etc. He was a fine man. Who of the boys does not remember his cheerful voice? There was a pleasant rivalry in the auction business between Mr. Bayley and Geo. H. Reynolds. Both men were quite opposite in disposition and appearance—the former being tall and slim, the latter heavy and stout. The *Phoenix* was then published at Mr. Bayley's residence on Bradford street, the lower floor on the west side being used as a printing office and the east side as an auction room. Some very notable men lived and did business near to Mr. Bayley. Messadore Bennett was next neighbor, and was superintendent of the cotton mill known as the "Up Town Mill". He was another whole-souled man, always smiling and cheerful. Crawford Easterbrooks kept a general merchandise store just below Mr. Bayley, on the corner of Thames and Bradford streets. He was one of the "Selectmen" of our town. Coming up Bradford street toward Hope one came to John B. Munro's general store. He was another of the "Selectmen", and was also for a long period a member of the school committee. He was a good Christian and a kind man.

The corner of Hope and Bradford streets, northwest corner, was occupied as a town liquor store and was under the management of Hugh Gifford, under a sort of Maine liquor law. On the southwest corner was the Commercial Bank. Major Babbitt was president and Frederick Baars cashier. Major Babbitt was another good, jovial man, and we boys all liked him. The Major, Sam Church, Dr. Charles Doringh, Capt. Gardner, Geo. H. Pearce and Ben Mott were a team hard to beat. They were

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

clever, social men, and when they got together stories upon stories were related by them. Then there were Nat Coggeshall, Stephen Church, W. H. DeWolf and Wm. Peckham. There was also Major Munroe, who lived on the Back road. What tricks we used to play on the Major. He drove a horse hitched to an old-fashioned chaise; his horse and Sam Church's horse were apparently of the same family. About dark one would find Sam's horse hitched in front of James M. Gooding's store, and the Major's in front of Dr. Briggs' drug store. Then the fun began; plans were laid to have strings from some limb fastened to the horse's bit. Often a piece of scantling would be run between the spokes across from one wheel to another, and similar devices which only boys could think of. Hiding behind the trees across the street we would watch them start, or try to start, for home; whipping and jerking the horses, but not advancing a foot. Sam Church was a man of very good, patient disposition, and would soon commence laughing and threaten the boys, but Major Munroe would just get "full mad", his language was not for refined ears; that was his way, but he was a kind man although he had a very quick temper.

Now, kind reader, have you forgotten the presiding judge, the one holding court, whenever occasion demanded? His name was Bennett J. Munro, and many reminiscences of him are still fresh in mind. He was looked upon with awe by the boys. One time about ten of us boys were arrested for disturbing the peace by setting off a bunch of firecrackers in the entrance to the school house. It was the day after the Fourth, and our desire to continue the celebration got the better of us. J. Russell Bullock was our lawyer and we all entered pleas of "not guilty". Now the funny part of it all was that only one boy was innocent, and the judge fined him and let all the rest of us go scot-free. We never could understand this, and always thought that the eloquence of our lawyer friend cleared us.

There was one gentleman of those olden days, Capt. John Norris, who never failed to give us boys good advice whenever he passed us on the street. Capt. Norris was a sedate, quiet man,

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

never seen without his silk hat and a heavy walking stick. He was the chief owner of the Pokanoket Mill, then known as the "Down Town Mill". The two mills in town had the honor of being the fire alarm stations. If a fire was south of State street the "Down Town Mill" bell rang furiously; the "Up Town Mill" bell tolling slowly when the fire was north of that street. We had for a long time the Hydraulion engine, and also two tubs to which we had to carry water in buckets. The first named was a suction engine and in case of fire was usually placed down on the wharf. Later the King Philip No. 4, a side-bar engine was purchased, and a company formed with Major Babbitt as foreman. I was a member of that company. My services were only called for when the company paraded on special occasions, and then I carried a small banner; there were two of us for that service. The engine was on the south side of State street, near Hope street. In those days Hersey Bradford and daughter lived on the northwest corner of Hope and State streets; the house at that time being flush with the street line. They lived there until death summoned them to a better home. The house was later purchased by Lieut.-Gov. Francis M. Dimond and moved back from the street.

Gov. Dimond built the house in which Capt. Gardner,* my father, lived and died. The house was built by Henry Warren and was then considered one of the finest houses in Bristol.

Gov. Dimond was a gentleman of the old school and a truly good and kind man. He had one son, Cornelius, who, with Messrs. Norris and Barns was interested in the Bristol Sugar Refinery. Then there was Potter Dimond, brother of the governor, who was collector of customs. His office was on Thames street, south of Wm. R. Taylor's hardware store.

The firm of A. T. & T. J. Usher, on Thames street, was engaged in the West India trade. Ask the boys of those days about hunting for long, smooth sticks and going down on the wharf to "lick 'lasses", when the bungs of the barrels were removed—and oftentimes were removed by us boys. Talk about onions; those

*Back in the year 1850 Capt. Joseph L. Gardner owned the Gardner's Planing Works. The works were situated just to the south of the old Cranston Worsted Mill.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

were times when more onions were grown than any other vegetable, and Bristol was noted for its pretty girls and onions; as was Taunton for its bricks and herring.

The schoolhouses in my boyhood days were on High street—east side. The old Academy stood next north of the Methodist church. There were two grades, one upstairs presided over by Miss Shepard; in this school were scholars from 6 to 14 years of age. On the first floor was a school presided over by "Prof." Gushee. Later the "Select" school was started; its pupils were taken from "Prof." Gushee's department, and he and Miss Shepard then took charge of the Old Brick School, ranging in grades from Primary to Grammar School. All scholars in the latter were eligible upon examination to be transferred to the "Select" School. "Prof." Jillson, I believe was the teacher. He at the first abolished corporal punishment and appealed to our good instincts for good conduct. He only held the position for one year, and on account of ill health resigned. Words fail to describe him as he deserved; when he shook hands with us all were in tears.

The next teacher of the school was Lafayette Burr, he remained for two years. His educational abilities were beyond question, but his practical knowledge of running a school was very slight, and, as a result, the school did not flourish so well and frequent lapses of discipline were common. He was followed by Dr. Nathan B. Cooke; his work as a teacher was rather difficult at first, but in time the boys gave in and the school flourished under his management. The old Academy had its history, and many of the townspeople went to school in that old building.

At that time Rev. Thomas Shepard aided many of the youths of the town in their preparations to enter Brown University.

In those days Bristol could boast of some very good private schools. Miss Charlotte Fales kept one, it was in the second story of the building at the northeast corner of Hope and Church streets. Two things I am positive of: Miss Fales wore spectacles, and kept a red-handled whip with which she administered castigation when necessary, without leaving her seat. Then there was

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

old Mrs. Nye, who kept a small school in her own dwelling house on Hope street. She had a few pupils and was almost too kind for a teacher. The Misses French kept a school on Hope street, opposite the Cushman homestead and Eagle Bank. Mary Dexter Wyatt also kept private school, but I cannot recall where.

Bristol had some good staunch men for school committee, the chief among them being Rev. Dr. Shepard, John B. Munro, Wm. P. Monro, and others whose names I cannot recall. Three months was the usual term of attendance. Vacations were only of a few weeks, I cannot say how many, but we all thought that like the recess periods they were much too short.

As I am writing about Bristol and its people as they were in 1840-1850, I want to mention an old negro named Pauledore, who lived in a small house on "Mount Hope lane", as it was called in those days. He was sort of an attache of the D'Wolf family, and was a native of Africa. When very young he was brought to this country on a slaver owned by Capt. James D'Wolf. Here let me remark that our little state was one of the first to import and hold negroes as slaves. We boys used to visit him often, when the old negro would tell us stories by the hour. We all had a great respect for old Pauledore.

I wonder if there are any of the boys around Bristol who remember the "Dorr War", as it was called, and where the troops from Bristol were mustered and had their armory during this little war. The lower floor of the Court House was the armory and meeting place. I call to mind an incident at that time which few remember: The soldiers in citizens' dress, with swallow tail coats, frock coats, sack coats, and in their shirt sleeves, with all styles of hats, from the glossy silk hat to the rimless straw, and hats of every style and age, were standing on the south side of the Court House holding prayers previous to marching, when the boys, or rather a committee composed of Charlie Bourne, Frank Dimond and the writer, slipped into the armory to take a look at the stacked arms. We were looking for fun, and seeing one of the guns cocked, one of us pulled the trigger and the contents went crashing through the ceiling into the court room

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

above, where court was in session. Fearing the soldiers we ran over to Fox Hill, and remained in hiding until it was dark, when we crept back home, the most scared but innocent-looking boys imaginable. How those brave soldiers hustled for their arms, thinking that the Dorr forces were upon them. There was a lot of talk about the matter all through the town, but we never heard anything from it.

While I do not claim the title of writer, I will simply, in Bristol style, recall some of the humorous incidents which happened fifty years ago.

There was one incident which occurred at the Presbyterian church during the pastorate of good Dr. Shepard. Everyone will recollect the well known firm of A. T. & T. J. Usher. It is of the senior member of the firm I will write. Allen Usher was a very kind man, and beloved by all who knew him. At one time the firm dealt largely in flour and no one was better posted regarding the flour market than Mr. Usher. One Sunday Dr. Shepard preached an extraordinarily long sermon. The day was hot and sultry, and many of the congregation dropped to sleep. Dr. Shepard kept on and had arrived at his "tenthly", when noticing the slumbering members, he raised his voice to a higher pitch, arousing the sleepers, among whom was Allen Usher, who, waking up suddenly, spoke out: "Flour has gone up to \$6.25 per barrel". The congregation smothered a smile and Dr. Shepard, pausing a moment, proceeded as if nothing had happened. Something under similar circumstances occurred with Parker Borden, who cried out when aroused: "It's your move now". He died before I became of riper years. The old people of those times used to relate the incident, as Parker was in those days considered the best checker player in Bristol. Years ago we had spiritual rappings and table moving by invisible hands. The medium for these manifestations was Lemuel C. Bishop. He was a model man, truthful and reliable, and he said he did not know what caused these strange things. I saw him once at Captain Gardner's office, in company with the Captain, Major Babbitt and Major Cushman, sit at a table and without a word being spoken,

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

some unseen power directed him to write a word agreed upon by the others. He wrote it. "Boston" was the word. Bishop was as puzzled as the others around the table.

Good old Deacon Thrasher, from whom the boys frequently pilfered turnips, was an old man, but he could beat anybody around in raising turnips, cabbages and potatoes; he supplied most of the families in town with their winter vegetables.

John Hoard, the painter, who lived on Church street, and kept a paint shop on Hope street, north of Church street, on which corner Benjamin Simmons, brother of Geo. W. Simmons, kept a grocery which bore a large sign, "Live and let live". His store was opposite St. Michael's church.

Chase and Frisbie were painters. Their shop was down on Thames street. Frisbie afterwards "went it alone" in the basement of the Chadwick homestead, south of which was Beaverouk Pierce, who lived on the corner of Hope and Constitution streets. He had a store, I think, general merchandise. Now whether the name given above is correct, some of you readers may know; I knew him by that name. Do any of you readers recollect Sam Smith, who lived on High street, and was cashier of the Bank of Bristol, and Alex. G. Stephens, who opened a book store on Hope street, where in later years Ben Lincoln had a paint and wall paper store? Alex. Stephens was a cripple, but he was lively and cheerful and everybody liked him. He had many quaint sayings.

Capt. John Gladding kept a wholesale and retail liquor store on Thames street, opposite the "Down Town Mill". He was great lover of stories and fun, and nothing gave him more pleasure than some harmless mischief of the boys.

Jonathan Waldron, blacksmith, kept an all-round shop on Thames street, near Church street. He was the blacksmith of the town, and always at work. He was a staunch member of St. Michael's church. His son, David, rose to prominence and in company with Richmond Daggett, always received honorable mention for hard study and diligence in school.

John Lewis was also a noted character, for John supplied the scup, dressed and ready for cooking, to the families in the town.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

He held forth on the south side of the engine house at the foot of State street. Old John loved his toddy but was never unkind or bad; he was honest and fair in all his dealings.

Nat Oxx was another familiar body about town in those days. He generally made his living sawing wood and doing chores. His sister, Martha Oxx, was the "roving" tailoress of the town. Good, kind old soul, how we boys used to worry her while she was at our homes, for she was engaged to some family all the year round. I believe that she made more clothing for the boys under 12 years, than all the mothers in town. She and Nat lived nearly opposite Dr. Holmes on Hope street.

On Mount Lane there was a receiving vault attached to the "Burying Ground", as it was called, just east of the common. Weird tales were told about this vault, and also about one on the D'Wolf farm. There were several vaults in the Neck cemetery, and I don't think any of us had courage enough to pass those vaults alone after dark.

Jonnie Rawson, a little active man, whom the boys all loved, was then their confidant in all pleasure and mischief, and he never gave anybody away. He had many exciting experiences in his time and could tell some very interesting stories, if still alive.

I now come to an old, old friend, George Byron Diman. George is unlike any man in Bristol. He is blunt and plain spoken, has his own ideas, and is not afraid to express them. I do not believe that he ever did one unkind act in his life. He is a most faithful friend, and can remember, or could when I last saw him, events which occurred long before I was born. George also has a will of his own, and no persuasion can make him talk unless he wants to. I shall always remember his kindness and sympathy for us during my father's last illness in 1877.

In those days Thompson, Stanton & Skinner were in the ship-building business at the foot of Oliver street. Many fine sloops and larger vessels were built in their yards in those days. They, after a while, built a marine railway, where the motive power was a horse.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

Messrs. Goff, Gardner Easterbrooks and Nehemiah Cole ran carts for hauling coal, sand and stone, and did any hauling done about town. Carpentering was mostly done by the Slade brothers, and Thomas Pearse. William B. Spooner had a candle and soap works on upper Thames street, superintended by George King.

Sail-making was carried on by Messrs. Alger and Gladding, both on Thames street, and those days were very busy times in that business. Mr. Gladding* was afterwards town clerk for many years. The sailing craft, sloops and schooners, did a good trade running in and out of Bristol, and there were two or three square-riggers plying between Bristol and Matanzas and other ports in Cuba. The cargoes exported were potatoes and onions; imports were sugar and molasses. Among the regular traders were the following sloops: Rhode Island, Willard, Maria and Louise, and the good old Hard Times.

In those days there lived on Hope street, just below Constitution street, an odd personage, William Noonning, who was better known by the sobriquet, "Buckie Straight Back". "Buckie" never left his dwelling except on business, and then only about once a week. He was not very tall, stood straight as an arrow, and as he walked his every step was apparently measured. He wore a tall beaver hat of the style of fifty years previous, blue swallow-tail coat, with brass buttons, tight fitting trousers, and a "choker" for a necktie. He lived in a two-story wooden house, and an unbroken pane of glass in it would have been hard to find. Decay was plainly visible in every part of the structure, which was a stranger to paint. No light was ever seen within the house, and people used to say that one candle lasted him a month. He lived there with his sister, and his life was more that of a hermit. There was a good-sized lot of land around the house, enclosed at one time with a wooden fence. South of the house was a small barn, which was used for storing onions. The land was planted with this "Rhode Island fruit". About once a week, after the

*Peter Gladding, town clerk from 1847-82.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

crop of onions had been housed, "Buckie" made a trip to A. T. & T. J. Usher's store to enquire the market price of his crop. (On these trips he always stopped in Gardner's mills and bought one peck of corn meal.) If the market price suited him he sold, if not he held on. When he finally sold he placed the proceeds in a leather folding pocket book, about 6 x 3 inches. This was placed in a pocket of his swallow-tailed coat, a rear pocket at that, and about every three or four steps he would give it a slap with his hand, to assure himself that it was still there. At every corner he would take it out and examine it—replace it—and go on with the patting, which never ceased until the door of his dwelling shut him from view. On these trips he would never look at anyone, let alone speak.

On the site of the Nooning house now stands the mansion formerly owned by the late Edward W. Brunsen, who came to Bristol some years after these events, and was one of the firm of Camp, Brunsen & Sherry, who were successors to the firm of C. R. Dimond & Co., sugar refiners. The latter firm was composed of Cornelius R. Dimond, Samuel Norris and Horace Barns, and did a large and extensive business in West India sugar. Mr. Barns came to Bristol when a very young man and was at once the protege of Capt. John Norris, who saw in him the making of a shrewd business man, and as subsequent events proved Capt. Norris was correct. Later on Barns associated himself with J. Russell Bullock and, I think, went west where they established a brokerage and stock business. Time passed and they returned to Bristol, apparently successful in their business. Old Ben Mott used to express his ideas of the way they made their money in this way: "Bullock lathered the customers and Barns shaved them". Bullock was a smart and capable lawyer, very soft and persuasive in his talk, while Barns said but little, but thought a great deal, and knew just when to close a bargain. Barns and Dr. Chas. H. R. Doringh were close friends. The latter married one of Richard Smith's daughters and lived in the old Fletcher house opposite T. J. Usher on Hope street. Mr. Barns married Capt. Norris' only daughter, and was a very kind husband and father.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

Is there a boy now grown to manhood who does not remember the two cherry trees in front of Capt. Willard's residence and the climbing of those trees for black cherries, while the captain was down on Long Wharf pitching pennies with Capt. Blye and Herb Bosworth!

Capt. James Darling lived opposite the Willard house. He was away from home the greater part of the year, but while in Bristol he spent a pleasant time making others happy and joyful. Yes, he was very fond of the boys and girls of Bristol, and they all liked him.

East of the Darling homestead stood the house of Mrs. Harriet Munro, whose husband died during the yellow fever epidemic. She was, I think, a Cuban by birth. Next to Mrs. Munro's home was Geo. S. Bourne's cabinet making and repairing shop. He had two sons, Charles and George. The latter was clerk for James M. Gooding, and many of us have very pleasant remembrances of him. I have only seen him once or twice in 40 years.

Geo. F. Usher lived nearly opposite the post office of the present day. Directly opposite was Rev. Mr. West's family, and on the same side of Hope street, south of Jail lane, lived Alexander Perry, where now is the Burnside Memorial building.

Speaking of Pappoosesquaw, I came near forgetting Doc Harding, an old negro noted for his "bunting". He could beat a goat at that business. He lived near the Mill pond. The sporting element of the town often called upon him to show his qualities in this line, consequently he was able to make a little cash on the side.

Are there any old-timers who remember when the first mule or mules were seen on our streets? Frank D'Wolf drove the first pair through our streets harnessed to a buggy; the townsfolk gazed in wonder at the flop-eared equines. They were cream color, with black rings around their legs. How many remember when this same Frank one Fourth of July, on a bet, rode his horse up the front steps of the Bristol Hotel and into the bar, and after ordering a drink, rode out through the back entrance. Sheriff

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

Johnson of Warren happened to be in town that day, and some of the shocked townsfolk demanded Frank's arrest, under the plea that he was badly intoxicated. The sheriff investigated, and when he heard what had happened, he turned to the crowd and said: "Boys, celebrate, no drunken man could do that feat".

It used to be a standing joke on Justice of Peace, John W. Dearth, that he only had a roast beef dinner when he collected costs of a case tried before him. I wish I could remember every joke or quaint anecdote told of the men of those times, for no one was without something of the kind. Years ago I used to know Capt. Wm. H. Church as a traveler to the West Indies. He lived a little north of the "Halfway Rock", on the road leading to Warren. For a while he was with the Usher Bros., and finally there was a sort of partnership of Samuel W. Church and Stephen T. Church, who imported through vessels commanded by Capt. William, sugar and molasses. Capt. Church was a very soft spoken man and invariably he and Allen Usher would wind up any conversation with an argument; yet the genial captain was always smiling.

Speaking of the Church family, that genial but eccentric Capt. Ben Church was the boys favorite. I think he married Miss Almira Wardwell. We boys called the pair odd partners, for we could never catch them courting, and when walking out the captain was always about three or four feet ahead of her. God bless them, they were good and kind to us, and Miss Almira had as kind a heart as God ever gave a woman. The writer was under her tuition to learn to waltz, and after many trials and attempts finally gave it up. Capt. Ben could use up more white pine with his pocket knife than any man in town, except Gardner Willard. It used to be said of these two worthy men, that when either of them was making a bargain the whittling would be towards the body and fine small curlings would come from the knife. When the bargain was made the chips flew like flakes of snow, but from the body.

It's a strange part of our lives that after a space of years we, that is, many of us, change our vocation or calling in life. There

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

was Capt. Obediah Devoll, for many years a sea captain. He went into the dry goods business on Hope street, as successor to Walter D. Briggs. Speaking of the dry goods business calls to mind "Oak Hall," established by Thomas G. Holmes, son of good, kind Dr. Jabez Holmes. At the same time Samuel J. Allen held forth on Thames street, west of John Adams' shoe store. They were in the same business. (John Adams made shoes for the "big folks," as we called the rich people, in the town.) Allen had Byron Coit for manager, and a lively campaign of advertising was started between Holmes and Allen. Large and flaring ads appeared, handbills went out in large quantity, until the knowing ones said they would both fail, and I think they did. At any rate "The Goose Hawk", as the Phenix was called, raked in good money. The name was given on account of an eagle with outstretched wings, printed at the top of the first page. Walter Briggs who at that time kept the store, and later sold to Devoll, looked on with amusement and did a good business, while his competitors were firing their ads at one another.

Edward S. Babbitt, junior partner of the firm of Page, Briggs Babbitt, wholesale dealers in iron located in Boston, was for a long time bookkeeper for Capt. Gardner. Mr. Babbitt married Capt. Daniel N. Morice's daughter, Arselia.* Capt. Morice was a Frenchman and during his seafaring life had as senior officer the late Capt. Gardner; he obtained his credentials through Capt. Morice. At the time of transporting troops and supplies from this country to Vera Cruz, during the Mexican War, one of Capt. Morice's ships was loaded in Bristol under contract with the U. S. Government, Capt. Gardner acting as agent for the government.

Mrs. Morice will never be forgotten by the boys of my time for the pears and other fruits which this kind, motherly lady gave to us, and many of the young people of those days will remember that an invitation to older people to a social affair at her home always included the young folks as well. They lived in the house opposite Gov. Byron Diman's; the house formed the corner of

*Capt. Morice was born in 1764 and died in 1847. His daughter, born in 1833, died in 1927. The two generations covered a period of 177 years, a very remarkable span of life.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

Hope and Byfield streets, and had an entrance on either street.

In the south every second man is a "colonel." Anyone living during the Civil War days, and everybody who at one time was in the Confederate army claims that "title". When I was a boy it was a rare thing in Bristol to call anyone "mister". It was either "captain" or "major" and they all came by the title in good right. A stroll through the North Burial Grounds, on the Neck, will bear me out; the many sea captains buried there, under stones, all bearing their names and title will surprise you. They were all men well known here years ago, and many of them were very young in years.

Do any of my readers remember who used to drive around with a canopy-topped wagon and dressed in white clothes, stop and take orders for beef, pork, lamb and mutton, cut right at your door to your order? Why, Henry Martin from Bristol Neck.

Aaron Easterbrooks and John Bowler held the town market at the foot of State street. Elisha M. Wardwell, Fish and several others all had their experience trying to keep a market under the old Mount Hope House on Hope street, just north of the DeWolf house.

About the Rhode Island clams, we used to get a hoe and basket and go at low water to the space between Sprague's and Long Wharf and dig many a basketful. "Mill Gut" in those days was a veritable clam mine; old Sam Slocum used to get his barrow load of clams over there and sell them over in town. Few of my readers will recall the days when we used to perch ourselves on the end of any of the wharfs and catch "nippers". Happy days, too happy to return.

Leaving Bristol and going north we pass the "heater" on the corner of Hope street and "Gas House Lane", and come to the farm of James DeWolf Perry, whose son Raymond, won distinction during the Civil War. As a boy I knew him well. In those days his delight and our admiration was to watch him breaking to harness some refractory, stubborn colt. Fear was something entirely unknown to Raymond. The most noted thing about the Perry place was a rock wall running from the creek to the prop-

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

erty line of Viets Peck. This wall is a long one and was a long time building, and is probably standing today, a tribute to the builder. This man I believe built walls on some other farms around Bristol, but this one was an object of admiration.

Viets Peck was another old-timer, and he was in several lines of business—real estate, dry goods, and I think several other kinds. Mr. Peck was certainly a shrewd man, but I never heard aught of anything irregular in his trades, but over-reach you he would, if he could, like Major Cushman trading horses. If folks expected to get the advantage of these two shrewd Bristolians they had to get up early.

Next north of the Peck homestead was the Reynolds' house where LaFayette once stayed, and going north we come to "Sam White's" lane which runs due east to the "Back road". Sam White was in the beef, butter and milk business. A short distance north was the "Neck School", and next was Neck cemetery. Then tramping along you passed Peter Church's, Henry D'Wolf's, the Middleton's, Swett's, Allen's, Martin's, Hall's, Church's; and within a mile of Warren lived Capt. George Usher: he was another West India trader who farmed it during the summer months.

Well, what kind of vehicle, as public conveyance to and from steamboats, was that which was seen on our streets about 1848-1850? It was a cab—imported from Boston. It had two wheels, driver's seat high in front, seated four people, and door for entrance at the end. It was driven by a negro named John Fish. His name John surmounted by a fish cut out of tin was over the door. He drove this cab for a good many years, and finally died from injuries received in a runaway of a pair of horses attached to a sleigh belonging to Robert Rogers. When in the cab and desiring to stop you pulled a strap, something like in an omnibus.

There was in those days another celebrity, Dan Tanner (colored), who ran a barber shop on State street, opposite Henry Wardwell's general store. Dan did a good business and never, as he said, met a man he could not shave with any of his razors, until he struck against the beard of Nehemiah Cole, the teamster,

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

then he had to use a hand saw first and a razor afterwards, this was Dan's way of putting it. I believe Dan later threw up the soap and brush and devoted himself to making chowders and clam bakes. Do the men now grown remember going up Mount Hope and along "Back road" hunting for blackberries and huckleberries or whortleberries?

In those days Bristol was really a town of strange circumstances. No drunkenness, no pilfering or stealing, except by us boys after fruit. The town had one night watchman who slept most of the night in or around the King Philip engine house, which was then on State street, and sometimes, after a good nap would wake around 2 a. m., emerge from the engine house and commence the usual cry: "11 o'clock, all's well, wind southeast". People frequently failed to lock their doors and never even gave it a thought, and usually at 10 p. m. everybody was in bed, sleeping soundly. At 9 a. m. the small side-wheel steamer King Phillip from Fall River en route to Providence brought freight and passengers, and on return touched again at Bristol. Mr. Burgess, father of John N., Fred, and Joe Burgess, was agent wharfinger, and collector for the line. There was no railroad in those days, but we had a stage line to Providence, Warren and Fall River, Taunton and New Bedford. Charlie Chadwick and John Warren drove four horses to a stage to Providence. Com. Warren drove three horses to a stage that went to Luther's Four Corners to meet the Fall River stage and change passengers. The stages rarely came in on time, their motto was to "get there if it took all day."

Do any of my readers recollect who wheeled two trunks down to the wharf, escorted by a crowd of boys with banners and tin pots?

Again appears to my memory old Henry Foster, a mulatto, who lived with a family of that name on Hope street, opposite Amos Crandall's residence, in which Parmenas Skinner afterwards lived. Henry was a very polite negro, and such extreme courtesy did he show to the ladies, he was named "Ladies'-man-Friday".

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

Capt. Littlefield lived on Hope street, corner of Oliver street, and had one son named Julius. North of him lived William Pearse, father of John W., Thomas and Richard Pearse. John W. sailed a sloop named "Maria Louisa"; Thomas was a carpenter, and Richard was captain of a West India trader.

Capt. Josiah Talbot was another pioneer; he lived on Hope street, opposite Jacob Babbitt, sr. The Talbot house and that of Capt. Gardner* were very much alike, they were built by Henry Warren. They were massive structures with large columns extending above the second story, and broad piazzas in front. Buildings of those days were built of the best seasoned lumber and frequently all of the work was done by hand, doors, sashes and blinds. Capt. Talbot was rough and blunt, but a good, kind man and a loving husband and father.

There was one man in town in those days who used to get real angry at us boys, and he had good reason to be. That was Wm. H. D'Wolf, a son of Sen. James D'Wolf, who was a very noted personage in these parts from the year 1800 up to the time of his death in 1837. The D'Wolf homestead was a massive structure and enclosed with an iron fence on a freestone foundation, and the gates were of iron. Ike Gorham, T. S. Gladding, Frank Dimond, Lucius Norris, and some others conceived the idea of fastening the gates, which was done after dark under the protection of the big elms out in front. The gates were securely tied with a fine wire, top and bottom. Next morning the boys were on hand to see the fun, and fun it was. I think the whole family had a try at opening the gates. About midday the trouble was located, and the vials of the old gentleman's wrath broke loose; he fumed, he swore, and finally offered \$5 as a reward if he could find out who did the mischief. We boys then concocted a plan which was successfully carried out. One boy was deputed to confer with Mr. D'Wolf and offer the information. He did so and got the five dollars, and then gave the names of nearly every boy in town. When the old gentleman sensed the trick that had been played

*The residence and office of Dr. Julius C. Gallop for many years. Now owned and occupied by Dr. Wm. L. Serbst.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

on him, he laughed and took the mischief in good part. We had a regular blow-out with the five dollars, in cakes, candy, fruit, hard-boiled eggs, and cup custards from George W. Easterbrooks' father's little store at the lower end of State street, near Thames street.

"Scup has come." What times we had going a-fishing, and if there is any fish sweeter and more delicious than a scup freshly taken from the water I would like to know what the fish is. And I believe there is more genuine fun in scup fishing than any other piscatorial pastime. In my younger days the women used to go out fishing like the men. Then our clams; they are hard to describe, but a good old-fashioned clambake and fish chowder surpasses the menu of any hotel. Rocky Point years ago was looked upon, in connection with Mount Hope, east side, as the most favorite place. Rocky Point was run as a clambake ground by Capt. Winslow of Warren, and during the season a small side-wheel steamer "Argo" was run from Providence, Warren and Bristol to convey parties to and from Rocky Point. Then nearer home we had Cold Springs and Mount Hope, and where is the Bristol boy who has not sat in King Phillip's seat and drank from the spring. Good old Joe Fish lived near the springs; old man Fish loved the flowing bowl, and when he was "full" the boys gave him a wide berth, yet he was a good-hearted man.

At Cold Springs picnics were the principal pastime, and the crowd generally chartered Nathan Warren's stage, in and on top of which old and young were conveyed to the Springs. No tables but nature's—just plain, old-fashioned style. Each family carried a large basket and on arrival all were made common among the crowd. Snow white tablecloths were laid on the ground and old-fashioned silver graced the table. The men made the lemonade and boys carried the water. After supplying the wants of the inner man, old and young devoted an hour or two to frolic and fun. Old gray-haired matrons and men played about like children. Mrs. Dr. Holmes, Mrs. Briggs, Mrs. Babbitt, Mrs. Morice, and many others just romped and played, and the day was passed merrily and happily; and as the sun was setting the

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

crockery, silverware and dishes were gathered together, and, mounting the stage, load after load was carried home. There was no formality whatever; all came out to enjoy themselves and they did not fail to do so. And who does not remember the "Love Rocks" and the old wind-mill towering above the rocks, which were at the south end of the town; how much courting and love-making was done at those rocks? Then there was the "Ten Acre Lot" where the Rubber Works now stands, which was used by the boys for a ball ground. What fights and quarrels took place on those grounds, but nobody was ever hurt. There was Goree, a sort of suburb of Bristol where the colored population lived. I never did know where it got the name, but it was known by that name as far back as I can remember.

There was Major Cushman, who bought and sold old iron and traded horses, and had his warehouse or storehouse where the Rogers Free Library building now stands. Bristol boys, just before the Fourth of July, would be gathering up metals of all kinds to sell to the Major. An incident of Major's trading was often told and I will relate it. Major had fed and fixed up with all the conceivable tricks a horse dealer knows, an old balky and stubborn horse, and harnessing him to a gig had started toward Providence. On the road he met another trader who had bested him on one or two occasions. Major stopped his team and commenced to talk horse. The other took the bait offered and wanted to purchase the horse, gig and all. Major's price was \$100. The man wanted to know if he would not sell for less. Old Major said simply, "Try a pull and see." "Well," said the man, "I will give you \$85, it's all the money I have." Major, kinder slow-like, replied "All right; I like the horse, but he is a little too fiery for me—you can have him." The major always had one or two frames doctoring and getting ready to trade or sell. He never guaranteed age, condition or disposition of any animal, and he seldom was worsted.

Prof. DeWolf, who lived about half a mile to the east of Ferry road, was another pioneer citizen. For some reason, I cannot say, the boys held him in greater awe than any of our pastors.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

To us he was a strange man ; no boy ever asked permission to get fruit from his trees that was refused ; nevertheless we looked upon him as a kind of hermit.

Who is there that does not remember jolly, laughing George Pearse of Bristol Ferry, and his trips with the mail for the Rhode Island side, coming in his carryall about 11 a. m., receiving the mail from Mr. Hunt, driver of the stage, and carrying it to the ferry, there to be ferried across to the Island and hurried to Newport. How many of us is there who have not walked two miles to the ferry to cross and recross in the sloop ferry boat.

Well, Hezekiah Pitman was another of our old timers, a life long Democrat, whose opinion on political matters was received as standard authority. I do not recollect how long he was in the post office service, but I do know that when the post office was on the north side of State street "Kiah" Pitman was there and I believe continued to be about the office for many years. But what a good old "bach" "Kiah" was. Did ever any one see him when he was not chewing tobacco?

At certain seasons of the year, molasses and sugar were being discharged on all the wharves from Perry's up to Peck's wharf. The men that were boys then, must well remember the rows of molasses casks covering nearly the whole of the wharf, with the swarm of boys running around on the bilges of the casks sampling the contents. The boys of these days don't quite enjoy life, I think. They know not the pleasure of "lickin 'lasses", of running a smooth round stick down into the bung hole of a cask of new crop New Orleans molasses and drawing it through the curl of the tongue. The crafts too were objects of keen interest and curiosity to us boys. We roamed over the decks, sniffed in at the galley door, peeked in the cabin, and took a good smell of the bilge water at the main hatch. Some of the more venturesome climbed part way up the ratlines of the lower rigging, and some more daring, would even go over the futtock shrouds or crawl through the "lubber hole" into the fore or main tops. The boys always seemed to have free access to the molasses, even to carrying it away in tin-pails, and were seldom or ever molested unless

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

they behaved too badly. One day the boys had taken charge of a cargo on the wharf at the foot of Church street and becoming more of a nuisance than usual, the agent promptly drove the whole gang up the wharf on to Thames street; whereupon these young scamps, surrounding him at a good safe distance, saluted him with the beseeching cry, in aggravating reiteration—

“Mister Babbitt
Lemme lab it.”

But not all our pleasures were found at the water front. The woods and hills back of the town were never lacking in interest to us boys. What pleasant old time memories arise at the thoughts of “Mount Hope”, “Fox Hill”, “Uncle Isaac’s”, “Clarke’s Elbow” and the “Tan Yard”. Strangers to Bristol would hardly be attracted by the name of the last mentioned locality. Tan yard generally suggests a very useful and active business associated with many unpleasant sights, and an all-pervading vile odor. Not so “our Tan Yard”. Here were the deep, cool, sweet smelling woods. The “swamp apple” and the browse grew here, and “sassafras” and “black birch”. A deep, clear brook wandered slowly through towards “Walker’s Cove”. In this brook the speckled turtle made his home, while high up in the tree tops overlooking all were the nests of many generations of fish hawks and crows. “Fox Hill” was a favorite haunt, it was always good for huckleberries and blackberries in their season. Here too was to be found the great staple of a prominent youthful industry—sweet fern. Almost every boy in town in those days, sooner or later, engaged more or less extensively in the making of sweet fern cigars, mostly for home consumption, the odorous fumes of which were wont to provoke much pretended disgust on the part of our elders who used a much viler weed.

The arrival of the “whalemen”, of which I remember a few in my day, was always an occasion of pleasurable excitement, especially among those who had relatives aboard. The movements of vessels on long voyages in those days were only known by chance reports and the arrival of a whaler could only be predicted in some cases by the length of time the vessel had already

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

been out. So that a ship might be looked for for weeks and even months before her arrival. But some morning, perhaps, a square-rigged vessel would be seen far away under "Prudence", which the knowing ones down town fancy they recognize as the "Leonidas" or the "Corinthian", or some other of the overdue "spouters". The news spreading, many a spy-glass would be leveled on the approaching craft. Some would go to the roofs of houses for a better view and a knot of old "salts" would likely take a station on the head of the wharf, anxiously watching the movements of the up-coming vessel. By and by Captain somebody, with the long spy-glass, announces that "she is keeping off" for the Bristol channel, and about this time a flash is seen from the ship and in a few seconds the dull boom of the gun is heard. The doubt is settled; she is a whaleman and headed for Bristol.

By this time the knowing ones have made her out and the news spreads rapidly that the old ——— is coming in, and glad are the hearts of fathers and mothers, and brothers and sisters, at the prospect of meeting those from whom they have been parted for three or four years. And now as she moves slowly up the harbor, with her courses and light sails furled, about all the male population of the town are gathered on the wharf to greet the returned voyagers. When they come ashore the young men of the crew are the heroes of the hour, and move with a roll in their walk which is the envy of all the boys who vainly try to imitate it. But this has long since passed. Bristol has for nearly fifty years been out of the whaling business.

Well, who remembers the trips to Newport on 'Lecture day in the good old schooner "Hard Times"? If the planks of that old schooner could talk, many things ludicrous would have been known to the people of the town. Among the girls and the boys who used to make those trips were the Misses Church, Spooner, Doty, Pearce, Manchester, Munro, Green, Slade, and the boys, Wm. H. Spooner, Gladding, George and Charles Bourne, Will Munroe, Chris Baker, Frank Dimond and many others whose names I cannot recall. Little did we think that fifty years later those events would be recalled and written about by one of the party.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

I cannot forget Daniel and James Wilcox's ice cream and candy store on Hope street, north of the Eagle Bank. When James died Daniel carried on the business at the same stand for years. In those days cigars were very cheap, only a cent a piece, and those who knew said they were good. William Fales, father of William and Edward Fales, was given out to be the heaviest smoker in town. He always had his cigar in view and his hat full of them. He had amassed a fortune in the West Indies and lived at his ease; he was one of our most conservative citizens, a strong and faithful member of St. Michael's church, simple in attire, a quiet and easygoing man, one of the old-timers.

Charles Fales was also a resident of our town and was Spanish consul for the port; he married Allen Usher's daughter. As I look back on it few of the boys married their first loves or sweet-hearts, and many never married at all. How many young couples could be seen wending their way slowly along Pappoosesquaw road; others went down by the Love Rocks towards the Ferry Road. My old friend John Lake was one of that number, and I believe is still living in the old town, and carrying on a thriving grocery business on the corner of High and Constitution streets.

I have received many letters from my old friends, friends of my boyhood, and I wish to thank them all for their kind appreciation and thoughtfulness. In writing these reminiscences I have tried to offend no one; everything about the boys and girls of those years I have endeavored to write with the kindest feelings, and veneration for all, many of whom are now numbered among the dead. In closing, permit me to say that no man born on the soil of Bristol, has more respect and love for the old town and its people, than the writer of these lines.

The names of the old Bristolians which Grafton W. Gardner mentions are, without a single exception, well known to me, and I have spoken to each one of them when I was a boy working at Gooding's store, which was then located on the northwest corner of Hope and State streets.

They all came in from time to time to buy some article of the varied assortment on the shelves. I have many pleasant memories of that old corner and of the old farmers (old to me at the time) who every evening during the winter sat

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

around the hot stove, awaiting the arrival of the evening stage from Providence (driven by Nat Maxfield) and told stories.

My first memory of Sam Slocum is the morning after the fire which destroyed the "Up Town Mill" in the year 1843. I saw him that morning throw a stone over the belfry on the east end of the standing wall, a feat I do not think could have been done by any other person in the crowd. I knew well what a lover of tobacco Sammy was. Every visit I made to my native town, would result to Sammy's benefit in the tobacco line. He never forgot either my face or name, and after a hearty shake of the hand, would ask: "Goin' to gimme any tobacco this time?" When dressed in his best Sam always wore a remarkable breastpin, as large as life. I have never forgotten that jewelry. Sam was born in Newport in the year 1800; he came to Bristol in early life, remaining here up to a few years before his death. He returned to his native city in ill health where he died in 1881.

GEORGE T. BOURNE

BRISTOL SCHOOLS ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

By GEORGE T. BOURNE, 1836-1904

HOW many of those who read these memories have, like myself, told and retold to children and grandchildren the tales of boyhood days? Some who will read these lines were my schoolmates and will no doubt recall the incidents, though perhaps long forgotten. Many, very many, who were among us have passed over to the great and silent majority, but we who are left remember them.

My first recollection of school is the one kept by "Aunt Martha". It was in the little house now standing on the northeast corner of Milk and Byfield streets. Milk street then was only open from Church to Byfield, the extension having been made in later years. Milk street was not its name then, "Cross Lane" was what it was known by. It was said that it was a lane cut by Col. Byfield, who lived in a house formerly on the site of the Tilley house;* he intended it as a short cut to his barn on Church street, which was in the rear of his house.

*The Isaac F. Williams house.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

"Aunt Martha" was a Mrs. Hadwin; she afterwards married Mr. Billings Waldron, the shoemaker, and resided on Pleasant street until her death. The cottage owned by Mr. John B. Pearce was not then built and my father's garden extended to the school grounds. The board fence between was ancient and moss-grown and instead of going to my lessons by the regular path I would come and go by way of a wide gap in the fence. How long I remained in this school I cannot remember. After the school was given up a family named Brown took the cottage and the three boys were my playmates.

In 1839 there were only four houses in "Cross Lane" before it was opened south of Byfield street. On the west corner of Church street there was a very old house, occupied by a family named Drown; this was later torn down to make place for the new cottage owned and occupied by the late Allen Wright. On the east corner the house of my father had just been erected, an "old-timer" having been torn down on the same ground.

On the west corner of Byfield street stood the house now there, the home of Nathan Simmons. On the east corner stood the little schoolhouse, the same as at present. Between the houses of Mr. Simmons and Mr. Wright was the barn and pig-pen owned by Mr. Simmons. The house on the east side of Milk street, formerly owned and occupied by the late John B. Pearce, was a small cottage built for my grandmother. Mr. Pearce enlarged it and made it into a fine home.

Those were the days of pumps—we had no town water supply; wells supplied the drinking water and folks depended upon cisterns for their supply of water for household purposes. The cisterns, generally in the cellar of the houses, were small and when in the summer time they "run dry" the neighbors' wells were in great demand. I know, for I often carried heavy burdens during the dry spells of those days. There were three wells on which I drew—and sometimes no bucket was to be found at the well. These wells were on the premises of Mr. Tilley, Mr. Norris and Mr. Wright, the latter was my favorite, as it was only a step from my house.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

The theory of germ disease was not then known and drinking water from dangerous wells was not the horror of the day. The well on Mr. Wright's place was about ten feet distant from a badly kept pig sty and about the same distance from the cow barn; yet I never knew or heard of a case of sickness arising from the use of water from that well. I write these few lines in view of the epidemic which visited Bristol during the summer of 1888, when the question of pure drinking water was the leading topic of discussion.

How long I remained at Aunt Martha's school, I do not remember, for my next school was in rooms over the store at the corner of Hope and Church streets, owned by a Mr. Hoard. The entrance was on the east side, by a flight of wooden stairs outside the main building. This school was kept by Miss Fales, better known to young and old as Aunt Charlotte. I recall nothing special of my schooldays there, I remember only the corner room and the outside stairs. This school was soon transferred to Byfield street, in an old house belonging to Mr. John Lewis. This was afterwards torn down to give place to the present cottage. This school was under the care of Aunt Charlotte. Of this school I can recall some incidents, more particularly of the methods of punishment. There were three of these: first a whip with a lash and a bright red handle; then came the footstove and thimble, the two most always in a kind of partnership, for when we were forced to sit upon the warm foot-stove, we naturally squirmed, and then the thimble, firmly fixed on the teacher's finger, tapped us gently on the head to keep us in place. The gentle heat from the wood ashes in the foot-stove was sometimes welcome, at other times a little too strong, in which case the thimble got in its tapping. I do not recall any other warming for the room, except the foot-stove, and the winters of fifty years ago were cold ones.

We were always trying to get out early, that is before the closing time at noon, but the teacher was always too much for us. One boy rather excited our envy one day by loudly proclaiming that his mother had told him he could leave school at "sixty minutes

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

after eleven". How we envied him, and how he wondered why he did not leave before the rest of us.

The date of my leaving this school I do not remember, but my real work commenced when I was sent from there to the "Old Brick". There were no kind old aunties there, for a man was at the head, though there was an assistant teacher, a lady, and the boys were in need of a master, and a strong one.

The original "Old Brick School House" in Bristol was, no doubt, the one erected on "the Neck" in the year 1802, and continued to be the school for the inhabitants of that district, until as late as the year 1841. I well remember having seen this little building for the first time, one day when some of the boys went as far as the "half way hill" to welcome the coming circus. We did not like to pass beyond the hill for fear of the welcome the "Warren boys" might give us. I fancy they said goodbye to the circus before they reached the said spot, for fear of the welcome we might offer, on behalf of our native town. At the time I first saw this house it was used as a dwelling. To-day it is only a heap of old bricks.

The present school house on the corner of High and State streets is the real "Old Brick" to us all. This was completed in 1804 and when I first knew it, it had been enlarged to about twice the original size by an extension towards the East. The old part of the building could easily be distinguished by a wooden railing which was not put upon the new addition. St. Alban's Masonic Lodge occupied the upper part of the old building and is there to-day. The same mysterious symbols were on the west front and we had our boyish ideas of what the meaning was. I fancy some of the boys of that time well know now all the meanings. The upper part of the extension was used as a schoolroom. The part downstairs was in one room running the length and width of the building, except the hallway for entrance to the upper room.

About the year 1826 Mr. Otis Storrs came to Bristol and opened a private school in the Academy, on what is known as the "Lancasterian system". His success was so great that, in 1828, the committee asked him to take charge of the town school and

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

allow girls to go and share his instructions with the boys. Before this, girls did not go to public schools. Upon his acceptance they enlarged the brick school house and fitted it up with reference to the workings of this new system. The teacher's desk stood on a raised platform at the west end of the room and down the length of the room, through the middle, ran a single aisle. On each side of this were arranged semi-circular desks with seats on the outer curve for the scholars. The desks did not have lids but were open in front, and each accommodated eight scholars. On the inner curve was a bench where they sat when reciting.

The monitors, who heard the recitations, had a stool in the centre of the circle. The teacher heard the monitors recite and had supervision of the school. This system was very popular at that time.

When I first became a pupil the room was as described; the high platform at the west end was still there but was occupied by the lady teacher, a Miss Munro, who later became the wife of Capt. Morse. Over the platform, high up on the wall and running the entire width of the room was a narrow blackboard, on which was a handsomely painted alphabet. That relic still adorns the same spot as of yore. On the south side of the room, just halfway, was another desk, occupied by the master whom I remember as Mr. Osborne. If I am right in this name, I can establish the date of my entry to this school, as the teacher's father was then minister of the Methodist church, which was the year 1842.

One more word about the desks—the outer end of each row had a desk with a lid, and this was always a prize—for the opening day of each term or quarter, as it was called, was devoted to choosing seats. The amount of rough play thus produced would not be allowed in our schools today. No small boy ever occupied the "corner seat" for they always fell to a bigger boy. Before I left that school I was the peaceful owner of a desk with a lid, but no lock, so I never entrusted any of my treasures there over night. I was one of the last boys to occupy one of these desks for after a long vacation we returned to our room to find a great change. The reign of the "Lancasterian" era was over, the semi-

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

circular desks had been removed and peacefully reposed over in the garden of Deacon Holmes, on Church street, where they remained until summer suns and winter winds had prepared them for the refuelling of "Franklin stoves", the stoves of those days.

I forgot to mention that the east end of the schoolroom had two rows of straight desks, running across the room, except where separated by the aisle. These were occupied by the larger boys, some of whom were in fact young men, many of them were the sons of farmers and the benches were not filled up during the summer months but in the cold days of winter the seats were crowded. We small boys had a wholesome fear of the larger boys, still the hard knocks they gave us were tempered by the occasional gift of an apple. I recall one of these boys who during recess quietly handed his favorite young lady (there were girls and boys at this school) a ruby pippin. With a blush, ruby as the apple itself, she handed it back, saying, "I don't care for warm apples." The poor lad had kept it too long in his pocket.

I do not remember any man teacher, from the day of Mr. Osborne until that of the late Wm. C. G. Cushman. Perhaps there were intermediates but I do not recall any. Corporal punishment was not only allowed but frequent, we only knew it later by that name. With us it was simply a "licking" and nothing else, and what's more it hurt. Of course the teachers chose the candidates for whipping, or moral suasion, according to the size of the sinner. The small boys were favored with the rod, but the "boy who could whip the teacher" took his share of good advice, and then went and did the same things over again.

There was an occasional culprit on whom neither method worked well. I have one in mind who, after a dose of each, ruler and talk, simply dropped into mischief, as Silas Wegg "dropped into poetry". He was not at all a bad boy, but just full of fun. Under the platform before mentioned, there was a long, low cupboard, where wood and shavings were kept for lighting the fire. Into this one summer afternoon the untamed urchin was stowed, other punishment having failed to restore his equilib-

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

rium. The door was firmly barred and the poor fellow was left to "darkness and to me". After an hour the teacher, thinking that he had been enough punished, cautiously peeped into the prison house, then with a laugh threw the door wide open. The laugh awakened the sleeping boy, now restored to strength for future usefulness. When we first saw the culprit locked in the closet we trembled, as we thought a new mode of punishment and torture was in store for us but when we learned how an hour's sleep could be obtained in freedom from lessons and cares of school hours we eagerly hoped for the same application. We were, however, never rewarded as the one imprisonment was the first and last.

Another punishment, and it was a punishment only as far as a boy's individual temperament was concerned was that of sending a boy to sit with the girls. This rule was of short duration. It failed entirely. The boys rather liked it and soon it was dropped. I recall one small boy who was often sent across the aisle and always went with willing feet. When this mode of rewarding mischief failed that one boy suddenly became a quite well-behaved lad. He was never whipped, had only an occasional reprimand and by study went through each school until he became one of the 45 forming the new "High School".

I remember when I entered the brick school that parents who could afford it were required to pay twenty-five cents for the purchase of books, stationery, etc., for a term of twelve weeks. The tickets of admission were issued by Mr. William Throop whose office was in the building* now standing on the south side of State street adjoining the house belonging to the late Robert S. Andrews. As the school term always commenced on Monday, Saturday was ticket day. The boys generally came to do the buying and as usual the big boys were served first. The advantage of being a big boy is always understood at school and the fact of the weak being ruled by the strong still exists, not only in the village school but in the world from the beginning and will go on until the end of all things.

*The small brick building occupied by Chas. H. Spooner as a bakery for so many years.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

I would like to speak of a peculiar characteristic of the boys of my school days. As schoolmates, as school recess playmates, we were simply boys at school but there the line was sharply drawn. Outside the hours of study we were known as "down-towners". Our friendships were formed as to where we lived, State street seemed to be the dividing line, and down-town boys seldom were chums with the up-town boys. In winter, when snow-balling was our main amusement, once we were outside the school doors, at it we went, section against section, with the war cry "run 'em up" and "run 'em down", according as to which side did the retreating. There were some boys who could throw a snowball as from a rifle, others were content with hit or miss shots.

There were always some unthinking boys who made up their ammunition over night and such balls were dangerous to life and limb. Others made a last summer's marble the center of the little white missile, and these hurt when they hit an exposed part of the body. Such methods were frowned upon by the lovers of fair play on either side and were usually delivered in secret.

Before I close the history of the old desks, and the hard wooden stools on which we sat, let me tell another story of the school and the boys. The arithmetic we used, unlike the more modern ones, had no answers in the book. These answers were in a book called a "key" which was always in the teacher's charge. One day a small boy crawled through an open window into the vacant schoolroom. His heart was heavy because of undone sums and he was hunting for two keys, one to the teacher's desk and one to the arithmetic. Both were there, one in the lock and the other in the desk. While hastily copying the answers down on his slate he suddenly beheld a pair of eyes, boy's eyes, fixed upon him, just on the level of the window frame. They disappeared like a flash and the owner, feeling that he had not been seen, ran hastily around the corner of the Baptist Church. The fleeing boy was not an enemy; he was a "down-towner" like the other, and he had come on the same errand but, being too late, was bound to get even, just in fun. Later that afternoon the slates were handed in to the teacher, Miss Munro, and the sums were pronounced

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

correct, more or less. When the slate which had the answers taken from the key was handed in a hand instantly shot up. "Well, Billy?" said Miss Munro. "Henry took all his answers from your key, I seen him." Billy was correct in matter of fact, but his grammar was at fault. His little heart failed him when the teacher pronounced every answer on the slate wrong, not one correct. Henry had outwitted him by simply rubbing out the correct answers taken from the key and writing in his own answers.

In previous lines I wrote of the improvements made during our long vacation. A new term found us in a room we did not recognize. Everything that was "old time" and familiar had gone. There were rows of new desks, and seats with backs to them, everything looked "ship shape". The west-end platform and middle desks were gone; the room had been divided into two parts, one for the schoolroom, the other for recitations; the one desk was on a platform on the north side of the room and the rows of desks ran east and west.

There had been during the past year or two a slow but sure improvement; a more quiet element seemed to prevail, and there was either a better grade of pupils or a better spirit of feeling between the teachers and the pupils. The first day "choosing of seats" seemed to have been consigned to oblivion and the places were given out by the teacher. I recall one teacher here, a Miss Read. She had a pleasant word and a kindly smile, and I remember her as one I never wished to disobey. At this school I became so well advanced in my studies, that I was soon transferred to the upstairs room in the Academy building, which school was but one grade below the best school then established, the Grammar School kept by Mr. Dennis S. Gushee.

While I remained in the "Old Brick School" there occurred two incidents worth recalling. One incident was that of the escape of one of the prisoners confined in the town jail, a man named Dickinson, arrested for robbing the D'Wolf tomb, in the private burial ground of that family, situated in the south part of the town. I remember that there was a male teacher in our school at

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

that time and if my memory is correct, when the crowd rushed past shouting "out of jail, man out of jail," he and some of the larger boys jumped out of the windows and joined in the pursuit, towards the fields at the east end of the Common. The rest of the scholars, excited by the noise and the flight of the head of the school, made one wild rush for open air and liberty and joined the crowd outside. The late Bennett J. Munro was keeper of the jail at the time. I was a playfellow with his children and often looked into the cells where the prisoners were confined. I well remember the one above mentioned, both before and after the escape. He was soon recaptured and only enjoyed his liberty for a short time. Soon afterwards his trial took place in the Court House and I was one of the audience. During the trial an alarm of fire was raised and, with most of the audience, I rushed out. The fire, a very small one, was in the Fales house on Hope street, then occupied by the Rev. Thomas Fales.

The second incident I refer to was even more exciting to us scholars, that of the breaking out of the "Dorr War" in 1842. During school hours, the violent ringing of the Court House bell, and men running through the streets shouting war, war, startled teacher and scholars alike, and in an instant the schoolroom was deserted. I went with a schoolmate, Tommy Holmes, son of the Deacon, as far as the Court House, where the crowd was gathering, everyone asking questions which few could answer. War had been declared and that was enough excitement. We were too young to understand what was going on but we were no less interested in watching the soldiers arriving. We were not afraid of the muskets or cannon but there was one huge monster from which we kept a respectful distance. This we afterwards learned was the ammunition or baggage wagon. Of some of the local incidents of the war I still have a memory. I was on the wharf when the Train of Artillery went to Providence. I think they went on the King Phillip or, if before her time, on a boat called the Balloon. I also recall that the "Home Guards" were called upon to guard the town at night, as terrible stories were flying about as to what the enemy would do to Bristol. My father was

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

one of the guardians called upon to do night duty and I went with him to the guard house at the foot of Bradford street, I think, to get his musket, and was proud to be allowed to handle it. It was not loaded and I have since thought that he and the other guards watched all night without knowing whether their pieces were loaded or not, but the enemy never attacked the dear old town. I wonder if all Bristol boys have read the history of that war. It was of short duration and peace soon smiled again upon a united Rhode Island.

Before speaking of other schools and days I would like to say a word about our playground. What boy could ask or desire a better one? Eight acres of level land except one corner, the old, disused graveyard. The playground, then as now, was surrounded by a stately row of elm trees. These were our "bounds" and we could not go beyond this line without permission. We could have done so often, without it being known, but there seemed to be among us a feeling that in doing so we betrayed the trust our teacher reposed in our honor.

There was also a row of uncut granite posts on three sides of the Common, irregular in size, and over these, a long line of boys, at recess, played "leap frog". Most of the boys could "take 'em all" but the smaller lads just skipped past the "stumpers". The boy who never missed one was our hero. The waiving elms still remain and shade the children of many who played beneath them, but the granite posts, like many other old landmarks, are gone. Some years since, while on a visit to Bristol, I saw a new sea wall in the south part of the town, and I thought I could recognize some of my old "stumper" friends doing duty there.

We played many games on the old Common. Football was one and a rough game it was, not as rough as the modern game, but we had plenty of hard knocks. We played "mumble the peg" and the loser had his choice of "twelve with the blade, or six with the handle". The loser was forced to withdraw the peg from the ground with his teeth and some of us were brought low before this feat was accomplished. Of course hoops, tops and marbles had their seasons, and the present day has the same amusements.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

The boy who could make his top hum the loudest was the one who was respected, and the boy who had the loudest top was named "S". Nearly every boy in school had a nickname and many of them were funny ones.

"Bow and arrow" was not a neglected game and there were some good shots among us. "Pop guns", made from goose quills, and the ammunition for them which was punched from slices of raw potatoes, will be easily recalled by many who read these lines.

From the new benches of this school I was transferred to the Academy upstairs department. I do not remember what constituted fitness for these transfers from one public school to another. Probably because we had exhausted the text books and were thus given a chance at a higher grade.

In 1830 a committee was appointed by the town to purchase the Academy of Mr. James D'Wolf. The building was erected in 1791 for the use of a private school. From time to time the town had hired a portion of it, when the number of scholars was too large to be accommodated in the Old Brick School House.

I found the arrangement of desks and seats the same here as in the school I had left, running from east and west, with the teacher's desk on the south side. The bell rope hung in the middle of the room and it was always a temptation for some mischievous boy to give it a pull. This school was under far better discipline than any previous ones and the teachers and pupils seemed to be more in accord. There were some unruly boys and saucy girls but the teachers, ladies from some of the oldest and best Bristol families, were patient and kind.

The ordinary method of punishment was by tapping the open hand with a ruler. When the boy was too large to be punished by the teacher he was sent down stairs to Mr. Gushee, who could "do the right thing in the right place". Sometimes, when a strong example was needed, Mr. Gushee came upstairs and the punishment was witnessed by the scholars, just to show us we were not master and that obedience to rules would confer happiness to each one of us. In this school, singing was taught us, and we had some good voices. "The boy that can sing, and will not sing,

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

must be made to sing," was the rule. In those days there were parents who preferred to whip their sons at home, "if the teachers would only tell them in time". But the teachers often "laid on" while the example was freshly needed and were not so sure that home discipline was certain. These parents generally turned up during school hours for an argument with the teachers and these performances were ever our delight. One day a culprit was handed down to Mr. Gushee for a well deserved reproof. We at once incited his brother to go home and inform his mother and, as we did not dare to let him go by the stairs, we dropped him from the window. Luckily there was a heap of ashes there for him to fall upon or he might have been killed. The meeting between the boy's mother and the master was a very lively one while it lasted and was just what we had counted upon. School hours were from nine in the morning until noon, with a recess of fifteen minutes. The afternoon session was from half past one until half past four during the winter months. During the summer the hour of closing was five o'clock. We were called to our duties by the old bell which, after the Academy was sold, was transferred to the east end of the "Old Brick", where it still calls to studies the children of a later generation. A few years since, while riding on the "back road", past the farm of Bishop Howe, I saw over amongst the trees what seemed to be a queer looking summer house. On closer inspection I found it to be the old Academy belfry, placed there, no doubt, by one of the oldest living pupils of that time-honored school. I have always had a kindly feeling towards the Academy. Some of my happiest years were passed within its walls.

Another association here presents itself. I have now before me a faded and time-worn piece of paper, too small to be called a letter, which I have treasured for years. It is in the handwriting of one of my forebears. It reads:

"Mount Hope Academy, Nov. 26, 1806.

"Dear Sir—The scholars under my instruction will exhibit in public in the Academy hall to-morrow afternoon, to commence

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

at half past one o'clock. The parents of the children and proprietors of the Academy will attend in the afternoon and the younger class of people in the evening. I have made this arrangement purposely to accommodate you, knowing that your health would not admit of your attendance in the evening. If you can make it convenient to honor us with your company please to send me word by the bearer and I will reserve you a good seat.

"I am yours,

"A. Bourne"

This is directed to Hon. William Bradford, Esq.

While I was in this school Bristol people were wise enough, or rich enough, to purchase a new fire engine. There were four fire engines then owned by the town, namely, Nos. 1, 2, 3, and Hydraulion. The first three were small and we dignified them as "tubs". No. 1 was "housed at the foot of Bradford street, No. 2 at the foot of State street and No. 3 at the foot of Church street. I wonder where they are now. The Hydraulion still exists, but is, I fear, long past its usefulness. Even in the olden days it often was out of order when most needed. During a fire the "tubs" were fed from leather buckets, each householder being by law required to keep two and hurry with them to the scene of fire. Water was taken from any accessible point but mostly from the bay. Long lines of men and boys passed up the full buckets on one side and the empty ones down the line to be refilled. This was slow and tedious work, more so on a cold winter's night.

The new engine was "suction" and a great improvement over the old system. Most of the fires previous to the year 1850 were in the district north of State street and west of Hope street and the several engines found an ample supply of water from the bay. The new engine was called "King Philip No. 4" and was, upon arrival, given a temporary home in Mr. Perry's barn at the foot of Constitution street. When it came, school was at once dismissed to give the boys an opportunity to welcome the newcomer. We at once pronounced her a beauty and she was all that. How we longed for the time when we could wear the "red shirt and fireman's cap, and "work the brakes". This company was the first

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

uniformed one in Bristol and in the Fourth of July parades the "fire laddies" were the pride of the town. No. 4, after many years of faithful service, gave way to the new steamer which is honored by bearing the same name. The date of the new arrival was 1844, and it was in constant use for about forty years. I do not know how long it was housed in Mr. Perry's barn but for many years it was housed on State street, south side, just east of Hope street.

A company of boy firemen from Providence having visited Bristol and "sent a stream" over the sugar house, we tried to get up a boy company and asked to have one of the "tubs" for our use but the attempt was a failure and never came to an issue. If I am correct in my memories, the first foreman of No. 4 was Major Jacob Babbitt. Taking the date of the arrival of the new engine, I find I was about six years in going from my first school, "Aunt Martha's", up to my being a pupil here, in the "up stairs" of the Academy. From there I was transferred to the care of Mr. Dennis S. Gushee, "down stairs" in the same building. This was the highest grade of school then known in Bristol. Mr. Gushee became teacher of the Grammar school in 1836 and continued to teach until 1849. He was not a believer in the "Lancasterian system" and the schoolrooms were therefore remodeled and arranged after the more modern plan. During the days of public schools there were a number of private schools in town. Some of these were held in the Court House and one, I think the scholars were mostly out of town boys, was held for a short time in the house now owned by Captain Miller, on the corner of Hope and Church streets. We knew the boys and rather kept away from them, as we thought them a little too high-toned for us country lads. I recall one of the boys who held us spellbound by telling us that his father was a merchant of Providence. Bristol fathers were generally shopkeepers. One day a sharp-eyed Bristol boy went up to the "City" and brought back the news that the boy's father had a sign out, "Merchant Tailor". It made us feel better, we made it a point to let him know that we had found him out.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

I do not know that the old English system of "fagging" ever held a place in our schools but of course the smaller boys had to stand 'round. Sometimes a little fellow showed fight and would tackle a big tyrant. We liked to keep this warlike chap on our side, but somehow, when he became an expert warrior, he felt that his place was with the tyrants and he turned against his old friends.

At the school of Mr. Gushee we learned what real discipline was. Here for the first time I saw the cowhide which was a supplementary pleasure to the old-fashioned ruler. The "cowhide" was blue in color and was known as the "blue pill". I do not recall ever having been a subject of a flogging at any school but the blue rod was kept in active service and the boys always said "it hurt". As I look back on my school days I am convinced that there were boys who were proof against kind words and well deserved this harsh kind of punishment. In this school I first saw the boys strike back, for there were many pupils who could not calmly take a "hiding". I never saw a boy, however big or pugnacious, that the teacher was afraid of, although he sometimes came off second best. A lively tussle between teacher and scholar was fun for the lookers-on, and boy-like, we always sided with the victor, man or boy.

In these modern days of steam heating, purer ventilation and other improvements, I look back with wonder on the rooms we occupied. One stove, and that a small one, was our winter friend. A feeble one indeed for the boys who had seats on the north side but a warm friend for those who were near the stove. I do not think we ever complained of feeling cold but there were many winter days when we sat there with the mercury at the freezing point or lower. Our fifteen minutes recess enabled us to warm up, either by "hugging the stove" or by vigorous outdoor exercise. Our amusements here were those of former schools, tops, marbles, etc. The south side of the old Methodist Church building was our favorite playground for these smaller games but the Common was for our football games. The modern terms and rules for these games were then unknown. No umpire told us we

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

were wrong; we went in for fun and we had it. We just kicked the ball from one end of the Common to the other, on every point of the compass. When the ball was kicked past the granite posts at either side of the playground, the game was ended. Running with the ball or slugging was unknown but "kicking shins" was not barred, as some readers of these lines can testify. One football term I recall, "camp her out, camp her in". This meant if during the game, the ball rose to a certain height and was caught in the hands of any player, he had the chance to "camp it", that is, to kick it high in the air over the heads of the crowd and this was a gain in distance over the opponents. If the game was near the bounds on either side, to "camp her out" was not considered square play and when this was done, the other side could "camp her in", and the game went on from where the ball fell.

One of our games, and a dangerous one, was called "snap the whip". A line of boys joined hands and took a long run "company front". The head boy suddenly stopped, and no one letting go hands, the whole line came 'round, each one toward the end getting fresh impetus. If the line broke, the last boy went ahead as if shot from a cannon. If he kept his feet, all right, if not, he did some "ground and lofty tumbling".

The great dread of our boyhood days was "examination day" when the school committee and our parents assembled to hear the boys and girls do their best, after twelve long weeks of study and instruction. Squads of boys were sent to the neighbors to borrow chairs to seat the visitors and soon after the opening of the afternoon session the fathers and mothers, mostly the latter, dropped in. The scholars were "dressed in their Sunday suit of clothes" and did their best to "show off". The worst ordeal was for the boys who were chosen to "speak a piece". Some went through with honors, others who were good enough speakers during school hours, went under at the examination crisis and failed then and there. To a nervous, sensitive boy a whipping was more to be desired than the demand to be an embryo orator. There was one boy, however, who was never abashed. He was always a good speaker and his voice, gestures and bold bearing before the crowd

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

were our admiration and as he generally took high-toned selections from "Paradise Lost" and the like, he was ever a success. He was always one of the best pupils in the school. I feel that I may mention his name, for all who were with us in those well remembered days will agree with me that Edward Fales was worthy of all the friendship that can cling to old associations, especially those of our boyhood. He left this school to enter Brown University. I recall a slight dispute he once had with a fellow pupil named Burt. This latter was not a Bristol boy, he came from New York. In a lesson the French term "aid de camp" occurred, Fales did not give it the proper "twang" and Burt came to the rescue with the correct pronunciation. Fales was a little cast down but he retorted, "I can't say it like that but I don't say New Yorruck", referring to the peculiar manner in which Burt pronounced that word.

How many of my schoolmates can remember a series of rules printed on a green cloth and hung on the east wall of the room near the clock? The first lines were "just as the twig is bent, the tree is inclined". It was a series of rules for the better government of the school. While in this school we had the first and only evening exhibition; it took place up stairs. A stage was erected at the east end of the room, the windows were ablaze with candles and our parents and friends filled the room to see the pupils in dialogue, singing and declamation. I can, after all these years, remember only one of the gems of the evening. It was a duet by two of the young girls, the name of only one of whom I now recall, that of Mary Ellen Pearse. I have never forgotten the purity of their young voices, or the melody.

I now come to speak of my last school in Bristol, that which is now known as the High School. This school was organized in the autumn of the year 1848, at a meeting of the school committee held in the study of the Reverend Doctor Shepard and was called the Select School. The scholars who were to constitute this school were selected from the various schools in the town; they were forty-five in number. The school opened auspiciously with William E. Jillson at the head. The committee were most

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

fortunate in the selection of this teacher. He was a man of genial disposition, easily accessible and regarded his pupils as his personal friends. I remember the opening of the new school. Mr. Jillson's speech to us was one which every pupil understood. We felt that we had in him a master, but at the same time, a friend. I do not recall that he told us that there was to be a rule of kind advice and no flogging but we knew that the severe discipline of former schools was a thing of the past and our instinct was true in this case. I wish his entire speech was on record. I remember one part, not in the exact words, but clear in its meaning. He said "I shall never tell my scholars to do anything. I shall always ask them." We understood exactly his meaning and a scholar asked to do his duty always had a pleasant wish to do it and to do it at once. I think I only remained one term under Mr. Jillson's care, as I left school for a year, to enter the employ of Mr. James M. Gooding. When Mr. Jillson, after about a year's service, retired from the post of teacher, the scholars united in presenting him with a testimonial of esteem. The gift was a handsome writing desk and as the order to procure it came to my employer I had the pleasure of first seeing it. The desk came from Boston, and had a secret drawer, the finding of which cost me an hour's search. I think this was the first testimonial from scholars to teacher ever given in Bristol.

Reading through the early records of the High School from its beginning in the year 1848, I find that, as one of the original pupils entering the new school, I left school during the third term of 1849 and reentered in 1850. I remained there until the spring of 1851, when I left to re-enter the employ of Mr. Gooding and that was the last of my school days.

I am glad to be able to give the names of the scholars who entered this new school on the 12th of November, 1848. The names are: Charles H. Alden, Charles A. Bourne, George T. Bourne, Joseph B. Burgess, Stephen W. Church.

Richmond Daggett, William R. DeWolf, Henry W. Diman, William E. Fales, Thomas S. Gladding, Edward M. Gushee, John B. Kilton, William J. McIntyre, Crawford Munro.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

William H. Spooner, Henry H. Tilley, Theodore Waldron, Francis D. Waldron, Wm. T. C. Wardwell, Benjamin G. Wyatt.

Emily Adams, Aphia Adams, Emily J. Allen, Mary A. Bennett, Mary A. Bradford, Hannah N. Browning, Caroline B. Cook, Harriet B. Luther, Elizabeth P. Manchester, Anna C. Munro.

Harriet E. Norris, Sophronia K. Perry, Mary J. Pitman, Catherine M. Storrs, Eleanor D. Slade, Harriet V. C. West, Phebe A. Wright, Gertrude E. Gardner, Jane S. Gooding, Abby W. Shepard.

The following entered at the beginning of the second term, February 5, 1849: Samuel W. Church, William H. Douglas, James A. Easterbrooks, Grafton W. Gardner, Lucious H. Norris, Mary E. Blye, Mary F. Chadwick, Mary C. Peckham.

Mr. Jillson's stay in Bristol was far too short, only four terms of twelve weeks each. His system of teaching and his treatment, impartial to us all, had greatly endeared him to each and every one and I have much doubt if ever a better school could be found.

Upon my return to school, after a year's absence, I found it in charge of Mr. Lafayette Burr, of whom I have pleasant memories. He was a good teacher and worked hard to maintain the standard of excellence obtained by the former master. During Mr. Burr's regime there occurred an incident which I would like to narrate. I refer to the attempt to restore corporal punishment and all who are now living and witnessed the attempt, the first and the last, will recall the scene. The three scholars called up for punishment were boys of entirely opposite temperament. After the teacher had well decided that a whipping could alone atone for the offense he called up the youngest boy who took the licking calmly as he was one of the best boys in school as regards taking things easy. When the second boy was called up we knew there was fun ahead. He knew that we did not expect he would take a whipping and in this he did not disappoint us. The first stroke of the ruler was met by a book thrown at the teacher's head. This brought matters to an end. The third and largest

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

boy was not called up, for which we were rather glad, as we felt sure that had he been, the teacher would have received severe handling. The affair made much talk in the town and I feel sure that was the first and last whipping in the High School.

Here I must leave my memories of "the days, the days that are no more". I left school to enter a second year, my former employer's service, where I remained a year, then in the autumn of 1852 I removed to New York. For the past twenty years my home has been in a foreign city, where these lines were written.

The march of improvement in schools has been greatly developed since 1852. That ancient, time-honored landmark, the Academy, has gone and the new "Byfield" has changed many old fashions. "Class exercises", "Graduating exercises" have taken the place of the former "examinations". The next fifty years will see even greater changes and improvements in our public schools.

Dennis S. Gushee became master of the Grammar School in this village in the year 1836; he continued to teach until 1849, a period of 13 years. Mr. Gushee came from Providence, R. I., and at the time was invited to take charge of the "Common School" in our village, as it was called. More than a half century had passed when his son wrote:

"I remember hearing my father often describe the school which he found on his arrival. It was gathered in the old brick building which stood at the north-west corner of the Common. The building was capable, not of accommodating, but of holding a large number of children. I scarcely dare to state the number; as I remember it, there were nearly two hundred, occupying benches, crowded together, and sitting on stools in every available space. There were no assistants. Here were little children longing to grapple with the alphabet. Here were larger boys expecting soon to be proficient in 'the rule of three.' 'The Common School' had assembled.

"How that session and the immediately succeeding sessions were conducted it is difficult to imagine. I only remember my father's description of the termination of the first session, When he had declared the school dismissed all the windows in the place flew open and immediate exit was made from every one of them as well as from the doors.

"The school committee or the town authorities realized that the Common school was crowded and proceeded to further my father's plans for suitable provision in the future."

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

BRISTOL in the year 1855

YOUR correspondent, G. W. Gardner, has called to mind names once very familiar, but now almost forgotten. One of the men he mentions in particular was one for whom I always had the greatest respect—Jonathan Waldron was a man of whom it could be truly said, "Behold, an Israelite in whom there is no guile."

I remember well your correspondent "Graft." He was a schoolmate of mine and must have left school about the same time. His interest in the fact that "scup has come" and "poor people can live," I noted. He states that the scup caught in Bristol harbor beats them all; I heartily agree with him. However, do not forget one of the sweetest fish that ever swam in these waters, the "nippers" we used to catch from Perry's wharf more than fifty years ago. The "Harvest" was owned in those days by the Chases at the south end of Prudence; she was a very able boat and one which in her day was never beaten. She was remarkably fast, and was built by the late William Manchester. At that time there was no better shipbuilder on Narragansett Bay. Mr. Gardner's account of Allen Usher's nap in church was very amusing. It reminds me of another story I heard of the Usher firm, which shows in a measure the method of doing business in those days, and also the scarcity of money. The Ushers had a clerk Stephen Chafee; a great part of their business was buying and selling onions. A great many of the onion raisers were in the habit of buying their supplies and paying for them in onions when the crop was harvested. One day a stranger, the skipper of one of the vessels in the harbor, purchased quite a large bill of goods and tendered cash in payment. The shock almost upset Chafee, recovering himself he hurried into the office and anxiously inquired: "Mr. Usher, there is a man out there that wants to pay cash, what are you going to do about it?"

Mr. Gardner is right about the "fourth" in Bristol; the old town can always be relied on for a suitable observance of the

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

glorious day. What memories come back of the fifty years ago or more. How we boys used to forestall the regular salute, in the small hours of the morning, with a piece of gun barrel on a block of wood. Blazing away in different parts of the town, we must have made ourselves a nuisance. How plainly memory brings back the face and form, aye, and the very voice of Major Jacob Babbitt, as he directed the getting of the artillery pieces on the common. And when those brass pieces rang out their salute we felt that the celebration was on. A few hours later the rising tide of patriotism ran full flood as the Artillery company came marching down "Pump Lane" with Col. Wm. R. Taylor (at that time our idea of a military hero) at their head and the band playing that soul inspiring air: "Why don't you Marmaduke round here?"

In these days the common seems to be the center of the celebration, but in my boyhood "Pump Lane" and Ben Gifford's corner* used to be the headquarters on Fourth of July. This latter locality was the same that was afterwards for years occupied by James Gooding, and where George Bourne, Joe Burgess and Fred Wright first made their entree into the business world.

NEWPORTER, 1900

*N. W. corner of Hope and State streets.

BRISTOL in the year 1856

AN ACCOUNT of the principal business establishments in Bristol in 1856 when the town had a population of around 5,000. Many of these old concerns appear on the 1851 map.

Bristol Steam Mill—Cotton cloth—
Hands employed, 175. Started in
1836.

Pokanoket Steam Mill—Cotton cloth
—Hands employed, 170. Started
in 1839.

Bristol Steam Sugar Refinery—Hands
employed, 80. Started in 1849.

Bristol Fire Arms Co.—Firearms—
Hands employed, 60.

Two Oil and Candle Wks.—Hands
employed, 20.

Steam Planing Mill—Hands em-
ployed, 12.

A large Oakum Wks.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

Twenty sail of Barks, Brigs, Sloops, and Schooners.	5 Millinery Establishments
2 Shipyards	1 High School
8 Carpenter Shops	3 Grammar Schools
8 Cooperages	8 Primary Schools
5 Blacksmiths	A Town Market
3 Cabinet Makers	1 Fish Market
7 Shoemaking establishments	Court House
4 Tin and Sheet Iron Manufactories	2 Victualling Houses
1 Saddle and Harness Maker	5 Confectioneries
4 Clothing establishments	5 Oyster-Shops
3 Hotels	2 Sailmakers
4 Boarding Houses	1 Block and Pump Maker
3 Livery Stables	1 Brass Foundry
4 Wheelwrights and Coach Mfgrs.	Custom House and Post Office
46 Hardware, Dry Goods and Grocery Stores	1 Rope Walk
4 Provision Stores	1 Carving Establishment—(Slaughter House)
2 Barber Shops	1 Gas and Steam Pipe Fitting Estab- lishment
5 Banks	2 Soap Manufacturers
8 Churches	2 Bakeries
1 Printing Office	Marine Railway
1 Auction Room	5 Fire Engines
3 Coal Dealers	A Large Armory (B. T. A.)
4 Lumber Yards	2 Lawyers
2 Wood Yards	4 Doctors
2 Lime and Brick Yards	A Brick Gas House
2 Watchmakers and Jewelers	A Railroad Depot
3 Apothecary Shops	About 20 men engaged in the Men- haden Fishing business.
7 Painters' Shops	

About 1825 the commerce of this once active little sea-port began to decline. In the year 1810, the number of vessels arriving from foreign ports was 96. This was the peak, for in 1825, the arrivals had dropped to 42, and from then on the decline was slow but steady. By 1856 the earlier industries, the grist-mills, distilleries, rope-walks, etc. had entirely disappeared and new industries had taken their places. The wharves, which at one time groaned beneath the rich cargoes from foreign climes, brought here in the romantic old square-riggers, were fast becoming deserted. (The West Indies trade ceased when the firm of A. T. & T. J. Usher was dissolved in 1873.) The busy seaport of the early days, when its streets were thronged with seamen, was a thing of the past.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

TOWN OFFICIALS in 1856

By J. A. REID (1848-1924)

LOOKING over a recent issue of the *Phoenix* my recollections of many delightful years spent in the dear old town of Bristol were freshened by a perusal of some of the names quoted from that old Tax Book of 1856. In that year I was a youngster of eight years of age, but somehow I seem to remember most of the men mentioned in that list.

General Burnside at that time lived in the old brick mansion on Hope street next north of the home of the late Major Babbitt, who was a distinguished Union Democrat and an honored soldier in the Civil War. The General was then in the freshness of his young manhood, with a fine face, dark side whiskers, and a bearing of exceptional grace and dignity. His presence on the street was noteworthy, and I remember him as one of the best ideals of American manhood. His career was followed by the boys of Bristol with as much interest and pride as if he had been born in Bristol instead of Liberty, Indiana. From a surveyor of roads and streets in Bristol, in 1856, to the command of the Union army at Fredericksburg in 1863, was a long way; the simplicity and nobility of his character find illustration in both spheres of action.

William H. S. Bayley, auctioneer, the founder and proprietor of the *Phoenix*, represented Bristol for a number of years in the Rhode Island senate. He was also a gentleman of distinctive character, with a pleasing manner. The *Phoenix* office was then located on Bradford street, near Thames, he occupying the greater portion of the building as his residence. He was an earnest and sincere Republican, as well as a good townsman, and the editorials of his paper were always looked for with interest. He was a good Methodist. That Mr. Bayley was a successful auctioneer was evident from the fact of his retaining most of the business in that line in the town. To his ability as a printer and publisher of

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

liberal ideas many of the Bristol boys were indebted for a good trade and an opportunity in life.

Peter Gladding, the old Town Clerk, how cheerful and pleasant he was. He always had a kind word and an amiable greeting for those who had business with him. He made his position secure by a natural aptitude which all public servants do not so happily possess.

The Town Council of the year 1856 was made up of strong men, of positive and distinct personalities: John Peckham lived on Bradford street; he was a director of one of the banks, a quiet, self-possessed man. Samuel Sparks was a short, stout man with a jolly air and a genial face. The old rope-walk on Constitution street was where he could be found most of the time, and I can see him now pattering up and down the walk. Later he was president of the council. In early life he had been a prisoner in the old Dartmoor Prison in England; he was a good story teller naturally.

Stephen T. Church lived over on Poppasquash, he was an earnest, honorable man, one of the most successful farmers in the town, and very much interested in the West India trade. He was prominent in all good measures for the town's benefit, and a leading member of "Dr. Shepard's church," which at that time was located in the middle of Bradford street and fronted on Hope street.

David Waldron had been a shoemaker by trade, later a coal merchant; he was a quiet, unassuming man, a good Republican and a staunch Methodist.

Philip B. Bourn was a carpenter and builder. His residence, on Hope street, adjoined that of Parmenas Skinner, one of Bristol's noted shipbuilders of those days. Mr. Bourn was an active, public-spirited man, full of energy and push.

George B. Monro was the Town Treasurer, but I have a better remembrance of him as the Superintendent of Schools at a little later date, when his office was headquarters for books, slate pencils, writing books, etc., and the place of final punishment for unruly boys, whom the principals of the various schools concluded

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

needed most condign chastisement. He was round-favored and short in stature. Mr. Monro lived on "Crooked Lane", in a house overlooking the town. His horse and buggy were familiar sights on the streets and both owner and steed were known to all the boys and girls of the town.

William P. Monro, a brother, and one of the road surveyors was another man of keen intellect, a good storyteller, and of a delightful personality. His home was in the old stone house on Thames street, opposite William R. Taylor's store, where for many years it was his pleasure to gather about him in the evening the younger generation of the town, who loved to listen to his stories of the men and incidents of by-gone days. He was a great student of the Bible and his presence was in great demand by the Sabbath schools in the town. Like his brother he was a man of generous build, broad and stocky. He had a noble countenance, and the brightest of brown eyes which would sparkle with a quiet delight while telling his stories. His experience in the Dorr War was always related with racy enjoyment to both listener and narrator.

Capt. Allen T. Usher, one of the Sunday constables in '56, head of the Usher brothers' shipping firm, was one of the most notable men of that day; he was tall and somewhat angular in build, wiry and nervy, and what we would call a hustler. His ships from the West Indies landed their cargoes at the firm's wharves off Thames street, and the hogsheads of molasses from Cuba and Puerto Rico often covered the docks, to the great gratification of the small boys who were "thick as flies" about the bungholes when the captain was not looking. He would never harm a boy if caught pilfering, but with a long piece of "hoop-pole" try to scare him off. For many years the firm of A. T. & T. J. Usher was known in the States as leaders in their line, bringing honor and renown to Bristol. Their ships and their commanders, Lindsay, Camm, Leete, Ingraham, Morris, and others, were noted in the trade.

John Gray, senior, was another of the Road Surveyors, and one of a family of three sons. The brothers, Gideon and Elijah

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

were also farmers, living on the "Back Road". Mr. Gray was one of the most zealous Methodists and a leading exhorter in the prayer meetings.

Jonathan D. Waldron, one of the best of blacksmiths, had a shop on Thames street near the "Down Town Mill". He was one of the staunchest citizens of the town. His word was as good as his bond. He was tall and rugged in appearance, of an earnest and sincere character, and a most respected member of St. Michael's church.

Mason W. Pierce, the elder, was also one of the strong men of the town. He was both merchant and farmer. The store on Thames street, at the head of the steamboat wharf, was for many years his headquarters. Here he met his customers and friends with a genial courtesy and a kindly ready wit which made him popular and respected. He was a leading member of the South Christian church.

Messadore T. Bennett is given in the list as one of the Auctioneers. He was one of the men who are blessed with the tact and affability of manner which make them noticeable without effort. He succeeded Moses Wood as Superintendent of the Namquit Mill and held the position for many years. The town elected him Moderator for so many years that it proves him to be a most efficient and popular public officer. He was a strong partisan, a Republican from the formation of that party, and a devoted worker for the interests of the town. His brothers, Martin, cashier of the First National Bank, and Captain Albert F., were also men of fine character, and have helped make Bristol what it is today. Messadore and Martin were leaders in the councils of the Congregational church and active in its affairs.

George Hazard Pearce came from Newport, and was a tailor by trade, having at one time a shop on the corner of Thames and State streets. He was the first agent at the Bristol depot. When the road was completed for the Providence, Warren and Bristol Railway, he was placed in charge of the business at this end of the line. In religious belief he was an Episcopalian.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

Hezekiah C. Wardwell, who is given as a Fire Warden, was the father of Samuel Drury, and Lieut. Gov. William T. C. Wardwell. He was of slender build, a keen, elderly gentleman, as I remember him at this time, living in the homestead on State street. He had retired from active business and was devoting his time to looking after his investments and property. He had a number of good houses in town, and was a judicious and considerate landlord. The Methodist church had just been erected on the north side of State street; this with the Wardwell and Smith property on either side of it, and the residences of Dr. L. W. Briggs at the corner of High and that of Lieut. Gov. Dimond on Hope street corner, gave the street the attractive appearance and air which it has today.

What an array of good men were selected for town officials at that day; there were many others whom I should like to picture for a moment. "Parson" Shepard, one of the School Committee. How serious he appeared, a grand old gentleman, though, of the old-school, sincere and earnest, an honor to his profession, departing this life in October, 1877, with the esteem of the good people in the town.

John B. Munro, School Committeeman and merchant, whose store on Bradford street was for many years the headquarters for good groceries and sterling hardware, was always a busy man; his was a popular mart in those days.

Quite a character in the days of '56 was the Town Crier. John Sayer, son of Rouse, held the office then, and a most interesting and picturesque crier he was; tall and slender in build, nervous and quick in disposition. He hesitated a little in speaking, nevertheless he made a voluble crier. He later also held the office of auctioneer. He kept a store on State street, selling notions, candy and small beer to the boys. He was a good Methodist and a zealous one, too.

I scarcely know where to stop in sketching some of the men who helped to make Bristol what it was in those old days. There are many more I would like to recall, but these will serve to show

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

the present generation the kind of men who were living in Bristol back in the year 1856.

My earliest memory takes me back for more than half a century to Mr. Benjamin Tilley and the rope-walk owned by him at the eastern end of Constitution street. Where the rope-walk stood there is now a street called Catherine street, named, I think, for one of Mr. Tilley's daughters. Many of my generation can recall to their minds Mr. Tilley and his remarks when the boys foraged on his stock of tar barrels to help make "Guy Fawkes" night bright on the common. Mr. Tilley's well furnished the best drinking water known in Bristol. I have drawn many a bucket full at its curb. It always tasted better than "cistern" water kept in the house cellar, and coming from the house roof, summer and winter. Mr. Tilley's wife, "Aunt Rachel", furnished to her neighbors a kind welcome to water from a large cistern for wash-days, and the neighbors were not slow to appreciate the favor.

The article on Town Officials in 1856 was to me extremely interesting and the words written by Mr. Reid will find a hearty appreciation in the children and the children's children of those good men, all of whom are now with the "silent majority". I had the pleasure of the personal friendship of every one of the men named. Mr. Reid could easily give us another chapter, as there were many more "notable Bristolians" in his younger days. There is a large mine of Bristol memories of great interest awaiting the pen of someone. I have been a contributor to the *Phoenix* for more than forty years, as my carefully-preserved scrapbook shows me, and I now think that some of the younger generation might use the descriptive pen.

GEO. T. BOURNE

THE DAYS of the West Indiamen Square-Riggers

IN THE DAYS of the West Indiamen, the wharves of Bristol presented very lively scenes. There was work for all; the long-shoreman was king. Onions, potatoes, and hoop-poles came pouring in from the country around to be loaded on the vessels which lined the wharves, while the storehouses groaned with the rich cargoes of the newly arrived. Boys with bits of shingle sampled the huge casks of molasses that lay in long rows in the open air; and now and then some well-to-do farmer would come in a clumsy ox-cart to get his "sweetening" at wholesale, and perhaps supply his neighbors. The smell of oranges was mingled

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

with the less aromatic odor of the famous Bristol product, the onion; and the pineapple, as it went up the wharf, met the blood-beet coming down. Blocks creaked, teamsters shouted and all the while the grog-shops at the head of the wharves did a thriving business.

And then the vessels: here lay the ship *Charlotte*, there, the brig *Nereus*; here, the ship *Governor Fenner*, there, the brig *Balance*; here, the ship *Roger Williams*, there, the brig *Remittance*. The sturdy captains who commanded those old square-riggers could almost have felt their way to *Havana* with their eyes bandaged. Rough times were encountered on both the outward and the homeward passages. The brig *Montgomery* was lost on the coast of *Bermuda*; the topsail-schooner *Fame* rode out a hurricane on the *Bahama Banks*, to the lasting wonder of all hands who were aboard her.

Each year in autumn, the sailors, old and young, would begin to make ready (the owners would permit them to put on board) "ventures", as they were called. These "ventures" usually consisted of onions, costing at home some two or three dollars per hundred "bunches", and bringing, in the *West Indies*, various prices according to the demand. At times the sailor realized more for his little "venture" than he got for his monthly wage as seaman. In the same way "ventures" of sugar and coffee would be brought home on the return trip. Merchandise of this kind quite often ran clear of the custom house in spite of the watchfulness of the "tide-waiters."

Of all perils which beset the *West Indiamen*, none was comparable to that which they encountered from pirates. Down to the year 1830, the danger from these wretches impended like a black shadow above the deck of every honest trader. They attacked Capt. Seth Barton, but got the worst of it; for although the blood-thirsty scoundrels outnumbered him more than four to one, he beat them off with terrible slaughter; his brig, fortunately, happened to be armed with two long nines, and a pair of sixes; the very lives of his men depending upon their aim, they made every shot tell, and gave them more than they were looking

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

for, forcing them to change their course. The constant apprehension of this kind of danger must have been very hard on their nerves in those days; happily the sailors of today have nothing to fear from pirate craft such as infested the waters of the West Indies one hundred years ago.

THE "MANSION HOUSE"

Captain Charles D'Wolf

YEARS ago the home of Captain Charles D'Wolf, known as the "Mansion House", stood on Thames street, at the foot of Constitution, just to the south of where the old Cranston Worsted Mill now stands.

It was a large square structure, with a roof sloping on all four sides. The low-studded and spacious rooms were all heated by means of open fireplaces. It was built by ship carpenters in the old substantial manner of those days, with an artistically designed front entrance that would be notable among those so much admired today. The house was built sometime previous to 1785, for Parson Wight records—"In 1785 Capt. Chas. D'Wolf repaired his house on Thames street."

Its terraced garden, leading down to the water's edge, with many varieties of flowers, shrubs, and a summer house of exquisite design, was of uncommon beauty and interest. The graceful summer house alone survives. It now rests at the easterly end of the beautiful gardens of the Linden Place on Hope street. The little figure atop, quadrant in hand, shooting the sun, is still there in all its glory. A flight of stone steps led down to the shore and the stone boat landing was in constant use, for in those days, boats were used for social visiting by the fair sex to Pappoesquaw and other places.

About the mansion itself: The plan of the house was unique, having four entrances, with broad halls running north and south as well as transversely from east to west. The furnishings were of

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

the rarest and richest of that period, the curtains and coverings of the drawing room being of gold and silver damask. The paper of this drawing room was very beautiful and rich, the design showing birds of paradise in all their brilliant plumage. The dining room with its polished mahogany, rare china, sparkling glass and solid silver must have made a very pretty picture by the candle light of those old days. Here it was that the captain entertained in the lavish style that made the D'Wolfs famous.

Years ago an old retainer of the family, when asked about the style of living in the times of the early D'Wolfs, said—"the best of all was at old Charles D'Wolf's; they always had a standing order with the markets to send them each day the best." With obvious truth he added—"If they had the best, no one could have had better".

As the eldest of the family Capt. Chas. D'Wolf was looked upon as the head of the large family and was consulted in all important matters of finance and other affairs, as was the custom in those times. After Capt. Chas'. death, in 1822, the mansion was purchased by his brother James; and later when it was moved to another part of the lot to make room for Gardner's Saw and Planing Mill it was converted into mill tenements; its great rooms still hung with the costly imported paper of birds of paradise with all their gay plumage.

On December 25, 1853, devouring flames levelled it to the ground, as they later did several other old mansions belonging to the D'Wolf family.

HON. JAMES D'WOLF, 1764-1837

By HARRIETTE HALL BROOKS

HAVING written of my mother's childhood ("A Little Girl of 1812"), I want to tell something of her father's noble life; the Hon. James D'Wolf, whose character, I feel, should be admired and revered by all his descendants.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

He was the sixteenth and youngest child of Abigail Potter and Mark Anthony D'Wolf. It is not to be wondered at, that, with a family of that size, and in those times, they should not have possessed much of this world's goods, and James, when only a boy, determined to face the world, and not only earn his own living, but to be rich in order to help and upraise his fellow-men, and beginning a sailor, he soon rose to command a ship before he was twenty-one. His obituary will tell how from that he became a Senator of the United States. I shall only tell of his private life, as my mother told it to me so many years ago.

He was a tender, devoted husband and father, a too-great indulgence of his sons being his greatest fault; but it arose from his desire that they should have an easier life than he had had. He started them all in business, but they, feeling that they had millions behind them, relied instead on their father's money and lived princely lives.

My grandfather deeply regretted ever having had anything to do with slavery, but, having brought the hands on his plantations out of savagery, felt it a kinder and more merciful thing to continue to give them comfortable homes, to treat them with leniency, rather than turn them loose (hundreds of poor, helpless beings, to be cheated and misused).

His brother, Levi, had freed his slaves after joining the church; as Grandfather saw it in his time I can sympathize with his method. His slaves naturally adored him, and there was a regular jubilee whenever he visited the plantations. The pick-innies crowded around him and hugged his legs, so that he could hardly walk. He often told of this at home, laughing, happy in their love for him. He never allowed his slaves to work overtime when the crops were coming in, as was the custom in Cuba. They were well clothed, and their houses kept in perfect repair. Every year Grandmother employed women in the village to make up great boxes of clothing for the plantations, as the slaves often suffered from the cold during the Northers in Cuba, accustomed as they were to the hot climate of Africa; and many little comforts were stored away among the clothing.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

Grandfather was always most careful about the character of the overseers of his plantations and had the same ones for many years. My grandfather was a devout Christian, and although not a member of any church, he led a beautiful Christian life. Mother said that he used to sit in church in summer during the sermon, with a large, red silk handkerchief thrown over his head to keep off the flies, much to the mortification of the family.

I should like to tell you of the warm friendship which existed between Bishop Griswold, at that time Rector of St. Michael's and my grandfather. The venerable bishop loved grandfather and felt that he had lost his dearest and best friend when he died. At the time he was called to St. Michael's, grandfather sent one of his vessels to Hartford, Ct. to bring him and his family to Bristol. They brought all of his belongings and before beginning housekeeping in town he and his family lived several months at the Mount. When grandfather's ships came in from Cuba, laden with coffee and all kinds of fruits among the varied cargo, a large portion was always left at the Bishop's house, which, by the way, was not far distant from the church, and the Bishop always walked from his house to the church door in his full Bishop's robes, and bare-headed, even in the winter.

Grandfather's charities were endless in the village; he built a large house there, and had it kept by a poor widow of the place, for his sailors' use while in port. He gave the rent of her house to a deserving lady,—I might keep on endlessly, instead I will tell about my grandmother. Her charities, too, were without end. Whenever she heard of a family in the village in need or of a sick person, they were immediately helped and provided for most bountifully. Great baskets of provisions, and delicacies in cases of sickness. A roast chicken, beef tea, with fruits, vegetables and jelly would fill a large basket, too heavy for mother to carry, and Pollydore would take it into the house for her.

I must tell of a funny instance when one of these baskets had been unpacked, the old, sick woman said, "I wish yer Ma had sent me some salt provisions". When Grandmother learned of it she only said, "Poor old soul, I dare say she craved something salt,

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

but it wouldn't have been as good for her." Mother said she never saw her father angry or heard him speak a cross word. The nearest he ever came to it was when his little daughter would sometimes ply him with useless questions, and he would say, "There, there, my dear child, don't talk to me now, I feel a little waspish!" Mother said that often in passing her father's room on her way upstairs she heard him praying most fervently in a low voice for guidance in his life. He went up to bed early in the evening, worn out with his busy activities through the day.

Grandfather was a very handsome man; his bright blue eyes, his florid color and snow-white hair, worn in a braided queue, together with regular features, made him conspicuously handsome. He was tall and slight, and he always dressed in small clothes. Grandfather considered it as a duty of a man possessing capital to employ it in such ways that the poor might receive its blessings. He looked upon himself as holding only a life trusteeship or stewardship over the wealth he had amassed; as this wealth grew, so his responsibility to mankind increased also. Hence his ever increasing fleet of merchantmen on the high seas, employing hundreds of sailors; and the continuous expansion of his land activities where many more hundreds found employment. He was forever adding to, and erecting, new construction at his already large estate the Mount, where many of the villagers, both men and women, were employed—many of them, only to provide them a living.

An example of his always sincere concern towards those who were working for him has survived all these many years: "One time, one of the help working up at the Mount said to him, 'Captain, I think I'll have to leave, I can't make a living here, on the place'. 'If you can't get a living on the place, Champlin, take a living,' was the instantaneous reply. I will close this account of my grandfather with a few excerpts taken from the several accounts that appeared at the time of his death.

"The prosperity of his birthplace was always most dear to him; its welfare he always regarded as identical with his own. With its every industry he has been more or less connected;

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

hardly a project where his aid had not been invoked; never a subscription for a worthy object that his name had not generously led the list.

"As a citizen Senator D'Wolf filled a position in the town no man had ever occupied before—one which no other man, will probably again hold.

"When he died there was no one to take his place, the news of his death seemed for a time to crush the life out of the town.

"He died at the residence of his daughter, Harriette, in New York City on the twenty-first day of December, 1837.

"He who for many years was the town's outstanding and leading citizen is no more."

His body and that of his wife who died only eleven days later, are sealed in the tomb which he had caused to be built in the old cemetery bearing his name, located on Tanyard lane.

A more detailed account of this famous old Bristolian may be found in: *The History of Bristol*, by Prof. Wilfred H. Munro; *A Little Girl of 1812*, by Harriette Hall Brooks; *The D'Wolf Family and Their Times*, by Chas. O. F. Thompson appearing in the *Phoenix*, 1938-39.

"THE MOUNT"

CRUMBLING ruins of the old stone foundation, fragments of scattered brick, and the skeletons of several old outlying farm buildings weathered by years of exposure to the elements of a New England climate are all that now remain of the "Mount", the one time renowned and vast estate of the Hon. James D'Wolf, at one time a member of the U. S. Senate from this state.

All of this is just over in back of Fox Hill, on the east side of DeWolf avenue. The mansion house was built in the year 1808 and survived for almost one hundred years, until it was destroyed by fire on the 22nd of December, 1904. The plans of this old mansion were drawn by the noted architect of those days, Russell Warren, who a few years later, in 1810, created Linden Place, the home of the late Col. Samuel P. Colt. A century and

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

a quarter ago the D'Wolfs were at their zenith of prosperity. "The Mount", the center of attraction for the many members of this large family, had already become famous for its elegance and hospitality. Prosperity, festivity and merrymaking traveled hand in hand for many years. As long as the old senator lived things were on the ascendant; but the moment he passed on, the decline started and only ended when the vast estate he left was no more.

There are many things of interest concerning this beautiful great house built in 1808 and the beloved family that lived there for many years with an admired and undisputed sway over the affairs of Bristol. The old senator ruled the town for years with the admiring consent of its inhabitants, and his children shared and inherited much of this admiration.

Built before the days of his great riches, his house was not looked upon as extravagant for a wealthy man, but remarkable for the beauty of its proportions and design rather than elaborate ornamentation. Most carefully finished in all its parts, for it was built in the days of hand work, it could stand inspection.

It was a large, three storied, rectangular structure, always painted white, with five great chimneys and a beautiful portico over the front door on the west side, with stone steps and wrought iron railings. To the east was a large wing with the great kitchen, never the least important part in those fine old houses. A door to the south formed the Garden entrance and the east entrance opening from the hall, to a tiled and covered piazza, was most often used by the family, for one of the entrance drives wound up to it under a great horse-chestnut tree. The lofty hall ran entirely through the house from east to west and in fine weather the big doors were thrown wide open early in the day and hospitably left so. A spiral mahogany staircase ascended from the first floor to a glass cupola on the roof, from which most of the state and a part of Massachusetts could be seen. Fine doors of Santo Domingo mahogany opened from the hall to the adjoining rooms and much of the woodwork was of the same beautiful wood. The drawing rooms occupied the entire north side of the

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

house, with beautifully carved fireplaces of Carara marble. The walls were adorned by a Neapolitan artist, who spent much time there, with scenes from Paul and Virginia, a view in Laplace, and one with an Avenue of royal palms from the senator's plantation in Cuba.

The southwest room was the "Green Room", so called, from the prevailing color, most beautifully furnished with rare French and English furniture. A delicately carved marble fireplace gave tone to the entire apartment. This was the most occupied by the family and often served as a music room. In the days of the senator, five great wood fires were always kept going in cold weather besides the fires in the kitchen. It took one man's entire time to attend them and no wonder acres of woodland were required to keep them all going.

Years ago a granddaughter of the senator writing about the "Mount" said: "When they were sitting around the big wood fire of a winter's evening, Grandfather would sometimes put on another log when it was nearly time to go up to bed, and Grandmother would say, 'Oh, I wouldn't put on more wood now, James'. And he would answer in fun to tease her, 'This wood didn't come off your side of Mount Hope, ma,' and both would laugh. Sometimes he would break out singing some sea-song he had heard the sailors sing and entertain us for a while as we sat around the fireplace of an evening."

Candles gave light at night in bronze and silver candelabra and crystal chandeliers. On occasions of extra festivity the lights were of wax. Later came whale oil lamps, some in hanging clusters, but they were never in great favor.

The dining room was a museum of old mahogany, the great sideboards and tables were the choicest slabs of San Domingo, beautifully polished and colored by time and constant use, and illuminated with much beautiful silver, many pieces of which were prizes captured in war or brought from the Spanish Main. If the furnishings were fine, tradition says the banquets served there were worthy of them, and the company was finest of all, never overshadowed by the beauty of its surroundings. The

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

other rooms, both upstairs and down, were equally beautiful, and there was no falling off in any part of the establishment.

There were many fine portraits hanging on the walls, especially in the great halls, and the beauty of those still existing sustains the traditions of the family. At one time there were portraits by Copley, Stuart, Thompson, Martin and other celebrated artists.

In the great hall was a fine barrel organ that played some of the grand music of those days, also a tall clock that chimed out at regular intervals "Nancy Dawson," "Over the River to Charlie" and other Scotch airs. The china closet was a good-sized room, with shelves on all sides, convenient to the dining room and held a wealth of beautiful glass and china. Many pieces of the Chinese Lowestoft were made to order and the few pieces remaining are the pride of those who possess them. In its day the great dinner service is said to have had almost countless pieces. The silver was rich and plenteous, three silver tea services sometimes being in use. There were many silver tumblers, but Madeira and Canary wines were always served in delicate glasses, and champagne in tall vase shaped ones.

The senator married a daughter of Gov. William Bradford, the most intellectual leader of the town. There were ten children, these with their families and the numerous cousins made a nightly company that filled the large rooms with laughter and merriment.

Josephine, the senator's youngest child, many years ago related to her own daughter her vivid remembrance of the reception given to Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry, after the victory of Lake Erie, at the "Mount". "The Commodore and officers of the Chippewa, in full uniform marched with the entire crew up the long flag-walk to the big front entrance, all the while the ship's band playing. There were invited guests from Newport and all the country round and a morning collation was served in the great drawing rooms, where all the state dinners and banquets were held.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

We must not forget the beautiful surroundings by our interest in the house, for the outbuildings rose like a village to the south and east, all kept in splendid repair and painted white. There were great barns, and stables filled with fine horses. The great cider house, the smoke house where the home grown hams and shoulders were cured, the ice house, green houses and grapery, the peach house where early peaches and apricots were raised. Through the horse shed could be seen the kitchen garden, and the flower garden beautiful in design and keeping, looked after by skilful gardeners from England who kept everything in perfect condition. An exquisite fence and gate enclosed this garden and the beds were filled with flowers, all bordered with box.

Just inside the garden gate was the exquisite little summer house, octagonal in shape, with many little pointed gables, beneath which was a succession of windows, shaded with blinds. It was built on a high rock and was surmounted by a carved figure of King Philip. At the end of the garden was a wide gate, leading to a large field, which was called Indian Common, so named from the many arrowheads and stone hatchets found there when plowing up the soil.

To keep the many outbuildings in repair required the services of a carpenter the year round. The resident carpenter, known in the town as Deacon Holmes, kept the house and place in perfect repair for a great many years. Josephine used to love to play in his sweet-smelling, clean little shop which was on the premises. She would, childlike, pick up the shavings of pine or cedar and hang them on her ears, playing they were curls, and gayly ride on his saw horses and she thought it great fun. Sometimes he got a little tired of having her around, being rather a nervous little man, and would say, "You'd better not play with them tools, they might cut yer; I guess yer better run home to yer Ma." He said "cut yer" with a sort of snap that sent her home immediately.

She went on to say: "An Italian artist lived for a year at the house, decorating the walls. We went up a winding staircase to the second floor where were the 'Drawing-room chamber' and the 'White Room', both guest rooms. Very beautiful they

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

were and harbored many a distinguished guest, among whom was President Monroe and at a later date the celebrated statesman, Daniel Webster."

Great orchards of apple trees were to the north and east, their fruit supplied the cider house, and grinding was as picturesque as the vintage in Southern Europe.

There was the Deer Park, well stocked with red deer, kept within bounds by a high wooden fence surmounting the stone wall which surrounded it. This fence blew down in the great gale of September, 1815, and the deer scattered never to return. Tradition says that this park was where the old D'Wolf family cemetery is, on the south side of Tan Yard lane. In those days the stables were filled with fine carriage and thoroughbred saddle horses, for the D'Wolf family was noted for its love of horse flesh. The large coachhouse held the finest specimens of the coach builders art, from the great traveling coach to the single seated chaises and cabriolets. The great coach, used when they went to New York or Boston was sold after the senator's death and the one now in existence was a smaller affair for the use of the family.

Josephine's child life was a very full and happy one. She constantly drove with her mother in the great carriage,—Ben Mann was the coachman at that time. Sometimes they drove to Warren to do a little shopping, sometimes to see relatives—to Popper-squash to see her Uncle William's family, or to her sister Mary Ann in town.

In the early days there were many African servants at the "Mount". Two of these, Adjua and her husband, Polydore, when very young, were taken off the coast of Guinea and brought to America on board one of the senator's slavers. Adjua was trained to help in the kitchen and Polydore in the garden. In time they married and had four children and the senator built them a nice little house not far from the "Mount". When the children were older, Adjua went every day to the "Mount" and took charge of the kitchen as afore.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

Both of these old retainers were held in great esteem by the family, and both lived to an advanced age. When they passed on their earthly remains were laid to rest in the old D'Wolf family cemetery along side the rest of the D'Wolfs they had served so faithfully.

While the senator lived a great many of the men folk of the village were employed at the "Mount" in various capacities. Reading through the old files of our local paper, the death notices show that many of the deceased were in their younger days "in the employ of the late Senator James D'Wolf."

"The maids at the 'Mount' were always village girls, Adjua had long since retired as cook, and Ruth Coy had taken her place and all who ever visited at the 'Mount' remembered her wonderful cooking and fried johnny cakes. Lucretia and Martha were sisters and filled the places of parlor maid and waitress."

"Edward Anthony had succeeded Ben Mann as coachman and owned a nice little house at the end of the lane near the 'Mount', and he soon asked Lucretia to share it with him. So the wedding day was fixed upon for their marriage and Josephine, her mother and father, and other members of the family went to the wedding in the little cottage." In 1862 Edward became overseer of the whole place with the unreserved confidence and esteem of the family and lived to bury three generations while in their service. This service extended over a period of fifty-two years.

For many years life went merrily on for the D'Wolf family. All were admired and their style of living was considered unapproachable. Their farms were the largest and most profitable and their ships brought them untold riches. Fortune truly smiled on this famous family. But now all is gone; the family is long since dead; their descendants scattered; the fine old mansion destroyed by fire, and the land sold.

The Senator passed on many years ago, in 1837; his good wife followed him in eleven days, her death came on the 2nd day of January, 1838. Josephine, their youngest daughter, and the last surviving child of the couple, died in 1901; her daughter who wrote the interesting account of the old family died in 1933.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

THE OLD D'WOLF FAMILY BIBLE

A LITTLE over 100 years ago two of Mark Anthony D'Wolf's granddaughters presented to the Providence Athæneum the old family Bible formerly belonging to their noted grandfather. This old relic of the past, yellowed by age, many of its leaves torn and ragged from use, is now in the possession of the Rhode Island Historical Society.

The record attached tells its own story:

"This Bible was presented to Mark Anthony, second son of Charles D'Wolf of Guadaloupe, by his mother Margaret D'Wolf when on his last visit to that Island of his birthplace.

"It was given by his widow, Abigail D'Wolf, to her eldest daughter, Margaret Diman, from whose family it was obtained by its present possessors, Charlotte D'Wolf and Maria D'Wolf Rogers, Bristol, January, 1833."

"This book belonged to some members of the D'Wolf family from July, 1724. It was for many years on shipboard."

The old records made so many years ago in his handwriting, entered wherever there was a blank page or space, are very quaint. At times he must have done a little practicing in penmanship, for the flourishing strokes of his quill have left mute evidence of his skill in chirography on the yellowed pages.

The entries are as clear and legible as the day they were made:

"Monday morning

25 minutes after 2 o'clock

December 19th, 1762 william was

Born"

"James D'Wolf was born March 18, 1764."

"Levi D'Wolf was born early Tuesday morning
April 8, 1766."

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

THE OLD D'WOLF WAREHOUSE

OFF Thames street, in the old seaport Bristol, stands a long stone building which is intimately linked with one of the most picturesque periods of Rhode Island history.

This old structure, built of granite brought from Africa, was erected in the year 1818 by Captain James D'Wolf and his brother William, to store the merchandise brought home by their many square-riggers. The stone of the building came, in great part, from Africa and the West Indies, brought home as ballast by ships returning with light cargoes. Such is tradition and no doubt it is true, for the granite used in the construction of the walls came from no native quarry. In contrast to the other old buildings which stand near by, the stone warehouse with its walls of granite, sandstone and slate is as sturdy today as when Bristol stone masons laid rule and level to its first courses. The lintels and sills of the doors piercing the walls are huge granite blocks. The red of sandstone and the gray of slate checker the walls. Rusted iron shutters still cling to the doors. Inside the old warehouse things are much as they were when the D'Wolf ships still rode the seas. The woodwork is a job to make a carpenter of today hang his head in shame—it is true carpentry, skilled pin-and-tenon work, with wood doing the work—and nary a nail to aid. Such was the work of those olden days. The great stringer, running the entire length of the first floor ceiling is spliced and tongued so skilfully that at first sight you might take it for one gigantic timber.

Ascending to the second floor, you find ceiling beams of dressed pine, exquisitely hand-planed and joined together by wooden pins. The fashion of their laying is unusual—a staggering arrangement seldom seen in these days. The walls are sheathed in pine, with deep recessed windows looking out on the bay. From these windows you expect to see one of the old D'Wolf square-riggers nosing into the slip: a privateer, perhaps,

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

coming home a few hands short but dripping with prize money; or a slaver with a few choice blacks for the Rhode Island quality.

Another stairway leads up to a dim attic, roofed with 24-inch boards. Here is a big hoisting-wheel, forever done with its heaving of bales and casks.

Leading down from the street to the end of the wharf is a long alleyway; this alleyway, years ago, was a slip into which the D'Wolf ships slid to unload their cargoes of sugar and molasses, and also the rich plunder captured by their privateers.

Across the alleyway the old "still house", where Cuban sugar and molasses were made into New England rum, still stands, a mere shell. An ancient hoisting-wheel hides in the shadows beneath its ridgepole. This old "still house", one of the links in the triangular traffic of molasses, rum and slaves is surely a relic of the dim past. Rum and trinkets went to Africa—slaves to Cuba—molasses to make more rum to buy more slaves, and so it went. It was a flourishing and profitable business and only ceased when the government, with the aid of its fast-sailing revenue cutters, in 1807, put an end to it. Thereafter it languished and in time not a single slaver was to be sighted on the high seas.

During this languishing period covert ways and means were invoked to get around the law; it is known that some Bristol shipmasters did not scruple to put their ships under Spanish registry for a few more profitable trips to the coast of Guinea.

Nothing survives of the rum-making equipment of this old still-house, nothing but the ancient hoisting-wheel high among the rafters; the floors have long since been gutted and you look up to the roof from what was once the cellar.

Up on the street, just to the left of the entrance to the alleyway, is a three story red brick building. A painted sign on the front tells its own story:

"Built for a bank
by James and Wm.
D'Wolf in 1797"

It was here that James D'Wolf's two banks were doing business one hundred or more years ago. The Bank of Bristol and the

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

Mount Hope Bank, and also his counting-rooms were all located on the first floor; and it was here you would find him, closeted with his business manager, Byron Diman, every day of the week.

Some ship's carpenter might have had a hand in the designing of this old interior, the ceiling has a slight arch like that of a ship's cabin. On either side of a great fireplace, in front of which the old D'Wolf brothers used to sit and talk things over with their young shipmasters, are windows with casings built to conform to this curve. Over in one corner a huge scar in the walls reaching half way to the ceiling shows where the huge iron vault was located.

Those were the days of crude locks and the barn-door type of keys, all very heavy and at the same time none too safe; yet they, at a time when gold was the medium of exchange, did not hesitate to intrust their precious bags of the yellow metal to what protection those old vaults might afford.

Under the bank building is what was once the old slave dungeon; the entrance can still be seen, as also can the entrance from the alleyway. Blacks could be landed from the slavers and hurried under cover, later to be sold to some of the best families in the state. Across the street from the bank building, just a bit to the north, is an old stone dwelling house built in 1817. It would seem quite possible that the same stone as went into the warehouse was used in the construction of this house. They both being built at about the same time, it would seem to be the natural thing to use this same stone brought from the coast of Africa.

To the north of the old warehouse is a dwelling house whose rear portion is said to be all that remains of the house of Capt. Simeon Potter, the fiery little corsair, who brought the first D'Wolf to Bristol. This was the Mark Anthony who married the little corsair's sister, Abigail, back in the year 1744. They had many children; the most noted being James and William. Of course there was Levi, he too followed the sea in his younger days. He was a pious old soul who served grog twice only on a voyage—once off Prudence Island on the outward passage—and once off the island coming home.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

A D'WOLF PROJECT

"IN 1822, a project was started by the Hon. James D'Wolf, who at that time was a member of the U. S. Senate, looking to the erection of some building, the exact nature of which was never fully disclosed. The building was to be of hewed granite, two stories in height, with a French roof. The foundation was laid on State street, and covered the present site of the Dr. Briggs, Mrs. R. D. Smith and Methodist church properties. The basement was laid in solid masonry, ten feet in width and six feet below the surface of the ground. The foundation was twenty feet back of State street and fronting on that street 184 feet, and on High street, 128 feet.

"The granite was quarried by Mr. Bradford Durfee of Fall River, and each block was numbered and fitted to its particular place. The cost of the granite alone was \$38,000. The high stone wall on the west side of High street, adjoining the residence of Dr. Briggs, and the stone house to the north of it now owned by Capt. Benj. Brayton, were built at this time. Work on the building was suspended in 1827, and was never resumed. After the death of the old senator, in 1837, the property passed into other hands.

"A sketch in colors of a contemplated structure now hangs in the main hallway of the Linden Place on Hope street. This was to be a long narrow two-story affair. From the above it would seem that the sketch and the project were one and the same".

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

THE SLAVE TRADE in 1807

Captain James D'Wolf

AN OLD record, dating back to the year 1807, now safely preserved in the files of the Rhode Island Historical Society, tells its own story of the slave traffic of those days. This single adventure netted the handsome sum of \$27,635.50 to Capt. James D'Wolf.

"Account Sales of 106 Africans—

"Received of Brig Three Sisters, Capt. Champlin, on account of James D'Wolf, Esq., Merchant, Bristol, Rhode Island."

This document was dated Oct. 12, 1807 and signed at Charleston, S. C. by the D'Wolf agent at that port. An account in detail of each sale, giving the dates and amounts received for the blacks, together with the terms of the sales, was carefully rendered. A down-payment of cash, the balance on time, running from 30 days to 7 months, seemed to be the customary terms of sale of those days.

Capt. Champlin had brought over from Africa 24 men, 12 women, 46 boys, 24 girls, 106 in all. According to the record, the sale started on July 17th, for that is the date of the first entry of sale, and continued until the last black was disposed of, which was August 12th. The prices ranged as follows, the highest prices being on July 17th when the sale started, and from there on down to the last day of the sale, Aug. 12th, when the merchandise left on hand was closed out as a "job lot" for \$225 apiece.

The men brought \$360 down to \$225, the boys brought the same. The women \$320 down to \$225, and the girls \$280 to \$225. \$2250 actual cash was paid, to bind the bargain, and the balance, \$26,840, was on time payments. The agents 5 per cent commission came to \$1454.50, leaving the neat balance of \$27,635.50.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

An old account has this to say about the slave trade of those early days: "From 1787 to 1817, the slave trade on the coast of Africa was carried on very extensively, nearly all the merchants of Bristol at that time being more or less engaged in this lucrative trade." At that early day it was looked upon as a legitimate branch of commerce, and many a princely fortune was amassed in this traffic in an innocent and helpless race.

GEN. GEORGE D'WOLF'S FAILURE in 1825

IT WAS of a Saturday night that the news of Gen. George D'Wolf's financial failure, in 1825, reached Bristol.

The whole village was plunged in gloom; one elderly lady living at the turn of the century remembered, "The women folk were all in tears and the men were 'just stunned' by the catastrophe that had struck the village." The news came by messenger over the roads, for those were the days of post-horse and stage coaches. The next day, Sunday, the churches in the village did not open, nor did they for many Sabbaths following.

Miss Middleton, writing about this disastrous failure of Cousin George D'Wolf, by which the whole village of Bristol was wrecked and the whole family connection impoverished, said:

"Our grandfather (Wm. D'Wolf) lost sixty thousand dollars. My mother, with her usual leniency, always said that Cousin George meant well, thinking to make the fortunes of all his relations and townsfolk."

An entry in Record Book -A- of the old Eagle Bank sheds some light on this unfortunate calamity of so many years ago:

"At a meeting of the directors held Dec. 23, 1825, a committee was appointed to negotiate for a part of an estate in Cuba in payment of George D'Wolf's debt to this bank."

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

Parson Wight in his records notes: "George D'Wolf failed and sold his large house on Hope street (The Linden Place) to his father for \$30,000."

One old sea-dog of those days, Capt. Isaac Manchester, who lived in the large house on the southwest corner of Hope and Oliver streets, lost \$80,000, his horses, carriages and everything he had. Reduced to the state of clamming for a living, he one time, while over on the shore, observed with a trace of cynicism, "At least I have found a bank that won't fail—a clam bank."

HON. JOHN D'WOLF and the "FARM"

LIKE his brothers, John D'Wolf, the ninth child of Mark Anthony and Abigail Potter D'Wolf, followed the sea in his youth and at an early age became a master and eventually ship owner. Hence his title of captain when only a young man.

In early youth he took an active part in our war for independence and was among the suffering prisoners on the Jersey prison ship. In time, as did the other D'Wolfs, he forsook his first love, the sea, and transferred his interests to the land and in later life was considered one of the best farmers in New England. During his long life he took an active part in the affairs of this village and was in 1808 a member of the State Legislature. "In all his dealings with others he was peculiarly explicit in making his engagements and not less prompt in their performance." The old records of St. Michael's church show that John D'Wolf served on the vestry for many years.

An old newspaper item that I ran across recently mentioned Judge John D'Wolf of Bristol. Curious to know if it was this same John D'Wolf, I found that in 1820 he was an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of Rhode Island. It seemed strange that a sea-faring man should be a member of the highest tribunal of the state; one would naturally look for a member of the bar holding such a high judicial office. It seems that "a hundred and fifty years ago, the judges were seldom lawyers". This same

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

authority says that in those days the success of a lawyer depended not so much upon his knowledge of the law, as upon his personal character. A lawyer of imposing presence and great personal magnetism could exercise a great influence over the minds of a jury. Even in these days we read of smart lawyers "swaying the jury".

According to the records, John D'Wolf was born in the year 1760, and died in 1841. The "Farm" built by him, situated on Griswold avenue (named after the saintly Bishop Griswold (1766-1843) was built in 1787. Parson Wight in his records of building operations in this village, records in the year 1787: "Capt. John D'Wolf, a large house on his farm." However, the date on the great chimney is 1798.

Mr. John DeWolf years ago, writing about this old family homestead, said that "there are bills and other documents still existent showing the work in the west rooms was done on that date, so it would seem likely (as this was the only house he ever built on the farm) that at first a plain farmhouse was put up, and later, in 1798, it was improved; the west porch and kitchen wing being added. Years ago the farm consisted of hundreds of acres on both sides of the avenue, reaching far down the Ferry Road, and extending over to the shores of Mount Hope bay. Here were pastured great herds of cattle and large flocks of sheep. The long stone walls were built as the land was cleared.

"The era of onion raising developed by a direct West India trade and the thousands of bushels of onions, carrots and potatoes carried in Bristol ships, at a good profit, to the lands of sugar cane and coffee, brought a lot of money into the town. In one year alone Capt. D'Wolf's onion crop brought him in over twenty thousand dollars.

"In every one of the old pastures was dug a well to supply water for the cattle during the dry spells, and a set of stepping stones, or steps, was built into each well between adjoining fields. It was the old captain's custom, even in extreme old age, to go over his extensive farm, going over one-half each afternoon. He would take the south part one day and the north part the next

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

day. The large farm was kept intact while he lived, but at his death in 1841, it was divided among his heirs.

"Under the old gentleman's care and skilful direction the farm became noted as the finest farm in Rhode Island and was much visited and admired.

"The house is an unpretentious structure built from timber said to have been cut on the place, well built and substantial. There are two old brick ovens in the house, the original one in the long dining room, the other in the present kitchen. Both of these still remain unchanged. All the principal rooms in the house have good fireplaces, and the chimneys from all in the main part of the house arch together and come out of the roof in one great chimney with six separate flues. The fireplace in the long dining room is remarkable for its size and depth, and on festive occasions was always filled with the largest logs.

"Seven generations of the D'Wolf family from Mark Anthony, the first to come to Bristol, down to the present generation have sat before it. In the second story of the kitchen wing, still unchanged, is the old smoke house, with its tight fitting iron door and black interior with many hooks for hanging the hams and bacon once cured there.

"Another old relic of the past now in the garret together with old hand looms, spinning wheels and utensils of the eighteenth century, is the old apparatus for distilling rose water, once considered an article of many virtues and in great demand a century ago. Bushels of rose petals were required and hundreds of rose bushes, white, damask, burgundy and cinnamon were planted to supply the demand. The month of June was a fragrant time in those days.

"The windows are still glazed with the small panes of glass, seven by nine inches in dimension; more picturesque than modern sashes, they show the present generation how their ancestors lived. All the principal windows at one time had tight shutters of paneled woodwork, that could be closed at night to keep out the cold, for those were the times when they depended on logs and fireplaces for heating the large rooms.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

"Part of the hewn frame of the house is of oak and the rest of white pine, probably because the beams were cut from wood grown near at hand and the builders took what was handy. Some of the flooring is of boards thirty-four inches wide.

"The great barns and sheep houses were ample in their day to hold the winter fodder and great crops. One of the corn cribs is still standing and in use, but all the other original buildings, after over a hundred years of service, have disappeared. Some of the old sheep houses were built on great wooden runners, so they could be hauled by yokes of oxen from one place to another as shelter was required.

"The old farm building which was the great cider house with a wooden mill worked by a span of horses or a yoke of oxen, and the press with a gigantic wooden screw to press the cider from the apples are no more. Crowbars were used to turn the screw, but no metal was allowed to come in contact with the apple juice; oak wood and clean rye straw were used in abundance. Cider was regarded, in the old days, as a most health-giving beverage. Hundreds of bushels of the fruit derived their value from their virtue as cider apples.

"Some of the Rhode Island greening trees were nearly six feet in diameter and well over a century and a quarter old. Over a hundred of these old trees were destroyed together with the great cider house and mill in the September gale of 1869 and no large specimen of the old trees now remains. In good cider years it was not uncommon to send from three to four hundred barrels of cider to market.

"Other fruit was in abundance, pears, peaches, and grapes. Every Saturday there was a load of corn to be teamed to the water-mill. The annual haying, sheep shearing and pig killing were all occasions to be remembered.

"The immediate surroundings of the house were once different from what they are now. A long group of farm buildings once stood to the east of the old house and a stable painted white was directly on the road. A narrow front yard ran from the garden to the road, lined with white fences. In all generations the

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

family seems to have been garden-loving folk. The first garden was laid out by the old captain, himself, with long walks crossing in the center under a great grape arbor that has now, after these many years, disappeared.

"Another house built by Capt. D'Wolf and used as a winter house, is the one still standing on the southwest corner of Hope and State streets. At one time this old house stood right on the corner, in 1915 it was moved back to its present location. This house antedates the old "Farm"; it was among the first to be put up in the rebuilding of Bristol after the burning by the British in 1778.

"The early D'Wolfs from Mark Anthony down, were noted for their large families. John D'Wolf, the subject of this sketch, was the one exception; he had only one child, a son, named John, after himself, born in 1786. This son in later life was a distinguished scholar in English, Latin, Greek and Hebrew, also in Ethics, Mathematics, Chemistry and Astronomy. From 1816 to 1833 he was Professor of Chemistry at Brown University."

"Fessor's" ponds on the D'Wolf lands down on Griswold avenue where we used to go skating, took their name from him, he acquiring this property after his father's death in 1841. His home was the house on the southwest corner of Hope and State streets previously mentioned in this article; this house he also inherited from his father. The quaint little brick shop just around the corner facing on State street, also belonged to him. At one time, 1846, the town clerk's office was located in this building.

Just recently I saw a picture of the old professor, a copy of an old portrait of long ago. The first thing that catches one's eye is the luxurious growth of hair—a veritable mop—it had much the same appearance as ours does when we first get up in the morning, only there was a lot more of it. I put on my glasses for a better look and studied it for some time. Frankly, I was puzzled, I didn't know what to say. "Yes, it's a wig," and then the owner of the picture told this interesting story about it—how he came to wear it.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

It seems that the professor was quite ill at one time and during his convalescence all of his hair came out. Now those were the days of log fires and fireplaces and in the winter time the old professor's head was cold. So he bought himself a wig—a nice thick one, one that would keep his head warm. In time his own hair grew out again and the members of his family, who detested the wig, suggested that he discard the thing. The professor, however, had become attached to his head piece and would not consider parting with it. The result was that as long as he lived he continued to wear it. At one time they were having some pictures painted of the faculty of Brown University, the authorities suggested that he sit for his portrait without the wig. He would not listen to them. "I like it," he insisted, so they painted him wig and all.

That the professor was at times subject to periods of absent-mindedness is quite evident from some of his young wife's mis-sives which have come down to us.

"Saturday evening—

"We have all spent this day at the farm, and a fine pleasant one it has been. Your father brought us up this evening and found a letter in the post office from you. As it was directed to him he opened it and was amused to find himself addressed as 'dear Sylvia'. Susan says if you take such long walks and wear such bloody-looking shirts, she is afraid folks will think you have committed murder."

"Wednesday afternoon—

"The Boston stage has got in and I am thankful to get your letter. I do not at all wonder at your trunk being taken for a sailor's baggage with that old rope around it. I told you no one would think it belonged to a gentleman. I think you must have made a mistake in directing your letter. It was directed to yourself instead of me. I shall hope to get another one tonight by Mr. Waldron. Will you please direct your next letter to me!"

Another story that has come down to us about the old pedagogue is very amusing. It seems that he was so absorbed with his teaching that he seldom gave much or any attention to his

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

dress. Consequently his young wife had to look after this part of his life for him. Whenever he made trips away, she always attended to the packing of his portmanteau and saw to it that he was properly fitted out with an ample supply of clean linen, etc.

This time he was going down to Boston to deliver a course of lectures and was to be gone a week. Those were, you remember, the days of the stage coach. Her parting instructions to him as she saw him off were to be sure and put on a clean shirt every day—that she had packed several in his bag. He faithfully assured her that he would. By the end of the week the professor had delivered his lectures and arrived back in the village. Upon unpacking his bag the first thing his young wife noticed was the absence of shirts.

“Where are all the shirts I packed!” she exclaimed. She soon found out—the old professor had them on—every blessed one of them—one over the other.

THE MILITARY — 1820

THE military fever in 1820 was raging high in these parts. The War of 1812 had caught us unprepared, and, although we had managed somehow to squeeze through, it was too soon for folks to forget their scare and alarm of only a few years since.

In 1820 the military of our little state consisted of four brigades, made up of fourteen regiments of ninety-one companies of militia; which with the chartered commands (the Train of Artillery being one) constituted our entire force.

MILITARY OFFICERS

(Only those from Bristol are reprinted)

Brig. General, First Brigade — George D'Wolf

Colonel, Fourth Regiment — George F. Usher

Major, Fourth Regiment — Byron Diman

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

FOURTH REGIMENT — BRISTOL COMPANIES

First Company

Ephraim Sprague, Capt.

William Lawless, Lieut.

Charles Shaw, Ensign

Second Company

William Muencher, Capt.

Josiah Munro, Lieut.

Henry G. Coggeshall, Ensign

Third Company

Timothy Coggeshall, Capt.

Lemuel Fales, Lieut.

Martin Horton, Ensign

Golden Dearth at that time was the Lieutenant Colonel commanding the Train of Artillery. Their armory was on Bradford street; the building was of wood, one story, about 20 by 15 feet, without seats and devoid of plastering or ceiling. The building was subsequently moved to Congregational street and converted into a dwelling house.

In those days every male citizen, between the ages of 18 and 45, was compelled to do military duty. The inhabitants of Block Island and the Island of Prudence were not required to leave the islands, but had their training at home. The militia were required to drill and parade twice in each year, in April and September, with a regimental inspection and review. A "general muster" was held in the month of September; each man was required to furnish his own arms and equipment. They usually paraded in citizens dress, making a most comical and grotesque appearance, especially at the regimental trainings. The band which accompanied the military on these occasions was composed of Jonathan Alger, Job M. Barrus, James Miller, and Simon Davis, jr. Their instruments consisted of small drum, bass drum, fife, and clarinet; and "made good martial music."

In those days when "general musters" were an annual event, the Warren folks used to come down to this town to witness the "trainin". Relentless warfare was waged upon them, and later, when the Bristol folks went up to Warren to witness their brilliant military spectacle, it was a free for all fight. The delegation was usually in such physical condition that their wives, mothers and sweethearts would not know them when they returned home. This continued for many years, and only stopped when "general muster" passed out of date.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

OLD-TIME MUSTERS

From the Bristol Gazette, Sept. 21, 1833

MILITARY: The Light Infantry company of this village under the command of Capt. Wright, paraded on Saturday last for the purpose of military improvement and target shooting. The company met at an early hour in the morning and immediately proceeded to the south part of the village, where they were drawn up in line and commenced firing at a target, at a distance of 60 yards. The members of the company are entitled to much credit for their skill in firing. After firing they proceeded to Burgess' Hotel, where at 2 o'clock, they partook of a sumptuous dinner prepared in the best style; after which they paraded our streets, performing a variety of evolutions alike creditable to themselves and pleasing to those who witnessed them.

The 4th Regiment, 1st Brigade, Rhode Island militia under the command of Col. Dyer Child, will meet in Warren on Tuesday next for Inspection and Review.

Sept. 28, 1833

MILITARY: On Tuesday last the 4th Regiment, of the 1st Brigade, Rhode Island militia, under the command of Col. Dyer Child, assembled in this village, a few rods south of the Warren line, for annual Inspection and Review. There were many grotesque figures among the militia whose aim was to throw the present system into ridicule. The appearance of the Light Infantry Company of this place was highly becoming the high reputation they hold as citizen soldiers, and their manoeuvres were well executed. The other companies, four in number, made up of our very worthy citizens, are required to abandon the pursuits of their business thrice in two years for the purpose of acquiring skill in military discipline, but which results in mere parade, in which the emolument of the venders of candies, cookies, fruit and beer is much more promoted than the attainment of a knowledge of the "art of war"; but very little can be expected for our militia under the present system.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

An unusual number of spectators were present to witness the parade, and the fair sex from Warren and the neighboring village honored the soldiers with their presence, and amply rewarded the toils of the day with their smiles.

We are every day more and more convinced of the inutility of our present system of trainings. It places the swords in the hands and epaulets on the shoulders of officers and leaves them without power and without authority to act upon their commissions, and calls the citizens together for the sole purpose of disgracing themselves and adding insult to their officers. How often do we see commissions handed out to persons who hardly know one end of a musket from another, or an open column from a hollow square, while the mechanic or farmer who has served as a private perhaps twenty years or more, is superseded by those who consider it beneath their dignity to appear in the ranks with a musket.

We had nearly forgot to mention that our friends Cole and Kinnicutt of Warren, spread their tables in the usual good style at 2 o'clock P. M. to which the keen appetite of the soldiers bore ample testimony.

THE TRAIN OF ARTILLERY

QUAINT minutes taken from the old records of the Train of Artillery:

APRIL 2, 1801 — "Nath'l Gladding, Sam'l Pitman, Josiah Gooding, were elected a committee to endeavor to procure and instruct Two Lads for drummers in the company."

APRIL 1, 1802—"Voted, that the non-Commissioned Officers, Bombadiers, Gunners and Privates are to carry Fire Locks and other Aucitrements, except when the Company Parade with Field Pieces, in which case the Bombadiers and Gunners are exempt, they Providing themselves with Side Arms."

APRIL 2, 1806 — "A committee was appointed to enquire What Arms is Common for Such a Company to Carry and Report the Same at the Next meeting."

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

MAY 28, 1806—"Voted the Company buy thire muskets and Carry Side Armes."

JAN. 7, 1809—"Parker Borden dismissed by age."

MAY 2, 1814—"Voted that the Company assemble once in every fortnight without uniform for the purpose of improvement, and that the first meeting shall be at the Alarm Post the next Saturday Week 5 o'clock P. M."

AUG. 18, 1814—"Voted that each member Employ Russell Warren to Mark his gun on the Stock with a Chisel Mark and White Lead."

SEPT. 22, 1814—"Voted that Each member in the space of fourteen days furnish himself with a Short Jacket and pantaloons of Blue Br'd Cloth as a Uniform and that they were Round hatts with the Cockade and Lase as uniform."

SEPT. 22, 1814—"This day expended four Catridges with Balls exercising our brass field Pieces at a target also four blank catridges in a sham fight."

JULY 4, 1827—"Co. went to Warren and dined at Col. Cole's Tavern."

APRIL 3, 1828—"Voted that the company paint the Gun House on Thursday, 1st day of May next, at 9 o'clock A. M."

APRIL 20, 1829—"Voted that no man shall deposit powder in the gun house after the 1st of May, 1829."

According to a notice appearing in the *Phenix* of July 2, 1842, the Train of Artillery was quartered in the State House (our present Court House).

ARTILLERY — ATTENTION

You are hereby required to meet at the State House, on Monday, the 4th day of July, at 7 o'clock, A. M., with arms and accoutrements and 6 cartridges, in citizens dress. The captains of the field pieces with their companies are requested to meet as above.

Wm. R. Taylor
Lt. Col. Com'dt.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

TRAIN OF ARTILLERY ARMORY

In 1842 the State appropriated money to build an Armory or Gun-House for the Train of Artillery. The building was one story in height and was erected on the lot of land owned by the Artillery Company on State street. The records at the town clerk's office (Book 19, of the Records of Deeds, page 535) show that the land was purchased from James T. Freeborn and James D. Wardwell, both of Bristol, R. I. The deed was received for record July 26, 1842.

In 1869 the State appropriated \$1,600 to raise the building and put an additional story under the original structure.

The Train of Artillery and the "DORR WAR," 1842 *From the Phenix*

MAY 21, 1842

ALARM—"On Tuesday night last about half past ten o'clock, our citizens were aroused from their slumber by the ringing of bells, beating of drums and firing of cannon, which proved to have been caused by the arrival of a messenger from Providence with orders from Gov. King for the Train of Artillery to be in readiness to embark for Providence on board of a steamboat which would be here at two o'clock A. M. The insurgents under 'Gov.' Dorr, it was stated, had armed themselves and were proceeding to take possession of the state arsenal. The officers of the Artillery and a few of the privates (the others refusing to go) met promptly at their armory and repaired to the steamboat wharf. About 12 o'clock the Warren company arrived in town, armed and equipped. The boat, however, did not arrive until 6 o'clock the next morning, when both companies embarked in fine spirits for the seat of war."

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

Back in 1843, Col. Wm. R. Taylor, commanding officer of the Bristol Train of Artillery testified at a trial held in the room formerly occupied by the Eagle Bank, that "The first time we were called out, 17th of May, 1842, we mustered 12 altogether, including officers. I think that were but 2 or 3 muskets."

JUNE 25, 1842

MORE TROUBLE — "At about 10 o'clock yesterday morning, orders arrived in town for the Artillery Company to be prepared to embark in a steamboat for Providence at 2 o'clock—the bells in town instantly *rung* an alarm — all business immediately ceased, and those of our citizens belonging to the company hastened to prepare themselves to embark for Providence. Men, women and children collected in groups in the streets lamenting a state of affairs that calls their sons, brothers, and husbands from their business and firesides, to face the cannon of their opponents.

"At about half past two the company assembled in front of the market, where a solemn and impressive prayer was offered to the Throne of Grace by the Rev. Mr. Shepard. At about three o'clock the steamboat Providence came in from Newport, when the Artillery consisting of about 150 members, embarked amid the hearty cheers and good wishes of their fellow citizens.

God grant that they may return in safety."

JULY 2, 1842

A CARD

The members of the Bristol Artillery Company acknowledge, with much feeling, their kind reception, on their return from Chepachet, by the citizens of Providence generally, and particularly for the gratification of the Ladies, manifested by their smiles, the waving of handkerchiefs, and by presents of fruits and beautiful bouquets.

W. R. Taylor } Committee
G. F. Usher }

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

JULY 2, 1842

"A part of our help having been absent with the Company of Artillery, and having ourselves been on duty in the town during the entire week, we of course are unable to present our readers with the usual weekly sheet. If nothing should prevent, we shall next week endeavour to give a full account of the events of the past eight days."

JULY 9, 1842

"It is well known with what promptness, 131 of our most respected, active and intelligent citizens, with each a musket on his shoulder; and about 30 more of the same character, with cutlasses and pistols, attached to the field pieces, assembled at their posts within 30 minutes after the alarm gun was fired; with countenances sober it is true, but manifesting a firmness and determination, which their opponents, whom they were called out to disperse, could not overawe nor divert from their fixed purpose to sustain, with their lives, the existing laws of the State, and drive the insurgents from the land or perish in the attempt."

JULY 9, 1842

SPOILS OF WAR

"Among the articles brought from Dorr's camp by the Bristol Artillery, were several tents, a large cooking stove, a number of guns, powder, shot, and several of the most uncouth looking spears we ever beheld."

THE BRICK SCHOOLHOUSE

ON THE NECK

HERE and there some reader of this article may remember the small, square old schoolhouse of brick, which once stood on the main Bristol Neck road. The doorstep and a few bricks still remain by the roadside. This old schoolhouse was one of the chief landmarks of Bristol Neck. It did not enjoy this distinction on

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

account of its beauty and size, but simply because it was the "Brick Schoolhouse". The stranger might not know where a certain party lived, nevertheless if he were told that it was above the brick schoolhouse, or four houses beyond, he would know just where to go.

It was in 1830, when the writer was four years old, that he gained his first practical knowledge of the inside of this famous landmark. He was not sent as pupil, but merely as a curiosity, because some of the older children wished to take him there for a single day as a show. They were proud of him, no doubt; and he tells of remembering the pretty white trousers that he wore. After this there occurs a long blank as far as the old brick schoolhouse is concerned, until the winter of 1837-38 when we returned to it. After fifty years the boys and girls return upon occasion, just as young as they were then, and take their places behind the old notched desks. Among the boys were Aleck DeWolf, Ben Church, Ben Franklin, Nat Fales and Clint Norris. Aleck DeWolf was a noble fellow, one of the kindest and best of the Neck boys; he died a few years later. Nat Fales also died when very young. Ben Church was killed in the Rebellion. Ben Franklin is no more. Clint Norris went to sea, and I hope he is still among the living.

That winter a Mr. Tanner kept the school; he was a kind old man, that I can testify with a full heart. He was not one of the typical old-time schoolmasters; there was nothing stern and awful in his rule; he seemed to be really human like ourselves—and this for a schoolmaster of half a century ago, is very great praise. There are some who will recollect how schoolmasters in the olden days used to be.

Somewhere there is a quaint ballad which goes something like this—

"Old Master Brown brought his ferule down,
And his face looked angry and red,
Go seat you there young Anthony Blair,
Along with the girls, he said."

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

But the face of good old Master Tanner never grew "angry and red" however much he may have had occasion. Probably some of us would have welcomed any outburst of anger for the chance of being seated with the girls, but this good fortune never came our way. Only to think that this was one of the old time punishments. Many a young culprit as he nestled among the soft ringlets and calico must have thought he was in heaven. Yet there were some boys who looked upon it as something terrible—a veritable torture. They must, however, have been very small boys. A merciful provision of nature in time enables us to overcome this horror of the weaker sex.

How well I remember the neighboring farmhouses. That of Mr. Charles Fales was the nearest. It stood a little to the south of the schoolhouse and on the opposite side of the road. That side of the road was a great deal better than our side. It had noble farms and large trees; our side was only good enough for a schoolhouse—that was all. Mr. Fales must have been fond of red pigs, for we could always see a drove of them turning up loose stones and dirt in his orchard over the way. I recollect them in particular for their color.

Next north of Mr. Fales lived Col. Peter Church, and next to him Mr. Henry DeWolf, whose estate embodied all that we youngsters were able to conceive of the aristocratic. There was something romantic about its tall trees and the long dark fence that shut in its ample dooryard. Our poor little schoolhouse, which was put right down by the side of the road, had no fence around it, and no trees, save a few old poplars. In the lot back of it we played ball. There was no bell to call us in at the close of recess, only the master's voice. Schoolhouses then had not arrived at the luxury of bells. The older scholars read in such books as they happened to possess, some the New Testament, others Peter Parley's History of the United States; and we had Daboll's Arithmetic. Steel pens were unknown; our pens were nothing but quills from "the gray goose wing" and were carefully sharpened for us by the good master. "Please master, mend my pen"—how queer it would sound in a schoolroom today.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

Then the master's pen-knife was a sort of insignia of his office; it was a possession that raised him above the rank and file of humanity in the estimation of those who stood waiting, quill in hand, in the open space in front of his desk.

The sight of the forlorn old doorstep* by the roadside calls up many pensive thoughts; it represents, as it were, a departed world. How many young feet have passed over it, thronging in and out. It is humble enough, surely poor, a plain bit of stone, but it has a touching story. Greatness and splendor have enough to care for them and talk of them; but is there anything that appeals more to the heart than an old schoolhouse that is dead? All the fields and fences in its neighborhood are eloquent of what has been and is gone; every rock and tree where the boys and girls once played has its simple record, which perhaps the actors themselves have forgotten. When a schoolhouse comes back as a ghost, it tells us of the master and the children; of tattered old books and the worn desks; of the young laughter that was once there, and the pleasant memories connected with it.

GEORGE HENRY COOMER, April, 1886

THE "OLD BRICK SCHOOL HOUSE"

PARSON WIGHT in his records of the building construction in Bristol mentions: 1804—"Brick Masonic Hall and school house, N.W. corner of the Public Square."

In the year 1804, a committee was appointed to solicit subscriptions for a new schoolhouse in the south district (the compact part of the town). The money needed was easily obtained, the Masonic Society in this town bearing half the expense of erection, and thereby securing a lodge room in the second story. The sum of \$700 was named on the subscription paper "to be applied to building a brick school house upon the Common to be 50 feet

*As a little girl, my mother, Eliza Turner Howe, attended this school. I have a brick from its ruins, I picked up as a boy and which I have kept all these years. I remember well, the brownstone step at the door, which I wanted to take, but it was too heavy. *Harry Howe Bogert.*

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

in length, 28 feet in width, and two stories high." James D'Wolf gave \$400; Charles D'Wolf and Gen. George D'Wolf each giving \$100. The old building survived until the year 1895 when it was torn down to make way for the Walley School which was erected on the site in 1896.

Back in the year 1895 the taxpayers of the town were trying to come to some agreement as to demolishing the old schoolhouse and selecting a site for the proposed new school. Night after night they fought it out in town meetings, several of them lasting far into the night, only to adjourn to another night. The records of those days show that many stormy and heated sessions were held before the matter was finally settled.

September, 1895, the "Old Brick School House" was demolished, to make way for the new schoolhouse to be erected on the old site. At that time several interesting items concerning the old schoolhouse appeared in our local paper; it would seem fitting at this time to include a few of them in this sketch.

The old records of a town meeting back in the year 1804 show how the partnership between the Masonic Society and the town in the building originated:

"At a town meeting duly notified and held at Bristol on Thursday, the 17th day of May, 1804, the Hon. William Bradford, Esq, chosen moderator. Messrs. John D'Wolf, Moses Van Doorn and Charles Collins be a committee to obtain subscriptions for the purpose of building a new school house in company with the Masonic Society, who are to own and occupy the upper story, and the lower story to be owned and occupied by the town for keeping a free school; and the said Masonic Society to have the privilege to erect a convenient stair way at one end of the part appropriated for the school and to have said privilege so long as they remain such a society.

"The committee appointed by the town at the last meeting for taking into consideration the building of a town school house on the common and disposing of the old school house respectfully report: That the Masonic Society in this town having it in contemplation to erect a hall for their accommodation, are willing

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

to be at one-half the expense of a brick building 50 feet in length, 28 wide, and two stories high, to stand at or near the N.W. corner of the common. The estimated expense of the building to complete the outside and timber for the floors is \$1400 to be divided equally between the town and the Masonic Society, the building to be divided by setting off to the M. S. the upper story and a stair way and a sufficient passage room in the entry. The town to have all the lower part excepting the stair way and entry aforesaid for a school room. The committee taking into consideration the proposal of the M. S. do earnestly recommend to the town to sell the old school house at public auction to the highest bidder, and cause a subscription to be opened under the direction of a committee for the purpose of raising \$700 to complete the outside of the building. The expense of furnishing the school room after a division takes place will be about \$250."

"N. B.—It is recommended to put the building on the extreme N.W. corner of the common and permit the Methodist Society to set their house of public worship on the S.W. corner of the common opposite. The West side of the two buildings to be in an exact line with the academy."

SEPT. 10, 1895 — "The 'old brick school house' which has stood on the northwest corner of the common for so many years, will within a few days be a thing of the past, and, though it will be missed, and the new and more imposing structure can never take its place in the memories of the older inhabitants of the town, it has fulfilled its mission well, and its history is an honorable one. The uncertainty of its fate in the last few weeks has brought up in many minds fresh memories of school days and also served to keep green the remembrance of the men who instituted St. Alban's Lodge and for many years kept the fires burning on its altars.

"The old school house was occupied until yesterday, when the work of tearing it down was begun. The building was sold at auction Saturday to Eugene LeClair, the contractor, for \$10. Previous to the sale the Town Council gave to the Masonic committee the town's check for \$1,200 for the society's interest in

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

the building. In St. Alban's lodge room there were several fine paintings of Masonic emblems on the walls. The lathes and plaster around these paintings were cut through yesterday and the emblems taken down intact. The old stone steps on the southwest corner of the building, which have been worn by footsteps of Masons for nearly a century, have also been taken by the lodge and will be cut into pedestals to be placed in their new lodge room. The old chair that Bishop Griswold sat in is also preserved as a valuable relic.

"The old bell which has summoned the scholars of this town for more than one hundred years is to be placed on the Byfield School building. There is a record that the bell was on the old academy in 1791. This academy was located on the common, south of the courthouse, and it was moved away in two sections about 25 years ago. Bishop Howe, who attended school at the old academy, bought the belfry at the time the building was moved away and had it set up in his dooryard as a memento of his school-days."

SEPT. 13, 1895—"Good progress is being made in tearing down the old brick school house. Mr. LeClair says he finds no difficulty in selling the brick, which is of excellent quality, and it is taken away as fast as taken out of the building. The cornice work in the Masonic hall has been taken down; it is of wood painted red, white and blue. The amount of work in its construction is a matter of wonderment in these days of labor-saving machinery. The cornice was made entirely by hand, each jutting portion being a separate board, and the whole securely nailed together.

"The old bell was yesterday put in position on the Byfield school. For over one hundred years the schools on the common have been in the habit of beginning sessions by this bell and it has been much missed during its short absence."

SEPT. 20, 1895—"The old cornerstone of the brick school house for which search has been made for some time was found on Wednesday. No box or receptacle was found, but a circular piece of copper 2½ inches in diameter was found embedded in

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

the cement between two cornerstones. An application of muriatic acid revealed the fact that the relic was silver-plated and bore the inscription, 'St. Alban's Lodge No. 6, Sept. 18, A. L. 5804.' As the Masonic order always reckons dates by an additional 4000 years B.C. this would make the date Sept. 18, 1804. It was found in the southwest corner of the building.

"When they were tearing down the building a number of copies of the old by-laws of the Lodge in small pamphlet form dated 1869 were found and have been placed in the book vault at the town clerk's office, together with some of the other old records of the lodge.

"Among these is an old account of the laying of the chief corner stone in 1804: 'At a special meeting Sept. 18, A. L. 5804, for the purpose of laying the chief corner stone of the Masonic Hall, a procession was formed and marched to the building to be appropriated for a town school house and Masonic Hall, and after going through the ceremonies usual in laying the chief corner stone, proceeded to St. Michael's church, where an oration suitable to the occasion was delivered by Rev. Bro. Alexander V. Griswold, from thence, to our Lodge room.' "

THE STREETS and LANES of BRISTOL as ORIGINALLY LAID OUT

THE following is gleaned from manuscript found among the papers of the late William P. Monro.*

Between the years 1680 and 1684, Capt. Samuel Woodbury made five plats on parchment, from actual survey, of the town of Bristol, one for the town and one each for the original proprietors, and the surveying and platting took nearly one year of time. For correctness and neatness the work would do honor to the best engineers of the present day. The streets were laid out at

*Born 1801, died 1885.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

the commencement of the town, four running nearly north and south in the compact part of the town, and were named—Wood, High, Hope and Thames streets—all except Thames run straight without an angle or a curve from end to end.

Wood street commences at the foot of Bay View avenue—formerly known as Crooked lane—and ends at Walker's corner, so called, and is four rods, or 66 feet wide. High street commences at the creek—now called Silver creek—on the north, and ends where it intersects Thames street on the south, and is five rods, or 82½ feet wide. Hope street commences near the south end of the town bridge—near foot of Washington street—and ends at the angle near the site of the house formerly belonging to the late Capt. James D. Ingraham, and is four rods, or 66 feet wide. Thames street commences at the town bridge at its north end, and is three rods, or 49½ feet wide, and runs near the water and accommodates itself to it by angles; the first angle nearly opposite where William B. Spooner's oil works stood; the second angle opposite the Phenix Sugar Refinery building; the third angle was—before the Town Council closed up the street—at the north line of the late Edward W. Brunsen's lot; the fourth angle is at the end of Hope street; the fifth angle is opposite Burton street; the sixth angle at the south side of Walley street; and then continues to the Ferry road or Walker's corner.

The above named four streets are intersected by nine original cross streets, except the north one called Oliver street, which ends on the east at High street, and runs nearly west to low watermark, and is four rods wide. The next cross street south is Franklin street; it runs from Wood street to low watermark, and is five rods wide. The third is Bradford street, five rods wide. The fourth is State street, five rods wide; this street was originally called Charles street, then changed to King street, now known as State street. The fifth is Church street, five rods wide, originally Queen street; this and State street seem to be the only cross streets that had any name until the town appointed a committee to name all the streets; Capt. Charles Collins was chairman of that committee, which reported the present names, retaining the

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

original names of the four north and south streets. The sixth is Constitution street, and is five rods wide. The seventh is Union street, and is five rods wide. The eighth is Burton street, and is three rods wide. The ninth is Walley street, and is four rods wide.

All the cross streets are straight from end to end, and run to low watermark, and may run to ship channel if wanted.

Byfield and Milk streets were laid out by Mr. Byfield after the laying out of the above mentioned streets. Milk street did not originally go south beyond Byfield street, it ran only as far as that street. The other cross roads, from Wood street to the Back road—now called Metacom avenue—were laid out at the commencement of the town. Metacom avenue is two rods wide.

Bay View avenue, Mount Hope avenue, Tanyard lane and Sanford lane, each four rods wide, except Mount Hope avenue, formerly called Mount lane, which was part of its length four rods wide and the rest two rods wide, but has since been widened. Malt-House lane has been cut through to Metacom avenue, and the next crossroad north went east to Middle road, so called, leading to Broad Common, thence to Metacom avenue; this has since been cut through straight from Main road to Metacom avenue and is called Walnut street. The next road north was called Crane's lane and run from the Main road to Metacom avenue, and is two rods wide.

A road opposite the west end of Walnut street, running west, same width of Walnut, thence turning north, thence west to the "salt water of Warwick Bay," is in the original deed of gift to the town, but has never been opened. Several other narrow roads were laid out by the first proprietors.

To encourage the first sixty families to settle and build houses so as to get their town charter, the proprietors set off 60 ten-acre lots, and then 300 acres to be divided into sixty parts, which were called commonages; so that every man that would buy a house lot and build a two-story house with good sized rooms on the lower floor should be entitled to a ten-acre lot and a commonage. Many of these commonage lots were later bought up by one man

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

and the lanes leading through the land closed up. Gooding's lane, so called, from Mount Hope avenue, running north, was one of the narrow commonage lanes.

The road in front of the mansion house of the late James D'Wolf is one of these commonage lanes; it being narrow he offered the town to make it a certain width if the town would, in exchange, give him Indian Common.

The land south of Bay View avenue, now owned by the Catholic Congregational Society, was in commonages which were bought up by Joseph Jacobs, Hannah Jacobs, and Nathaniel Byfield and given to the above mentioned society. Naomi street, so called, was one of these narrow lanes, which remains open.

Many other streets and avenues have been opened by individuals for the sale of houselots. John street was opened by J. W. Bourn, from Hope to Thames street. Bourn street, from High street, as far east as his land went, by J. W. Bourn; it has since been carried through to Wood street. Ministerial street was opened by Dr. Foster and the Congregational Society, the society paying the doctor \$100. Wardwell street, and Central street as far as Bradford street, was opened by Allen Wardwell; the north part of Central street was opened by Col. Samuel Wardwell.

Court street formerly extended from Hope street to the Bristol County Jail; it was opened, by Capt. John Wardwell, to High street. Summer street, from Thames to High street, was opened by Norris & Barns. Smith street, from Hope street, westerly, to the shore, was opened by Thomas Paine. William street, running east from High street, opened by the heirs of Capt. William Bradford. Congregational street, from High to Wood street, the west half by the Congregational Society, the east half by the town. A narrow avenue north from Bradford street, between High and Wood streets, was opened by the late Francis Bourn—and is called Bourn's avenue. Rock street, from Wood street east—now known as Shaw's lane—and thence south, now called Rock street, to Jack Barney lane, was opened by Nathaniel Bullock.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

Jack Barney lane, so called from a colored man that lived there,—subsequently called Mott's lane,—was one of the narrow lanes originally laid out for commonages. Catherine street was opened by Benj. Tilley and Wm. T. Waldron. First, Second and Third School streets were opened through School lands, from Mount Hope avenue to State street. An avenue called "Pierce avenue" runs from north side of Constitution street to Church street, between High and Wood streets—the south end of this avenue was opened by Mason W. Pierce. The 1851 map shows this avenue as running northward from Constitution street about half-way through, and shows Mason W. Pierce's house on the west corner. The name is given as "Pierce's avenue". The 1870 map shows the avenue continued through to Church street, with the jog midway between. The name at that time was "Pearce's avenue".*

Other streets, roads and avenues have been opened, among which are Broad Common road, Borden avenue, Cole street, Collins street, Cook street, Cottage street, DeWolf avenue, Dunbar street, Easterbrooks lane, Ferry road, Garfield avenue, Howe street, Juniper lane, Lincoln avenue, Mason avenue, Munroe avenue, Narragansett avenue, Noyes avenue, Owls' Roost avenue, Pleasant street, Poppasquash road, Prospect street, Richmond street, Smith street, Usher street, Usher avenue, Usher place, Wheeler avenue, Wilson's lane, Washington street, Woodlawn avenue.

THE FIRST HOUSES BUILT IN BRISTOL

THIS list of the first houses built in this town is taken from a manuscript found among the papers left by the late William P. Monro.**

After all these years it will be observed that several of the old houses still remain (1890), giving mute evidence of the sub-

*1942 — Is now "Pearse Ave."

**Born 1801, died 1885.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

stantial materials of which houses were then built. There are 78 houses mentioned in the list, all built early in the settlement of the town. Among them are the first 60 which were required to obtain the town charter; the others must have been built very soon after—between 1680 and 1684. Many of the houses here mentioned were burned by the British during the Revolutionary War, but few, if any, were destroyed north of Bradford street.

The first house built in the town is the house just north of the town bridge, on the east side of the main road, formerly owned and occupied by the late James DeWolf Perry. The first religious meetings were held in this house. The edifice was built by Nathaniel Bosworth.

The Ellery-Sanford house, which was located on the Ferry road, was built by Col. McIntosh. It stood near the western end of the lane, that has in modern times been called Griswold avenue, and which then was open to the shore of Walker's Cove. It was on the site of the present house of Mrs. Sumner A. Ball, and part of the old cellar serves for that house. In the course of time the old house grew older and older, and finally in the spring of 1855 it was decided to pull down what was left of it.

The Matthias Monro house stood north and east of the residence of Capt. James Lawless, between Union and Burton streets. The Walker house was built by Wm. Walker, and stood in the rear from the street, near what is now called Walker's corner. The Hoff house stood near where the Wardsworth house* now stands on Union street.

A house stood where the late Joseph Coit's house now stands on Hope street. A house at the southeast corner of Hope and Constitution streets. The house built by Capt. Benj. Church on the north side of Constitution street; the stone chimney was still standing thirty years ago (1860). The Talbee house stood near the west end of Constitution street, on the north side. The Cook house stood on the north side of Constitution street at the foot of

*At the turn of the century this house stood on the north side of lower Union street, between Hope street and the shore.

Sally Mutton's little cottage was just to the west of this old house.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

"Cook Hill". The Richard Smith house on the northeast corner of Hope and Constitution streets.

The Byfield house stood on the north side of Byfield street where the "Tilley house" stands, now owned by Isaac F. Williams. It was built by Nathenial Byfield for his town residence; he opened up Milk street for his own convenience so as to get to his barn, which was on Church street, near where the three-story house of the late Francis Bourn now stands. The William Young house stood at the southwest corner of Milk and Byfield streets. The Oxx house stood on the south side of Byfield street, on the site of the house now occupied by Chas. J. E. Fales.*

The Benjamin Hoar house stood at the northeast corner of Milk and Byfield streets, fronting southerly. A house at the southeast corner of Church and Thames streets, where the house formerly belonging to the late Mrs. Richmond now stands. A house at the southeast corner of Hope and Church streets, where the "David A. Leonard house" now stands, which is now owned by Capt. Augustus N. Miller. The Drown house at the corner of Church and Milk streets, where the Allen Wright house now stands.

A house near the corner of Hope and Church streets, where the house of the late Jonathan Fales formerly stood, and where now stands the store of William H. Bell. A house on Thames street, sometime called the "Nooning house", built by a Mr. Newton; it stood at the west end of what is the late Edward W. Brunsen's garden. A house at the corner of Hope and Court streets, where the house of the late Ephraim Sprague once stood, and near where the Burnside Memorial now stands. A house at the southeast corner of Hope and State streets, built by Samuel Howland, son of Jabez Howland, the first town clerk of Bristol. A house where the Custom House building now stands. A house on the northeast corner of Hope and State streets; it was built by Deacon Cary and remained until taken down by Gov. Bradford, to make room for the house, which has since been moved to the rear, and is now owned by Col. Samuel Norris.

*The house on the south side of Byfield street next east of the Babbitt estate.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

The house at the northwest corner of Hope and State streets was the Pappelon house; Stephen Smith owned it at the time of the Revolution; after the war he enlarged it with government barracks which he had removed from Poppasquash. He also built, of material from the barracks, the dwelling-house next west of the Bristol Hotel on State street. The house on the southwest corner of Hope and State streets was burned by the British when they marched through the town. The house on the south side of State street near where the house next west of the Hotel now stands, owned by one Hubbard; he was an agent of the British government and was very offensive to the citizens of the town. He fled to England, leaving Mrs. Haskell to take charge of the property.

Mrs. Haskell was a widow; she was the owner of the late Song Haskell (slave), then a boy. Hubbard also left his house, which stood at the corner of State and Thames streets, in the care of a man named Guin, an Irishman whom he had brought over as gardener, who was said to have been the first Irishman in Bristol. There was a house which stood at the northeast corner of Hope and Union streets, where the house of the late Timothy French now stands; it was built by William Hoar, the first of that name here, who settled here very early in the settlement of the town; he gave orders to be buried after his death in a certain place in his garden, six feet deep, to level off the grave and plow and plant on it the same as though no grave were there.

The Josiah Smith house was built by John Walley, one of the proprietors of the township; it was one of the very first built in the town, and was his homestead. Some years after his death his son sold it. The grandfather of the late Capt. Simon Davis bought it and built on the west end of it. The Parker house, so called, was built by John Walley; it stood on the west side of Thames street, on the site of the three-story brick building where the Bank of Bristol was formerly located, now used as a tenement house, next south of Seth Paull's store. The Ephraim Monro house stood on the east side of Thames street; the north part was taken down to make room for the stone building now standing;

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

it was built by Capt. Benj. Church, the Indian fighter, for his son-in-law, and was one of the first houses built in the town. "The Old Bay State" house, so called, was built by the Rev. Mr. Lee; it stood on the east side of Thames street, in the rear of where the store of A. T. & T. J. Usher now stands. It was a large two-story gambrel-roof, handsomely finished structure, and was much the finest house in the town.

The Woodbury house stood on the west side of Hope street, a little south of the house formerly owned by John Wilcox, and now owned by Mrs. William Davis. A house that stood on the southeast corner of Hope and Bradford streets. A house on the northeast corner of Hope and Bradford streets, where the "Aaron Bourn" house was afterwards built, now the Trinity Church rectory. The Paine house stood on the northwest corner of Hope and Bradford streets, and was built by Col. Nathaniel Paine. The Russell house was on the west side of Hope street, several rods in from the street, and in the rear of the house of Martin Bennett.

On the east side of Hope street, where the house formerly occupied by Jacob Babbitt, Jr., stands, was the "Parson" Burt house. A house at the southeast corner of Hope and Franklin streets. On the southwest corner of Hope and Franklin streets was the Wilson house. The Wardwell house stood on the west side of Hope street, where the Henry W. Peck house now stands, it had a large gambrel roof; for many years it was a tavern. The Nathaniel Munro house stood on the north side of Franklin street, between Hope and High streets, where the house of the late Thos. G. Munro now stands. The Joshua Gladding house stood on the northeast corner of Hope and Franklin streets. On the northwest corner of Hope and Franklin streets stood the Elisha May house.

Just west of the May house stood the Jabez Howland house, built by him; he was the first of that name that settled here; and was the first town clerk. On the east side of Hope street, the second house from Franklin street, stood the so-called Diman house, a pattern of most of the original houses built in this town;

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

the house was built by John Linzee, and sold to one Joseph Jacobs. For many years it was occupied as a tavern by Haile Turner, the grandfather of the late Gov. Turner of Warren. In 1769 Mr. Turner sold the estate to Jonathan Diman and it remained in the possession of the Diman family for 110 years. The old tavern was torn down in June, 1879, and the residence of Col. Charles A. Greene now occupies the old site.

Just north, where Parmenas Skinner's house stands, was a house built by a Mr. Diman. Near the site, and just north of the Gilbert Norris house, stood the old Norris house. On the southeast corner of Hope and Oliver streets is the Isaac Manchester house, still standing; years ago Samuel Butts told the writer that in the year 1775, he was bound as an apprentice to a Mr. Wood to learn the art of a weaver; he was 16 years of age and lived in the above house; Mr. Butts thought it was an old house at that time. On the west side of Hope street, where the house of the late Samuel Thompson now stands, stood the Smith house, built by Benj. Smith. Just north of the last named, where the house that was owned by the late Leonard Bradford stands, was the West house.

A house at the southwest corner of Hope and Oliver streets. On the east side of Thames street, opposite the north end of the depot, was the Coggeshall house. The James White house stood on the north side of Oliver street, between High and Hope streets, near the barn of the late William Paull. The house at the northeast corner of Hope and Oliver streets, for many years owned by Henry S. Wood, was built by Nathaniel Bosworth (for his son), the same who built the Jas. DeWolf Perry house that lies just north of the creek; the south part of the house was built on by the late Judge Bosworth. The house on the west side of the Main road, just north of the bridge, owned by the late Wm. Harding, which is still standing (1890).

A few years later: "Another of Bristol's old houses is to be demolished, the Harding house, on the west side of the main road to Warren, a short distance north of the town bridge; this is another old landmark and must have been erected nearly two centuries ago. It has one of those 'cameleopard' roofs which

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

many of the early buildings of the eighteenth century had; time has made havoc with this old structure and it has nearly gone to pieces, although the large, old-fashioned chimney gives no evidence of decay. Its roof is mossgrown, and many of the inside boardings of the house can be seen bulging out here and there. During the great September gale of 1815 the water from the harbor came up under the house and one of the vessels in the harbor was blown up into the garden."

At the corner of Poppasquash road was the old Reed house. There was an old house that stood on Wind-mill point. Col. Nathaniel Byfield's farmhouse and summer residence was on Poppasquash, and stood where the late Stephen Church's east house now stands. The Reynolds house on the east side of the Main road, formerly owned by the late Samuel G. Reynolds, and now owned by John Post Reynolds, was built by Joseph Reynolds for his son; he built the Col. Wardwell house and the Potter house, so called, for another son; the last mentioned house stood north of the Samuel G. Reynolds house, near where the Wilson house now stands, and was the homestead of the D'Wolf family.

The next house on the west side of the Main road was owned by Mr. Throop; it stood where George Peckham's house now stands. The original Throop house stood on the east side of the Main road, on land formerly owned by the late Chas. Fales, just over the hill; the cellar is still there. The Throop family became quite numerous here but are now extinct, the last of the name, the late Judge William Throop, died several years ago.

Deacon John Cary, who was a brewer, built a house and brewery on the north side of Malt house lane, near what is known as the Hatch house. The lane originally went no farther east than Juniper lane, it then being the driveway for carriages to go to Swansey, of which Warren was then a part; this lane took its name from the malt house of Deacon Cary, who was the first deacon in the town. A house on the Judge Bradford farm, in west from the road, was built by Nathaniel Paine as his farmhouse; the cellar and well are still to be seen. The old Nathaniel Fales house, still standing on what is called the Middle road, leading to Broad Common, was built by Mr.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

Martindale. The Hayman house was on the west side of the Main road and near where the stone house of the late Mrs. Annie D'Wolf Swett now stands. Mr. Hayman bought out Nathaniel Oliver, one of the four original purchasers of the township, Oliver never having settled here. Mr. Hayman did not live many years, and he was the first buried in the old cemetery east of the Common, by his orders, six feet from the front wall. His house and farm became the property of the first Mr. Peck who settled here, and the homestead of that numerous family.

Judge Blaggrove's house was on Bristol Neck, a short distance south of the hill. John Saffin's house was near the old line between Bristol and Warren. On the old parchment plat, made by Capt. Samuel Woodbury, previous to 1684, there were three houses near Saffin's, and four at the northeast part of the town.

The first meeting-house was built in 1684 and stood just one hundred years; old people have told me that the timber was cut from the street and on the Common. Mr. William Cox, an old man when I was a boy, and a very intelligent man, told me that some of the carpenters that were building it, boarded at the Russell house that stood on Hope street, in the rear of the house of Mr. Martin Bennett. They had their dinner carried to them; one day their dinner did not come at the proper time; they waited until two o'clock, then sent a man to know the cause; he was told that the boy left with their dinner at 12 o'clock, so all hands that were working on the meeting-house turned out with horns to hunt for the lost boy; after quite a search they found him near what is now the Society's lands; the woods and underbrush were so thick that he got lost.

The meeting-house was square, three-story high, two tiers of galleries; the small steeple or tower was in the middle of the roof; Mr. Oliver furnished them with a bell providing they would pay the expense of transportation; a town meeting was called and a committee appointed to get the bell; as there was no money in the treasury they voted that if any gentlemen would

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

advance the money for getting the bell from Boston and hanging it in the steeple, together with a rope, the money should be deducted from their next rate.

“KING’S HIGHWAY”

THE Town Bridge was known as the North Bridge at one time. In 1721 it was referred to as Bosworth’s Bridge, or the bridge over the North Creek, to distinguish it from the South Bridge almost opposite Walker’s Island which, in the records of 1721, was called Walker’s Bridge. The South Creek, at one time, must have been almost as prominent a feature of the town, as the North Creek; the many changes along its banks within the last century, have almost caused us to forget that such a creek existed.

Before the bridge over the North Creek was built, the only way to get into the town by the way of the Neck road was along the “King’s Highway”. This highway is mentioned in the early records as far back as 1692. The route was Malt House Lane, along the lane bordering Juniper Hill Cemetery and down Crooked Lane into town.

There was another way to get into the town from the north, by the way of the “Back Road”. An old record dated April 15, 1752, sheds some light on this route: “Voted that Mr. Thomas Kinnicut be desired to make a new gate at the north end of the town, on the east side of the Neck, across the highway, and likewise to make a piece of stone wall to complete the fence across the said way.” (The gate was on the Back Road.) This was the fence just north of Crane’s lane which marked the boundary line between Bristol and Swansea, and which continued to be the northern limit of the town until a portion of its territory was annexed to Warren in 1873.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

"DADDY" BULLOCK, 1769-1876

MR. JOHN BULLOCK closed his long life at his residence on High street on Monday morning last, having attained the remarkable age of 106 years and 7 months. He was born in Rehoboth, Mass., June 4th, 1769, and came to this town in the year 1800, where he has ever since resided. His father held a lieutenant's commission in the Revolutionary War and at the battle of Stillwater, in October, 1777, received a wound of which he died a few days later.

Mr. Bullock was in the employ of Hon. James D'Wolf and family, for upwards of sixty years. Although having had no advantages of an education, he always took great interest in the affairs of the town. He voted for General Washington at his second election for President in 1793, being then 24 years of age. He walked to the Town Hall in 1872, with no other assistance than his cane and voted for General Grant.

Soon after he came to Bristol he married Sebra Thresher. They had eight children, five of whom are now living. Mr. Bullock had a strong, hardy constitution and enjoyed remarkable good health through life. It is said that he never used ardent spirits or tobacco in any form. His work was generally of the most laborious kind, such as sinking wells, blasting rocks, and clearing the land, still he never met with any serious accident and was seldom kept from work by illness. He has been about our streets until within a few months since, and his great age, feeble step, and bent and tottering form elicited the respect of those who met him.

January, 1876.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

BOURN'S TAVERN

"YEARS ago Bourn's Tavern stood where the present Post Office building now stands. It was removed in the year 1846 to Court street where it now (1866) stands."

Shearjashub Bourn, jr.,* was a merchant of the town and also proprietor of a public house which at one time was the only one in town. In the old days the Town Council and Court of Probate held their meetings at Bourn's Tavern and Mr. Bourn's bill for entertaining the town fathers in 1820 came to \$42.28 according to the records. It is safe to say that this entertainment provided for the town fathers was in the liquid form for the old records are full of entries giving in detail just how much they were in the habit of imbibing at the expense of the taxpayers of the town. In 1795 the selectmen ran up a staggering bill for "entertainment" at Stephen Wardwell's tavern (this tavern was located on Hope street on the site of the old Henry W. Peck house) where they regularly met to transact the town's affairs. Witness this:—Grog, Supers, boles of Tod, Punch, Dubel Boles of Punch (one wasn't enough), one father, and only one, took just a nip of punch. Brandy slings, pints of Rum, glasses of Brandy, also supers for 8 men and coffee for same. How in the name of heaven they were able to discuss town affairs, to say nothing of transacting, is beyond me. There are degrees of intoxication, there must have been, for an old book of Instructions in those matters says: "Where ye same legges which carry a man into a house cannot bring him out againe, it is Sufficient Sign of Drunkenness."

*His stone up in the North Burial Ground reads: Died 1821; aged 70 years.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

THE COURT HOUSE

Formerly known as "THE STATE HOUSE"

In General Assembly—May Session—1816

"RESOLVED that the General Assembly do accept a conveyance of the lot of land on the Common in Bristol, 200 feet square, and that a State House be immediately erected thereon according to the plan reported by the committee. That \$6000 be borrowed from the town of Bristol for that purpose."

Nathaniel Bullock who represented the Town of Bristol in 1816-17 in the General Assembly was a member of the committee at that time which looked after the State's interest.

"Contract between the Town of Bristol and Charles Shaw and Isaac Borden to build a Court House. 31st day of May, 1816,

by (for the town of Bristol)	{	John D'Wolf
		Wm. D'Wolf
		James D'Wolf
		Parker Borden
		Jacob Babbitt
		Giles Luther

"Said Court House to be 62 feet long in front—22 feet wide at the front end. The whole to be erected with stone laid in mortar and platide (*sic*) with good well-burnt Taunton bricks of as good quality as those of the Bristol Hotel and headed in every eighth course. The foundation stones to be of as good quality as those of the Baptist Meeting House in Bristol. The said Court House shall be located on the present site of the Mount Hope Academy, which building the contractors agree to remove and place 21 feet from the Methodist Chapel in a direction South from the Court House."

According to the records they agreed to pay the contractors \$5500. For the faithful performance of this contract, Chas.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

D'Wolf and Wm. Thorpe, jr. were surety on the contractors' bond to the amount of \$10,000.

Luke Drury and Edward Spalding's bill for writing contract and bonds for building the Court House was \$15.00. The old cancelled notes, still extant, signed by the Town Treasurer, John Howland, show that the Town of Bristol hired from time to time the necessary money to build the Court House, from the Commercial Bank of this town.

July 2, 1816.....\$1600.

Oct. 16, 1816.....\$1500.

Bristol, May 28, 1816—Town Committee to Shearjashub Bourn

8 Dinners 4.00

3 qts. Punch 1.50

3 pts. Rum 1.50

Baiting horses

for State Comm. .50

\$7.50

received payment

S. B.

Shearjashub kept a tavern in the village back in 1816, and from the old bill it would seem that the committee had a meeting at his place to talk over things.

In 1836, twenty years after the Court House was built, the editor of the *Bristol Gazette* had this to say: "We wish to congratulate our citizens upon the great improvement recently made in the Court House of this town; formerly it was as ill-contrived and inconvenient an edifice as could have been constructed with the same amount of brick and mortar. Now, thanks to the zeal of some of our representatives, we have as beautiful a room for judicial purposes as any in the State; our citizens may well be proud of it. Arrangements are in progress for fitting up the lower story as a town house. A room has long been needed here in which to hold our public meetings."

In the year 1870, Mr. Bennett J. Munro writing about the old Court House said: "The interior of the Court House in 1816

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

presented a very different appearance than it does today. The bench for the Court was on the north side and on the east where the desk for the Court now stands, was a large fireplace."

THE TOWN'S POOR FARM

A STORY concerning this old structure up on the Neck known as the "Poor Farm", situated on "Poor House Road" is interesting. According to tradition, Capt. Jim D'Wolf built this edifice, using the stone on his land, and when it was finished gave it to the town. At that time a fellow townsman said to him, "Why Captain D'Wolf, there'll never be need for such a large poor house in this small place." The old captain, who had already begun to be troubled at the tendency to increasing extravagance on the part of his sons, replied, with one of his quizzical smiles, "O, my grandsons will be coming to live on the farm yet, and they are accustomed to plenty of room."

The student of history, by careful research of the past, soon learns that traditions are rarely true in their entirety and are of little value when at variance with recorded facts. A search of the town's records for the year 1822, the year that the farm was built, shows that the facts and the traditional account of the gift of the farm to the town are not in accord. There is no record of the gift, instead we find in the Town Meeting records of Nov. 16, 1822: "House of Industry" (that is what they called it in those days)—"Contracted with Mr. Benj. Norris to build said house for \$3500." The records of April 17, 1822, show that earlier in the year the town had purchased the land for \$2500.

CASTLE ISLAND BEACON

MAY, 1927: "Our old familiar stone Beacon on Castle Island in Bristol harbor which has given its silent warnings since the days of the old square-riggers will soon have a modern acetylene light we have been advised by the Superintendent of Lighthouses for this district."

It may be of interest to record here the information relating to the erection of the first stone beacon on Castle Island as found in the original contract: August 16, 1824—"This agreement between Christopher Ellery, Collector, and Superintendent of lighthouses in the State of Rhode Island, on the part of the United States, and Nehemiah Cole of Bristol, in said State, mason. Witnesseth, That, for and in consideration of the sum of Three hundred dollars, to be paid on completing the work to be done as hereinafter set forth (which work is to be performed under the inspection, and to the satisfaction, of the Hon. James D'Wolf and the said superintendent) the said Nehemiah shall forthwith commence and without delay go on to erect a beacon upon Castle Island near said Bristol, at the place where the beacon now there is situated: which beacon shall be built of good and sufficient stones, to be firmly laid, without mortar, in a workman-like manner, so as to secure a lasting stability to the building, which is to be of the height of twenty-four feet, to be formed circularly, of the diameter of twelve feet at the base and six feet at the top: the foundation of the same to be laid at about three feet below the present surface of the Island, or at low watermark: and the said beacon now there standing to be taken up, and so built firmly into the beacon to be erected as to rise perpendicularly from the centre thereof to a sufficient and proper height in order to become and serve as an additional beacon, or continuation in height of the four and twenty feet of stone work aforesaid.

"The three hundred dollars aforesaid to be in full satisfaction for the materials to be used in building the beacon, and for the

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

labour thereon, and it is to be finished and whitewashed in a handsome manner, the whole of the expense of the beacon thus completed to be borne by said Nehemiah for the consideration aforesaid. The stone work to be solid, and the stones to be long and large as the nature of the structure will allow.

"In witness whereof the parties have hereto set their hands and seals interchangeably, this 16th day of August, eighteen hundred, twenty-four."

"Sealed and delivered in the presence of A. Thurston."

"CHRIST. ELLERY (Seal)

NEHEMIAH COLE (Seal)"

The first beacon was evidently a "spindle" type, a keg on a staff, which was in 1824 placed in the centre of and projected through the top of the stone beacon. The present beacon is probably the one built in 1824, but at sometime the old "keg spindle" was struck by lightning and destroyed, and then replaced by the present black ball and staff.

OLD BRISTOL "COLORED FOLKS"

By GEORGE H. COOMER

WITHIN the present century, the colored population of Bristol, once so considerable, has diminished to a mere remnant. Long years ago, the town had its "Goree" and its "Gambia", and such in very truth they were; for a blackness overshadowed them. "Goree" and "Gambia" were far from containing all the children of Ham who had their home within Bristol bounds. There was scarcely a household of any pretensions which had not its colored retainer, male or female; and it was by no means unusual for a well-to-do family to keep a great many of these faithful helpers. The farmhouses were no exception; every one of them had its black man or woman, and some had half a dozen. How much I have heard of them from the old people who are now gone.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

On Bristol Neck, for example, there was no end of negroes. My great-grandfather had several, one of whom, old Charles, had, when a boy, been purchased by him for two bags of coffee. Another was old Morea, one of the most faithful creatures that ever lived, and whom the British scared frightfully during their raid in 1778, when they stopped her as she was lugging two big hams from the house to the swamp. Charles and Morea, although nominally slaves, in reality took the command of things, and were permitted by their master to do just as they pleased; they were worthy of the trust, those loyal old darkeys, all thoughtfulness and affection.

George Loudon was another African, who figured on the Neck, and who finally married Lucy, one of my grandfather's slaves. He could swim like a fish, and one time while navigating a scow loaded with wood, on the Warren River, he leaped overboard in chase of a loon which had dived near the boat. When he came to the surface the old negro had the loon tucked under his arm.

Mr. Newby Coggeshall, who lived on the farm now occupied by Mr. William H. Simmons, had a number of negroes, one of whom was called Aunt Peg. She was bitten by a mad dog and soon died. In the intervals of her spasms she would charge those around her not to come near her during her convulsions, lest she should bite them. Poor old Peg, considerate and faithful to the last.

Bill Gardner was another of the Coggeshall negroes; but this was after the old gentleman had given up the management of the farm to his sons, William and Henry. One day the colored man started for Warren with a load of hay drawn by an ox team. Mr. Coggeshall, old and feeble, came out of the gate and began stumping along behind, probably thinking his presence was needed. This touched Bill's pride in a tender spot. Stopping his team, and throwing back his pitch mop head, he strode directly up to the old man, handing him the whip stock. "Old Massa," he said, "if you are going to drive this team up to Warren, take the whip and go along, and I'll go back to my

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

work. Massa Bill and Massa Harry won't have you tagging after them, and I ain't going have you tagging after me." "Well, Willie," replied the old gentleman mildly, "you can go on then—I was thinking that you might want somebody to go along with you, that was all."

This simply illustrates a state of things then almost universal. The trusty black servants felt more pride than their masters in attending to all the details of the farm or household; and resented any attempt or interference. They were proud of any superiority in their masters way of living, even the most trivial.

Mr. John Peck had a negro named Caesar, upon whom the responsibility always devolved of salting down the pork when the swine were slaughtered in the fall. The large, solid pieces to which tails had been attached were the first to be placed in the huge tub, and, of course, the last to be taken out. It was a sure sign that you were getting down near the bottom when such a chunk was fished up out of the pickle. But this in Mr. Peck's case never happened till late in the next fall. It would in Caesar's opinion have been a disgraceful thing to have had it occur earlier. It chanced that once in haying time, the old colored man was sent to assist a neighboring farmer for a day. When the dinner came around, there was upon the table an unusually fine cube of solid pork. But Caesar saw at a glance that it was a tail piece, and knew that the bottom tier had been reached. Yet it was only the first of July. What a meagre store there must have been, he thought. The farmer, however, appeared to be very proud of what his board so temptingly presented, little thinking how his sable guest was inwardly pitying him. "Caesar," he asked, with an air of intense satisfaction, "does your Massa Peck have such a piece of pork as that on his table?" "Not this time of year, sah," replied the good old darkey; and his host had no further observations to make in that direction. There was another black Caesar, of whom many of us have heard. This was Caesar Walker, the sexton of St. Michael's Church, who, after fleeing before the British at the time of their inroad upon Bristol, could not be made to

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

believe that they had burned his beloved edifice, because, as he said, he had the key in his pocket. The old sexton when referring to his church always called it "the Church of England."

One cannot help thinking that the Bristol negroes of other days were upon the whole a very happy lot; for they fared as well as their masters, had all the freedom that they cared for, and were sufficiently numerous to keep each other in countenance.

BRISTOL, A SLEEPY LITTLE VILLAGE

DURING the summer of 1826 a series of articles were published in a Philadelphia paper, headed "Sketches of New England". One of the articles was devoted to Bristol. Witness what our visitor had to say about the little village of those days:

"Bristol is still true to its name. It is a bit of old England stranded on the shore of a new continent. It is completely off from every line of travel, and tenaciously holds its own, unvexed by the whirl of traffic and the furor of controversy. It is probably the only community in America that still celebrates Guy Fawkes' day. His memory is commemorated every year on the 5th of November."

Our visitor then went on to state: "Bristol is not a mercenary town—The storekeepers actually part with the goods on their shelves with the greatest reluctance. For instance a farmer went into a store here a few days since, to get some paint—he was going to paint his barn. 'It don't need it,' said the old storekeeper. 'Now sit down on that barrel there and I'll show you in a very few minutes it won't pay.' So the farmer sat on the barrel while the sagacious old merchant talked him out of painting his barn, by explaining to him that wood when in its natural state lasts much longer.

"While passing along Thames street (in those days all the stores were down on Thames street) it was then midday, I asked, 'Why are all the shops closed?' 'It is dinner time—they always shut up for dinner and supper,' my companion informed me.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

'But the keys are in the doors.' 'That's so that folks, if they are in a hurry can go in and wait on themselves,' he explained.

"By nine o'clock or half past, the people are mostly abed, the lights are out and the only ones astir are the night watch, which are on duty only during the long winter months.

"The town is full of old retired salts and sea captains who have followed the sea for years, and having saved enough to carry them through their declining years, have come ashore to finish out their days. Bristol is famous for longevity among its inhabitants, which fact is clearly proved by the number of old persons seen on the streets and the inscriptions on the gravestones; an aged gentleman stated to me in conversation on the subject that if a person died under 70 years of age it was looked upon as a premature death.

"Queer looking houses, all very old, line the elm-shaded streets. Some of the most pretentious of these old structures have ornate fronts with fluted columns and Ionic capitals. The half-moon windows over the front doors are in keeping with the rest of the house.

"In the graveyard are headstones of slate bearing inscriptions of Queen Anne's time. For a quiet, quaint place, out of the path of the jostling throng and yet easily accessible, I know of no place equal to Bristol."

J. GLADDING & CO., BOOKBINDERS

Jan. 28, 1896 — "Rev. Geo. L. Locke, D.D., has lately purchased a book which is of considerable historical interest locally. It is the "Life and Adventure of Robinson Crusoe, with Life of the Author," and was published in Bristol, R. I., in the year 1837, by J. Gladding & Co.

"A word about Mr. John Gladding, whose imprint appears on its title page, should be of interest at this time. Mr. Gladding was a zealous Methodist of those early days; he carried on the bookbinding business over the store now occupied by James A. Miller, on Bradford St. He issued a number of other works besides this one, mostly those of standard British authors."

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

A LITTLE over 100 years ago (1835-36), a young lad, at the time 27 years old, was setting type in the printing office of the old *Bristol Gazette* (the paper which preceded the early *Phoenix*). Sixty years later, in the year 1895, this same young printer, then an old man of 87 years, wrote a very interesting account of those early days when he helped William H. S. Bayley, the editor, get out his regular Saturday sheet which at that time was printed in the old brick Bank Building, on Thames street, where the early Bristol merchants, William D'Wolf, and his younger brother, Capt. James, conducted their vast and profitable shipping business.

At that time Mr. Bayley, along with his newspaper business, carried on book printing for J. Gladding & Co., Mr. Gladding being a relative of the late Peter Gladding, who held the office of town clerk for many years. Among the various books he published at that time were the works of "Josephus", "Life of Andrew Jackson", "Swiss Family Robinson", "Robinson Crusoe", "The Lady of the Lake", "Life and Trial of Ephraim K. Avery", and several other works. These books were printed for, and published by, the above mentioned firm, who were at that time booksellers and stationers and carried on quite an extensive trade in that line, their place of business being situated in the store now occupied by James A. Miller on Bradford street, and their bookbindery in the upper part of the building. Nathaniel Church, grandfather of Everett L. Church, was foreman in the binding part of the business. They employed several hands, among whom was the late John B. Gough, the great temperance reformer and lecturer, but who at that time was not averse to the "cup that cheers".

Many of these books can still be found among the older generation and their descendants, the writer having a few copies now in his possession. Some of the books were illustrated with colored plates, which were painted by Mr. Gladding's sister, who kept a little private school in a small building which stood in the rear of the residence now occupied by Mr. Edward Phillips on Bradford street, on the spot where his stable now stands.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

In time Mr. Gladding removed to Philadelphia, where there was a wider field in his line; there he carried on the business under the firm name of Gladding & Friend, and established a fine business. It was then that Mr. Bayley gave up the book-printing part of his business.

THE DAYS OF LONG AGO IN BRISTOL

THE only way we of today have of learning about the lives and times of the people who lived in the earlier days is by reading the old accounts that have been handed down. It is then the invisible forms of earlier inhabitants become all but visible to one possessing some knowledge of what the place was years ago.

The last few months, while writing these articles, I have tried to create anew the atmosphere of years ago and bring back these people that we might meet them and come to know them. The many people we have been reading about lived their lives in this very town just the same as you and I are doing today. They walked the same streets, they drove over the same roads in their old-fashioned chaises, only remember their rigs were not out of date at the time they drove proudly through our streets one hundred years ago.

Miss Middleton in her interesting account, tells about the members of her family all down on the steamboat wharf awaiting the arrival of the Bradford Durfee. It was the year 1854 and her mother, at the time a young matron, was expected from her home in Charleston, South Carolina; but on account of a severe storm, she failed to arrive. "Tell Annie that her expected coming stirred us to the very depths. On the morning of the 20th, you should have seen the gatherings at the wharf. Aunt Maria with her new carriage, Pa and Ma with their new buggy, Abby with her carriage, all with eager faces watching the approach of the Durfee."

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

Folks in those days had to go to the post office for their mail, probably one mail a day, brought in by the mail stage. The post office was located wherever the postmaster carried on his regular business, for the postal business was only a side line in the olden days. Back in the year 1830 when Dr. Briggs was the postmaster, the office was upstairs in the small building on the north side of State street, where "Blondie Rawson" used to keep a saloon. Folks had to go up a flight of steps that was on the outside of the building, on the east side. You can picture the regular evening gathering about this quaint little post office, where everybody knew everybody, idling away the time in discussing current events of the town, while waiting for the mail to be sorted.

Sometimes later we read of his office on Hope street, for in 1838 he advertises in the local paper of a tenement to let over the Post Office, on Hope street.

Years ago a lady, who was a little girl when the only mode of travel was by stage, wrote an interesting account of those olden days and the arrival of the regular evening stage as it came into the village over the north bridge. The bridge then was a real wooden affair, probably not very wide, and made of heavy timbers.

"It was our keen ears that first detected the rumble of the heavy coach as it came over the town bridge and entered the town and we gave the signal that called for the setting of lamps in the front windows and the gathering of the family to welcome the expected guests."

An old account that has recently come to light concerning the Deacon Nathaniel Bosworth house situated at Silver Creek, gives some new information about the town bridge as it was in 1680. This was before there was a church in the town and a small gathering of zealous and devout Christians used to assemble in this old house for evening meetings of prayer. "The people living south of the creek, where the town bridge now stands, being conveyed across the creek on rafts built of floating timbers."

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

REV. HENRY WIGHT, D.D., 1752-1837

"PARSON" WIGHT was born of pious parents in Medfield, Mass., May 26, 1752. He entered Harvard University in the class of 1778 and graduated in 1782. During his course of studies the college was disbanded for an entire year; during which time with many other sons of Harvard he joined and served in the Army of his country. After his graduation he turned his attention to the ministry and was ordained as pastor of the Catholic Congregational Church of this village, January 5, 1785. He died August 12, 1837, in the 86th year of his age, after a successful ministry of 52 years.

"Dr. Wight was a noticer of passing events. He kept a record of events, even of those of the most minute; and it is believed that no occurrence of moment has transpired about him to his knowledge, for the past 70 years, which may not be found faithfully recorded in his diary. In his ecclesiastical records, many have had occasion to learn the strict fidelity with which they have been kept."

In his sermon in the year 1817, on the 32d anniversary of his settlement here, he stated that the church, at the time of his ordination, consisted of 36 members, 7 males and 29 females. "Since that time I have admitted to our holy communion 239. I have buried 80; and there now remain alive 195. I have delivered more than 2800 discourses from this sacred desk. Under my ministry 420 have received the sacrament of Baptism, and 412 have been united in marriage.

"The inhabitants in the village in January, 1785 were in a number about 1400. Since that time there have died about 1300; which makes the average number of deaths each year about 40. Of the 1300 who have departed this life in the above time, 185 of the number have died abroad in the seafaring business; most of these were young men in the prime of life."

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

EXCERPTS FROM "PARSON" WIGHT'S RECORDS

"AN ACCOUNT of the buildings erected in the town of Bristol, R. I. since May 25, 1778, when the British burned the west part of the village." (The entries start in 1785, the year he was ordained as pastor of the Congregational Church)

1785—Captain Charles D'Wolf repaired his house on Thames street.

1786—House of Widow Betsy D'Wolf on Hope street.

1787—Capt. John D'Wolf—a large house on his Farm.

1789—House of William D'Wolf on Hope street—also a barn to Ditto. (This was the old Cushman house which was on the site of the Hasbrouck Block. It was moved to the east side of upper Wood street, years ago; it is still standing in 1942)

1791—The first Bristol Academy, west side of the public square (Common). (This was the only public building standing on the front of the Common at that time; it stood where the present Court House, which was erected in 1817, now stands)

1792—House of Allen Wardwell on Hope street (Herbert F. Bennett house)

1792—House of Gov. Wm. Bradford at the corner of Hope and Court streets (Col. Sam'l Norris house)

1793—House of Royal Diman on Hope street.

1793—A Grain Wind Mill on the public square. (This spider wind-mill which was later moved to a lot near the head of the harbor, was erected by Nathaniel Smith and Shearjashub Bourn)

1794—A large store of Capt. Charles D'Wolf on his wharf.

1795—The first academy moved to the land of James D'Wolf, May 1st.

1795—The new academy raised west of the public square.

1795—Store of James D'Wolf on his wharf.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

1795—House of John Gladding, jun'r, near the South Wind Mill. (This is the old Gladding house still standing at the junction of Hope and Walley streets)

1795—Coach house of Capt. Charles D'Wolf.

1796—House of Capt. Isaac Liscomb on Hope street. (The 1851 map shows this house on the N.W. corner of Hope and Union streets)

1797—House of Benj. Bourn, Esq. repaired, near the N. tide bridge. (This is the Perry homestead at Silver Creek)

1797—House of James D'Wolf on the west side of Mt. Hope Farm.

1797—Bank house of James and William D'Wolf on Thames street.

1798—House of Parker Borden on Hope street.

1798—Town bridge made wider—Cost \$800. (This bridge was known as the North Bridge. In the records of 1721, it was referred to as Bosworth's Bridge, or the bridge over the North Creek, to distinguish it from the South Bridge, almost opposite Walker's Island. In the records of 1721, this bridge was called "Walker's Bridge".

1799—House for Fire Engine No. 1, on Thames street.

1800—Gun-House for the Artillery Co., east of the Public Square. (In August, 1843, Wm. R. Taylor was appointed a committee to dispose of the old Gun-House on the Common)

1801—Brick house of Rev. Henry Wight, corner of High and Bradford sts. (This old house is still standing on the N.W. corner)

1804—Brick Masonic Hall and schoolhouse, N.W. corner of the Public Square. (The "Old Brick School House")

1804—A 3-story brick house for the Insurance Co., on Court street. (This is the old Bristol Hotel, still standing on the south side of State street. Court street, in those days, was our present State street. It got its name because of the old Court House which stood in the middle of the street, a few rods east of Hope street.)

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

1805—Methodist Church, west of the Public Square. (This old church was located on the site of the Byfield school. It was moved across the Common, in 1872, to the west side of Wood street, and for many years was used as an armory by the Bristol Light Infantry Company)

1807—House of John Howe on Hope street.

1808—3 Story House of Jas. D'Wolf—East of the Town ("The Mount")

1808—House of Parker Borden, enlarged—Hope street.

1810—A Splended House of George D'Wolf—Hope street (Linden Place)

1810—House of Dr. Foster on Hope street.

1810—Wharf of Tho^s Church, Thames street.

1810—Wooden Stores of Tho^s Church on Thames st.

1811—House of James D'Wolf on High street. (This is the Alexander Perry house on the N.W. corner of High and Union streets. Mr. Perry was a grandson of the old Senator)

1811—House of James LeBaron on Church street. (The Church Street House)

1814—Stone Chapel of the Baptist Church, on High street—West of the Public Square.

1815—The stable of James D'Wolf, on Jail Lane. (Why Capt. D'Wolf was building a stable on Jail Lane had me puzzled for a long time. We shall have to go back to the year 1883, the year that the Burnside Memorial Building was erected. At that time there was a large house on the site; the house was moved to the east side of lower High street, next north of the Codman estate. This house was built by Capt. James D'Wolf in the year 1793, hence the stable in the rear, on Jail Lane. The 1851 map shows the house and the owner's name, Alexander Perry. In 1937 the property was acquired by Mrs. Annie R. Dixon, and under the supervision of Mr. George L. Millard restored to its original plan as to details of that period. It is one of the finest examples of colonial restoration in the state, complete to the smallest details, and for generations to come will be a lasting memorial of the architecture of that period.)

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

1817—A brick building for the Commercial Bank on Hope street. (This is still standing on the S.W. corner of Hope and Bradford streets. Back in the seventies it was known as the "Fales Bldg.". Our town fathers occupied the second floor as "Council Chambers" and Peter Gladding, the old town clerk, had his office there. At a later date, in the nineties, the room was occupied by the Y.M.C.A. The entrance was on Bradford street, up one flight, and later when the Providence Telephone Co. bought the building, the entrance was bricked up.)

There seems to be quite a lapse here. It is not probable that building construction in the village ceased entirely, for the present Court House on High street was erected in 1817.

1821—House of Richard Smith Esq. on Hope street.

1822—A stone house for the poor, an asylum, built on the town farm, one mile north of the Village—at the same time the east end of sd farm was allotted for Town burying place.

1822—The Foundation of Jas. D'Wolf's Stone Block was laid June 21st—But the house was not finished.

1824—Stone barn of James D'Wolf on High street. (This is the Capt. Benj. Brayton house on the west side of High St.)

1825—George D'Wolf failed and sold his large house on Hope street (Linden Place) to his father for \$30,000.

1828—Meeting house of William Lawless on Jail Lane. (This William Lawless was the father of the late Capt. James Lawless; he lived in a little house, years ago, that stood on the site of the Codman mansion, on the east side of lower High street. Mr. Lawless was an "elder" of the Christian church in those days, and some of the aged people in town, living at the turn of the century, used to tell of his sitting in his back doorway, summer evenings, singing gospel hymns, his voice carrying all through that section of the neighborhood)

1828—A new stone jail in Jail Lane, east of Hope street.

1828—James D'Wolf bought (from the Commercial Bank) the house of George D'Wolf which cost \$60,000, for \$5150. (The Linden Place).

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

EXCERPTS FROM DIARY
OF "PARSON" WIGHT, 1787

REV. Dr. Henry Wight, who for 52 years was pastor of the First Congregational Church from 1785-1837, was born in Medfield, Mass., in 1752.

Jan. 10—The C. C. Committee to see me to consult about my house.

Jan. 29—The Committee meet at my house. There was much snow the past month and very cold.

Feb. 7—Sunday Communion is postponed on account of the severely cold weather, the coldest we have had this winter. The harbor is frozen over as far down as Hog Island.

March 3—A storm of snow.

March 4 and 5—The storm continues; 9 inches have fallen.

March 7—A sleet of snow.

March 9—A sleeting snow.

April 1—To Church, preached from 2 Cor. 5:11—P.M., the same. Administered the sacrament. Am reading Dr. Watt's "Revival of Religion". William White, our sexton died today of consumption, aged 70 years.

April 16—Fair wind west. Scipio Burt is helping John garden the first seeds that I have put into the ground.

April 18—Wm. Easterbrooks sowing my flax.

April 19—Fair, wind northwest, very cold, a frost.

April 20—Very cold.

April 21—Some snow. At 3 P.M. rode to Dighton (horseback). So cold as to freeze my horse's breath onto his beard.

May 1, Tuesday—A shower of rain with heavy thunder and lightning. William Easterbrooks hoeing sets in my planting field. To several places. To Mrs. Bourn's. 5 o'clock a shower of rain. Evening more rain.

May 2—Fair, wind west. John is setting rareripe onions. Bot-

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

ting my cyder. Evening to Nath'l Waldron, 2nd and William Fales.

May 3—Fair, wind west, cool. at 9 o'clock rode to Mr. Roger-son's (Rhehoboth). Dined with Mr. Townsend (Barrington). Drank tea with Dea. Smith. Bought a three year old heifer for \$11. To Maj. Bradford's. Nine o'clock, home.

May 4th—Fair, south wind, warm. Brothers Job and John go to Rhehoboth for my cow. Studying. Go to the barn with John to take care of my new cow.

May 5th—Fair, south wind. Feel quite unwell. To see James West, sick. Evening, studying.

May 6th—Cloudy and warm. To church. P.M., same. Gen. Miller and Wm. Ellery to hear me. Am reading Atkinson's sermons. Evening, several gentlemen to see me. Had a sing. A severe thunder storm.

May 7th—Cloudy, south wind and rain. To divers places. Wrote billets to Rev. Mr. Hopkins, Rev. Mr. Patten and Mr. Shepard at Little Compton. To see James West, very sick. To William D'Wolf's, child sick. P.M. Wm. Easterbrooks harrowing my land for planting. Evening, to Dea. Munro's and Benj. Wardwell's.

May 8th—Fair, south wind. Planting with Wm. Easterbrook and Royal Sanford. In the evening to Aaron Bourn's, Wm. Russel's and Nath'l Munro's, 2nd.

May 9th—South wind, very warm. Planting with John and Scipio Burt. Dropped the corn myself. To see James West, very sick. Am reading Guthrie's Geography.

May 10th—To several places, rain.

May 11th—A violent storm of wind and rain. To William D'Wolf's, child sick.

May 12th—Cold, storm continues.

May 13th—Storm continues. We have had a great rain. To church and preached. Col. George Leonard of Norton to hear me. After services, reading. Evening (company)

May 14—South wind, moist air, To several places. P.M. to Warren. Bought things of John Croade. To Jona. Peck's and

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

drank tea. Polly Ingraham had a fit. Eight o'clock, home. Cool and damp.

May 15th—Cloudy and cool. To divers places. Am preparing for Convention. P.M., Rev. Mr. Rogerson, Dea. James Green, Messrs. Abel Flint and Jonathan Gould arrive. They drank tea with me. The two young gentlemen lodge with us.

May 16—South wind, clouds. Up early to divers places. The Rev. Mr. Townsend comes, then we form into Convention. Mr. Townsend was chosen Moderator and myself scribe. After looking up to God by prayer we proceeded to examine Abel Flint, Jonathan Gould and Job Wight, for the work of the Ministry. After dinner we came to the church and Mr. Flint preached a sermon from Psalms 90:12, to good acceptance. The gentlemen were all approbated and licensed to preach. After services Mr. James Brown and Robbins Tator of Providence drank tea with us. We then rode with them to the Brown's Seat on Poppasquash. Had refreshments and home at sunset. Was called early this morning to see the wife of Esq. Fales who was sick, but found her dead when I got there. May 17—Cloudy, south wind. Several gentlemen called to see us. At 9 o'clock Messrs. Flint and Gould and Dea. Green left for Providence. To several places with Messrs. Townsend and Rogers. Dined on a fine bass. P.M.—Rode with them and brother Job to Warren. Drank tea with Samuel Burr; 9 o'clock home.

May 18—Fair. Helping put some wall at my large pasture. P.M.—To the funeral of Mrs. Fales; to the house; followed in procession to the meeting house; made a speech and prayer; then to the grave; a large funeral; drank tea with the mourners.

May 19—Cloudy. Jonathan Gould came and lodged with me.

May 20—South wind. Some rain. Mr. Gould preached for me. Am reading. Am preparing to journey. Evening—Several gentlemen to see me.

May 21—Fair and cool. Start for Medfield.

June 1—Return to Bristol.

June 4—The Church committee meet at my house.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

June 6—This day I am 35 years old. Blessed be God that I still live. May I live more to His glory in future, and be prepared for a happy Immortality.

June 7—To see my people digging my cellar.

June 10—Sunday, hot. To Church. Preached. Administered the Sacrament. Baptized William Coggeshall's three daughters, Mary, Martha, and Sarah.

June 12—Benjamin Wardwell killed my calf. Dr. Baylies dined with us on calves head, etc.

June 18—Foggy. To divers places. To Col. Church's; to Capt. Jonathan Peck's; to Loring Peck's; to see Polly Ingraham, better.

June 20—Hot. Studying. P.M.—To Mt. Hope with brother Job and Dr. Baylies. Went fishing with the ladies. We caught 20 tautog. Drank tea. Home at 8 o'clock.

July 5—Very hot. Rode in chaise with Mr. Potter (Simeon) to the Rev. Mr. Rogerson's and dined. Took tea with Mr. Townsend. 8 o'clock, home. To Stephen Smith's and married Daniel Diman to Miss Mary Smith.

July 16—To several places. Dined with Capt. Charles D'Wolf. Joseph Diman and Wm. Wood begin to mow my ten acre lot.

July 17—Fair. Am making hay with brothers Job and John.

July 21—The inhabitants of this town are using their utmost efforts to prepare their rareripe onions for the market, and I find that 16,000 bunches have been sent out of town this week.

Aug. 6—Deacons Diman, Wardwell and Munro, with Capt. Reynolds meet at my house, when the latter brought some trifling charges against me, at last charged me with preaching the late Mr. Burt's sermons. I then demanded of him to prove it, but at it was late, we adjourned to some future time. He is the strangest man I ever met in my life.

Aug. 22—Very hot. The General Assembly collect here this day for some secret and unaccountable reason, but disperse without doing any business.

Aug. 26—The Society begins to raise my house.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

Sept. 2—Sunday, cool. To Church. Preached. Read a letter missive from the church in Little Compton to the church in Bristol, for assistance on the 19th. Jeremiah Finney and Deacon Munro were chosen to attend the pastor on that occasion.

Sept. 7—In the evening the church met at my house with Capt. Reynolds who said he could not support his charge of Aug. 6. After looking up to God by prayer, I then declared to him positively that I had never preached one of Mr. Burt's sermons. He said he was satisfied with my declaration and acknowledged that through a deep rooted prejudice he had been mistaken. He then said if I have injured your character, I am sorry for it. My answer was: I can freely forgive you. We then took each other by the hand, and finally settled all differences. We then sang a hymn and separated to our lodgings.

Sept. 17—Monday. Cool. Am preparing to journey to Little Compton to an ordination.

Sept. 18—Up early. Set out at 9 o'clock with Mrs. Amarantia Munro (my housekeeper), Dea. Munro and brother Job, over Bristol and Howland ferries, to Abraham Brown's, where we dined; found there the Rev. Ephraim Judson and wife, and John Smith and wife.

P.M.—Rode to Little Compton to Col. Nath'l Church's; to Dea. Taylor's; to Capt. George Simmons'; there met an Ecclesiastical Council. Examined the candidate, Mr. Mace Shepard; gave the parts to the several gentlemen and at 8 o'clock adjourned the council until tomorrow, 9 o'clock; then rode with Mr. Smith to Col. Wm. Richmond's; supped and lodged.

Sept. 19—Cloudy, strong south wind, likely to rain. To Widow Palmer's. Mrs. Amarantia dressed my hair. To Sam'l Gray's. To the council. 10 o'clock—it begins to rain fast. Rev. Mr. Hitchcock and Dea. Green came. At 11 o'clock, we rode to the meeting house where I had the honor to begin the solemnities of the ordination with prayer; then sang. Rev. Ephraim Judson preached the sermon. Mr. Smith the ordaining prayer at the laying on of hands. Mr. Hopkins gave the charge; Mr. Patten the right hand of fellowship; Mr. Judson, 2nd, the concluding

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

prayer; then closed with singing. The audience observed great decorum and attention. The storm is violent with wind and rain. We all repaired to the council house where I saw Dr. John Haskins and a Mr. Stone of Boston. We dined; a social time with the ladies and gentlemen. At 5 o'clock, rode to our lodgings with Mr. Hitchcock very fast as the storm increased. Spent an agreeable evening at Col. Richmond's. Supped on tautog, coffee, etc. 12 o'clock—to bed; slept poorly. A dreadful storm. O Lord, have mercy on the poor seamen.

Sept. 20—Cloudy, wind southwest. To Mrs. Palmer's. Mrs. Munro dressed my hair. To Col. Church's; to Esq. Simmon's; dined at Col. Church's with Mr. Patten. P.M.—to lecture house. Mr. Hitchcock preached.

Sept. 21—After breakfast took my horse and proceeded to Bristol.

Sept. 28—Thomas Waldron took me in his small cedar boat to the Island of Patience where I dined with Mr. Slocum. We then proceeded to East Greenwich to Judge Mumford's and drank tea. To William Green, 2nd, and lodged.

Sept. 30—At 10 o'clock to the Court House, preached. P.M.—preached.

Oct. 1—1 o'clock, set out for Bristol. To Patience Island in 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ hours, from there to Bristol, 1 h. 26 m. A brisk wind; some wet in the boat coming home. Am reading Dr. Channing on Universal Salvation.

Oct. 5—My carpenters go on well. Capt. Josiah Wardwell returns from Jamaica in 32 days.

Oct. 7—To church. Administered the Sacrament. P.M.—Heard brother Job Wight preach for the first time. He performed exceedingly well. Am reading Dr. Mayhew on Justification. A heavy frost tonight.

Oct. 20—Rode to Little Compton, to preach the next day. Met Miss Alice Burnington (who became his wife) for the first time.

Oct. 18—To Stephen Wardwell's and married Mr. Elisha May to Miss Hannah Wardwell.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

Oct. 31—My grandmother Wight died, aged 103 years—born in 1684.

Nov. 25—Married Thomas West and Catherine Manning.

Nov. 29—We kept Thanksgiving. I preached from Psalms 99:1. Mrs. Burt, Widow Bennett Munro and Anna McCarty dined with us.

Dec. 3—At the new house all day. Wm. Cary plasters my kitchen.

Dec. 11—Wm. Easterbrooks killed my hog which weighed 350 lbs. Mrs. Amarantia Munro is not well and seems affronted with me (probably on account of his frequent visits to Tiverton to see Miss Burnington).

Dec. 25—To church to hear Mr. John Usher preach a Christmas sermon from John 3:19. Dined with him. Evening, to Capt. Chas. D'Wolf's.

Dec. 26—Rode to Swansea with Col. Patten. P.M.—About some ministerial land in Swansea belonging to the Congregational interest; now in the hands of the Quakers.

Dec. 28—Hall, my carpenter, finishes work on my house, but in a most shocking manner.

Dec. 30—Am packing my things to move tomorrow, (God willing).

Dec. 31—With the assistance of Jonathan Diman, Benj. Wardwell, John Howland, Benj. Norris, Jonathan Russell, Newton Waldron, man, horse and cart, I move my household furniture, etc., from Jonathan Diman's to the new Parish House belonging to the C. C. Society. Lodged in my house for the first time. My family consists of myself; Mrs. Amarantia Munro, my housekeeper, her daughter Hannah; and John, my servant boy. Evening—After having read the 26th chapter of Scriptures and blessed God for the goodness of his Providence the year past, for providing me so comfortably an habitation, etc., I retired to rest and slept sweetly under the shadow of God Almighty's wing. Twenty-five persons died in Bristol in 1787.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

THE MIDDLE DISTRICT SCHOOL

*Address by Charles O. F. Thompson
at Taft School Club Meeting, Oct. 9, 1941*

MR. CHAIRMAN, Members of the Taft School Club, and guests—assembled here tonight to commemorate the one hundredth anniversary of this historic old schoolhouse:

First—I want to thank the Committee for their kind invitation to take part in these exercises—and to congratulate them on the fine work they have done.

This old Middle District School, as it was called for so many years, has always been of interest to me. Although born and brought up in that part of our town where one is known as a “downtowner,” there is, nevertheless, a tender spot within my heart for this old school—for, years ago, back in the 1850-60’s, my father, his several brothers, and their only sister, my dear aunt, Mary Ella, all attended this very school. At that time my grandfather, Capt. Joseph Stanton Thompson, one of the leading shipbuilders of those days, lived in, and, I think, owned the Sam Drury Wardwell house on the corner of Poppasquash Road and Hope street—so, quite naturally, the Thompson tribe all trooped up the Neck road, day after day, to school.

At the time this schoolhouse was erected, John Tyler was the president of our 65 year young republic. The years 1841-42 were stirring times, for those were the days of political giants—when such men as John Quincy Adams, Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, John C. Calhoun, and many other famed men were making history in the halls of our Congress at Washington.

At this time a few words about the people, who 100 years ago were shaping the affairs of this village, should not be out of place. One hundred years as measured by the average span of life, called a generation, is a long time, and many generations have come and gone since this old schoolhouse was erected.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

The school committee for the year 1841 was made up as follows: The Reverend Doctor Thomas Shepard, pastor of the Congregational Church, was Chairman of that body; Dr. Shepard was a man always interested in the education and welfare of the youth of those days. William Throop was the Secretary of the committee; "Judge" Throop was also the efficient Town Clerk at that time. The other members were: John Howe; "Squire" Howe, as he was called, who was a lawyer and represented Bristol in the State Legislature for many years. He was the father of the late Bishop Howe. Peter Church, Samuel Bradford, Stillman Welch, John Gray, Wm. B. Tilley, Samuel White, Daniel Lindsey, and Wm. H. S. Bayley; the last named was Proprietor and Editor of our local sheet the "Phenix"; he was also one of the successful auctioneers of those days.

The boys and girls who attended this school 100 years ago knew most of the folks in the village, as it was then called, when the population was around 3500 souls. Senator James D'Wolf, the town's leading and most interesting citizen, who lived up at the "Mount", had just died a few years since; his son, Wm. Henry, was living in the big house on Hope street, the Linden Place, as we know it. The good Dr. Shepard had arrived in the village a few years before to take charge of the Congregational flock which was a very important factor in the village in those days. His church stood in the middle of Bradford street at that time. The old banker, Robert Rogers, who lived over on Poppasquash was driving over to the village every day to look after his shipping interests and to keep a watchful eye on the doings of his small bank; this was the Eagle Bank which used to carry on its banking business in the north room of the old Cushman house which was on the site of the Hasbrouck Block, on Hope street. The old banker was piling up his wealth with constant regularity, for when he died in 1870, he left an estate of over \$1,300,000. A tidy sum for those days!

Old Henry D'Wolf was living up on the Neck, a short distance above this schoolhouse, in the old farmhouse on the west side of the road, that formerly belonged to his father, William,

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

one of Mark Anthony's illustrious sons. The old landmark was torn down in 1890. Governor Byron Diman, always an important personage in the community, was still looking after the many business interests of the D'Wolfs.

Back in the year 1811 the village was divided into three school districts, stretching from shore to shore. The North District extended from Peck's Hill to Warren. The Middle District began at Peck's Hill and extended to Poppasquash Corner and included Poppasquash. The South District comprised the remainder of the town.

Now just a few words about the original Middle District schoolhouse that stood some distance up the road to the north of this building. It was a small brick structure 22 feet by 20, and according to the old records, it was erected in 1802 by private subscription and was in use up to the year 1841. Many people still living remember the pile of old bricks by the side of the road that marked its site.

The first we learn about the old schoolhouse where we are gathered tonight is from the records of the town meeting held April 21, 1841, called the "Annual April Town Meeting", to distinguish it from the many special town meetings held throughout the year. What do you think was the cost of this building? At that time the freemen voted that a sum not exceeding \$500, be appropriated for the erection of a schoolhouse in the Middle District, on the Neck, in place of the present brick schoolhouse which is unfit for use. This old schoolhouse has not always been over here on the east side of the road; for more than 70 years it was located directly across the road, at the southeast corner of the graveyard; the jog in the wall shows the original site. At the time the Colt Drive was opened in 1913, the building was moved across to its present site. Years ago when they cut an opening in the side of the building to make an entrance for the fire truck of the Defiance Engine and Hose Co. which was quartered there, they found some of the seaweed in between the walls that had been put there, to keep out the cold weather, when the building was erected.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

Now a word about the old-time schoolmaster whose name the school now bears: Putman W. Taft was born in the year 1821; he died in 1915 at the advanced age of 93 years, 5 months. At the early age of 17 years, he began teaching school. Later he attended Worcester Academy. He taught in this Middle District School for seven years, 1856-63. He then returned to his home town, Mendon, Mass. In 1885 he returned to Bristol, at the urgent request of the then superintendent of schools, John Post Reynolds, and resumed his old position as schoolmaster of the school he left so many years before. He taught here six more years, from 1885 to 1891. During the time he and his wife had rooms in Mr. Reynolds' house.

You will be interested to learn as to how the school got its name, Taft School. September, 1910, the school committee voted to change the name from Middle District School to Taft School in memory of Putnam W. Taft, a former master, who was a direct descendant of Robert Taft, an early settler of Bristol. The old-time schoolmaster has been pictured as a stern, gruff individual who ruled his little flock with a three-foot ferule. Not so with dominie Taft. One who years ago attended this school at the time of his return to Bristol for a second term has pictured him as a fine old man, gentle of manner, and gentle of speech, who ruled and taught the pupils by the spirit of endearment. A study of the portrait hanging in this hall shows a kindly and sympathetic face, radiating friendliness and understanding. Mrs. John Post Reynolds, who knew him well years ago writes: "Mr. Taft taught my husband when he was a young boy, and because he was such a good teacher of mathematics, years later, when my husband became superintendent of schools, and there was a vacancy at the Neck School, he asked Mr. Taft to return and teach the next generation."

Miss Helen Taft, a daughter of the old schoolmaster, has written me a very interesting letter and I should like to read a few excerpts from it. "Some of the pupils who attended my father's school back in the years 1856-1863, as I remember, were Charles Pitman and sisters, Susan Peck (Mrs. Robert N.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

Turner) and sisters Lizzie and Helen, George and Rebecca Peckham, Fitz Monroe, Isaiah B. White, Robert N. Church, Charles and Eddie Lindsey, Joe, Ella, Manton, William, and Frank Thompson; a younger brother, Charlie Hall, was probably under school age; John Gray, John Post Reynolds, Sarah and Emily Manchester. There were three Honeywell sisters, May, Josephine, and Kate, but I am not sure that they were in that district."

If one had traveled the Neck road during the summer of 1841 he would have heard the ring of carpenters' hammers as the frame-work began to take shape. The schoolboys of that time, those living on the Neck, who soon were to spend many long hours within its walls, were no doubt the ones most interested. The construction was going on during all that summer, for at a Special Town Meeting held the last of October:—"Peter Church and John Gray were appointed a committee to cause a suitable fence to be erected in front of the new schoolhouse on the Neck." Things had been going very nicely—for on December 4th the School Committee, among other things, had this to say:—"The Committee has visited the two schools on the Neck and are happy to find them in successful operation for the winter term. The Middle District scholars have entered their new house and number 73. The location is most delightful (backed up against a graveyard and a couple of cheerful-looking receiving vaults—it must have been) it does honor to the town."

We have been fortunate in locating some of the old records of the early days of the school, which are most authentic; they give us the very thing we wanted most, a record from year to year of the teachers who were connected with the school from the year 1841 to date. This one from the first day the school opened so many years ago, although brief, is interesting.

"Report of the Middle District School for the school year

1841-42:—

Teachers—6 months by Miss E. Church—average attendance for summer term, 39—5 months by Mr. Nelson B. Tanner—average attendance for winter term, 75." It would seem that

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

Miss Church's term of 6 months was for the summer period in the old Brick School that we just mentioned; then, when the new school opened in December, 1841, Mr. Tanner assumed his duties and was accordingly the first schoolmaster of this school.

Evidently there was only one floor in use, the pupils young and older were all on one floor, in one room. What floor we do not know. We do know that years later there were two schools—upper and lower grades—and consequently two teachers, and both floors in use. In those days they had a woman teacher during the summer months when the younger pupils were in the majority. During the winter months when the older boys could be spared from the farms they employed a man teacher. Oft-times the schoolmaster was younger and of smaller stature than many of the husky farm lads who came in for the winter months. This state of affairs often resulted in very serious complications—for the young schoolmaster.

Now more about the report: "The subjects taught were reading, writing, spelling, geography, arithmetic, history, grammar, and philosophy. The school was visited by the committee four times and faithfully examined in the several studies above mentioned. The new schoolhouse is capable of accommodating 90 scholars. The committee is pleased with the increased attendance during the winter term since the new school was occupied."

The amount paid out that year for the ten teachers in the entire village, employed part or whole time, was \$1632. For books and stationery—\$477.89.

Mr. Tanner was still connected with the school in 1842, 43, and 44. For his services, teaching ten months of the year, he received \$250. The school report for 1844-45 concerning the Middle District School was not so rosy. Schoolmaster Tanner was having his troubles. The attendance for the nine months had fallen off. The average summer attendance was 48 and for winter 54. Listen to what the school committee had to say: "The school, we regret to report, has not succeeded so well during the past winter as in former years. A spirit of insubordination has manifested itself among the older scholars."

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

Since assuming his duties in the new school, Mr. Tanner was teaching both terms, summer and winter. Evidently they had done away with women teachers during the summer term, at least for this school.

Through the kindness and interest of our Superintendent of Schools, Mr. Mapes, we have been able to present, tonight, a complete list of the teachers connected with this school from the year 1841 to date:

Nelson B. Tanner	1841-1847	Virgil O. Hardin	1869-1876
John C. Rich	1847-1856	Henry C. Sayles	1876-1881
Putnam W. Taft	1856-1863	L. L. Anderstrom	1882-1883
Charles H. Fay	1863-1864	Charronton H. Baker	1883-1884
John A. Arnold	1864-1865	William Valentine	1884-1885
William E. Thompson	1865-1867	Putnam W. Taft	1885-1891
Ellery W. Greene	1867-1869	Juliette E. Coggeshall	1891-1917
		Annie M. Tobin	1918-

Assistants

Mary Usher	1855 Winter Term	Helen L. Peck	1859 Winter Term
Alice Franklin	1858 Winter Term	Emily C. Waldron	1871 Winter Term
Harriett L. Coggeshall	1881-1882	Gertrude E. Church	1884-1895

And now just a word before bringing this account of the old schoolhouse to a close about the present incumbent, Miss Annie M. Tobin. Miss Tobin has been teaching at this school for nearly a quarter of a century; she is very fond of her little charges and in turn is dearly loved. Such a record, teaching for nearly a quarter of a century, could spell only one word—efficiency!

THE TOWN WATCH YEARS AGO

REGULAR police were employed in the ancient city of Babylon 2000 years B.C., and the city of Rome had a large police force, and arrests for reveling and drunkenness were quite as common as in these days.

The London police force was first instituted in 1253. In 1556, bellmen were appointed in that city to ring a bell each night in every street, and cry out: "Take care of your fires and

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

pray for the dead." In many places in the country the night watch were obliged to make some kind of a call in the night and were especially required to give a call at stated hours near the residence of the mayor or chief magistrate of a town in order that he might be aware that they were attending to duty, giving the hour of the night, the state of the weather and the course of the wind.

This was also common in Bristol, half a century ago, when the watchmen might be heard in the dead hours of the night or the advancing morn, giving three taps on the stone flagging or walks, and crying out: "Half past two o'clock, wind northeast, rainy morning, and all is well!" Simon Davis, now past and gone, in those days was one of the night watch. His headstone, marking his last resting place, may still be seen as you pass along by the East Burial Ground, on Wood street. It reads—

Simon Davis
Died—1852
Age—53 years

He had a stentorian voice and the writer, when a young lad, has often heard him give that call. In those times there were no day police force.

Thomas Waldron, familiarly known as "Uncle Tom", was Simon's partner, one patrolling the upper section of the town, and one the lower; both were considered faithful guardians of the night, and of the town's property; both of them were large and stalwart men."

June 1 — 1848
REGULATIONS FOR TOWN WATCH

1—There shall be only 4 Watchmen engaged the coming season, who shall be employed alternately, that is to say, 2 each night in succession.

2—The watch shall repair each night, at 9 o'clock to the watch House or place of meeting, assigned them, which shall be closed at 10 o'clock, and no visitors or interloper shall be afterwards

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

admitted. One of them shall take charge of the compact part of the town, South of State street and the other of the part North of State street.

3—The whole of the compact part of the town, from Thames street to High street and from Oliver street to Union street, shall be patrolled, once every hour, from 9 o'clock in the evening to daybreak the next morning, by one of said watch, who shall occasionally, during his patrol distinctly announce as he passes along the streets, the time of night.

4—No watchman during the time he shall be on duty, shall lay down to repose himself, and in case he shall be found asleep, during his watch, he shall forfeit five dollars, to be deducted from his pay, and be forthwith discharged.

5—Each watchman, before entering upon the duties of his place, shall take the oath prescribed for other town officers, and among other things, it shall be his duty to report to the town clerk or one of the town council, each morning, the name of any and every person whom he may have found, during his watch, committing any disturbance, theft or other depredations upon property or violating any of the bye laws of the town, and in case of his neglect to make such report he shall be forthwith discharged from his place and forfeit all his compensation as a watchman.

6—The town Council will designate at the solicitation of the watchmen, to which of the above divisions of the town each shall be assigned in order that the inhabitants may know to whom to impute any neglect of duty.

By order of Town Council

Peter Gladding, *Town Clerk*

One writer, years ago, telling about the town watch when he was a boy said: "The town had one night watchman who slept most of the night in or around the King Philip engine house, which was then on State street, and sometimes, after a good nap he would wake about 2 a.m. and emerge from the engine house and commence the usual cry: "11 o'clock, all's well, wind south-east."

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

1841—The freemen, in town meeting assembled, did not like the way the town watch were conducting themselves, so they voted that: "The committee on the Town Watch to instruct the Watch not to smoke segars or tobacco on the streets while on duty."

THE OLD GRAVEYARD

on the Southeast Corner of the Common

IN 1850 the southeast corner of the Common was an old graveyard, surrounded by a roughly built stone wall on three sides. On the east side there was a wooden fence. The graveyard was part of our playground. I do remember it as having been used for burials, and I was a scholar in the "old brick" about 1841. Most of the stones were of the old slate period, with angel heads, hour glasses, Father Time, etc., cut upon them. On the north side, near the east end stood an ancient willow, how old the tree was no one could tell. There was an old story that once upon a time a young school boy had fallen from its upper branches and been instantly killed. We considered this sad tale as only legendary until one day we found among the dead leaves and grass an old headstone, and there clear cut and well preserved was the complete story that happened years back; the old willow, and between the branches and Mother Earth was the falling boy, clinging to the broken branch. There were words on the old blackened stone, I have forgotten them, but I have seen many times in my memory the picture on the headstone.

GEORGE T. BOURNE

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

BABBITT'S OR "LONG WHARF"

ABOUT the year 1850 a young lad who was working in the planing mill of the late Capt. Joseph L. Gardner, during the noonday lay-off, took it into his head to explore the interior of Captain Gardner's grist mill, which was located nearby; and once inside, boy-like he decided to start up the machinery. The result was, his hand was caught in the machinery, causing a very painful injury. Forty years after, he wrote a very interesting account of the planing mill and the old wharf called "Long Wharf". This old landmark is the wharf at the foot of Church street, what is now the Naval Reserve wharf. At the time (1890) the article appeared the only remaining building on the wharf had just been torn down.

"The destruction of the old brick store at the end of Babbitt's or Long Wharf calls for more than passing notice for it breaks a link which binds Bristol of the present with what it was in the days of mercantile prosperity. Then its wharves were lined by square-riggers and its storehouses were filled with merchandise brought from all parts of the world. In the early records of the town we find that a point of land extending out into the harbor at the foot of Church street was known as "Warehouse Point". In the old deeds it was described as a public landing, as a wharf, flats and beach. It was first owned by a member of the Cary family, early settlers in these parts, probably John, who was the first deacon of the Congregational church. The deacon built a house on the north side of Malt House Lane. He was a brewer and his brewery, from which the lane derived its name, was built near this house. The pious old deacon made a great quantity of ale, the greater part of which he shipped to Newport, from which port it was distributed throughout the colonies.

"In the year 1727 this point of land was in the possession of Nathaniel Paine's estate, remaining in this old family until

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

1808, when it was sold to Jacob Babbitt and Leonard J. Bradford, who, about this time also bought from Capt. Charles D'Wolf more land to the south, thus making the wharf premises what they are at the present time. The cost of the land in all was \$1450—with no mention of building thereon.

"In 1810 Messrs. Babbitt and Bradford divided the wharf into five square parts, each having a frontage of 50 feet on the wharf. These sections were numbered from 1 to 5; this shows us that the wharf was at least 250 feet long in those days. Upon these lots there were erected brick storehouses, two stories in height. They each had two doors leading out onto the wharf. While in the process of erection, these sections were deeded with a joint use of wharf privileges to the following persons: Leonard J. Bradford received No. 1 section. The section does not seem to have been used by him for his personal use, for it was rented, at the east end, for a store and the rest for storage purposes. Benjamin Bosworth, Jr. obtained the 2nd section, and his son, Capt. Benjamin, together with Jacob Babbitt, used it in their joint business. Capt. Bosworth married Mr. Babbitt's daughter. The property in 1847 was sold to the Pokanoket Steam Mill Co. for \$1500. Mr. Babbitt was president of this company. Charles D'Wolf and his son Charles, Jr. came into possession of section No. 3 and used the property in connection with their business at the next wharf, now (1890) known as Connery's wharf. Charles D'Wolf's beautiful mansion was located near this old wharf. Gen. George D'Wolf took section No. 4; he also purchased the next wharf north, now occupied by the National India Rubber Co., and this became the center of his vast mercantile business which at one time bid fair to equal if not rival that of his famous uncle, Senator James D'Wolf. It was here that he was compelled by financial reverses to make an assignment of his property in the year 1825. In doing this, he brought about a great financial panic, the influence of which was so great and widespread that the business interests of the town failed to recover from its effects and had much to do with terminating the mercantile efforts of the place. After his failure

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

the property came into the possession of Robert Rogers—this was in 1830. Mr. Rogers at once moved from his old location, which was on the wharf now owned by the Providence Shade Roller Mfg. Co., and continued his business here until his retirement.

“Jacob Babbitt retained section No. 5; this became the seat of his large and extensive mercantile activity. Under the name of Babbitt and Greene, his son and son-in-law, carried on the business for years, and were the last to use the property for the purpose it was built.

“Soon after these stores and warehouses were built, came the terrible storm known as the ‘September Gale of 1815’. Some of the exposed sections were unable to resist its forces. Mr. Babbitt had sugar, to the value of \$40,000 stored there in bond, which was entirely ruined, and in his anxiety for its preservation, he so far neglected his own safety, it became necessary to take him from the building in a boat, at a great risk of life to all hands. The older residents can well remember when this wharf, then known as Babbitt’s or Long Wharf, was covered with barrels of molasses, and the stores filled with cargoes of iron, sugar, hemp and other imported goods from foreign ports.

“The then boys of the town can remember how they stuck their forefingers into the vent of the casks and transferred the bubbling molasses to their waiting lips. They will remember looking down into the holds of the ships just in from Cuba, with their bins full of Havana oranges, bananas, and sugar cane. The outgoing ships were the greater matter of interest to the mature people of the village—it was the new arrivals that interested the youngsters hanging about the wharves in those days.

“Piles of shooks and hoop poles extended far up the wharf into the street. Then came the loads of onions and other kinds of local produce, each striving to be the first to be unloaded. In times still further back, there would come drays loaded with puncheons of rum from the five distilleries in the village, teams with cordage from the rope works, leather from the tanneries, and horses, cattle and sheep, driven in from the outlying farms,

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

all going to constitute the cargo from which the shippers looked for a grand return. Add to all this the stir and excitement over the preparation of the ships and crews for a long voyage, extending often into months and sometimes years; the sad parting of husbands and wives, sons and parents; then picture them later waiting for the ships to return, on the house tops for an earlier view, and then on the wharves lining the water front as the square-riggers came into view down the bay. Sometimes they came up the harbor with drooping colors which meant to the anxious ones watching from shore that some of those who had sailed away would never return.

"Up to this point, this historic old wharf was used for commercial purposes only, reaching its highest point of activity during the years previous to 1830. From this date to the year 1848 its efforts became less active each year, until they ceased entirely, and the premises were used only for storage purposes. This change came about because of the following: The failure of George D'Wolf in 1825 so affected his brother Charles as to cripple the latter in his business, and in 1833 he too failed. Jacob Babbitt, Senior, soon after relinquished active business, leaving the firm of Babbitt and Greene to carry on the business. In time the firm too found their efforts unprofitable to continue, and finally Robert Rogers retired from active business life. These four merchants and owners of the old wharf had given to it its business prosperity and their retirement ended its activities.

"A radical change came in the year 1849, when Jacob Babbitt sold to Capt. Joseph L. Gardner his section No. 5. Capt. Gardner started a grist mill and a planing mill on the premises he had just purchased. Eventually the dock at the north was completely filled with large white pine logs, from which were sawed the planks used at the shipyards of Amos Crandall, Capt. Joseph S. Thompson, and Stanton & Skinner. In those days the wharf from its head to the street was piled high with lumber of all kinds, leaving only a narrow passageway to the storehouses, which were owned at that time as follows:

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

No. 1 by Ephriam Sprague

No. 2 by Pokanoket Steam Mill Co.

Nos. 3 and 4 by Robert Rogers

No. 5 by Capt. Joseph L. Gardner.

"This appropriation by Capt. Gardner of all the wharf privileges caused the strongest protest and most determined opposition from Mr. Rogers who finally went to law about it.

"I can well remember the appearance and concern of Mr. Rogers when he looked upon the state of affairs on the wharf. In those times he used to drive down in his old-fashioned chaise every day to his counting-room which was located on the wharf. Capt. Gardner had been a successful shipmaster and carried into his new business all the energy and determination which he was in the habit of displaying on shipboard where he reigned supreme. However, all his energy and efforts could not overrun the opposition of the other owners of the wharf, the majesty of the law eventually stepping in and settling their differences.

"In 1850 No. 5 was conveyed by Capt. Gardner to Robert Rogers, Wm. R. Noyes and the Pokanoket Steam Mill Co., for \$2450. The works of Capt. Gardner were then removed to the premises formerly owned by Charles D'Wolf, next south of the Steam Mill Co., which the captain purchased for \$7500, from the heirs of James D'Wolf, in 1850. In this removal he did not let his reverses interfere with his business, but increased it far beyond what it was in the past, until it became a very large industry. A large fire in 1853 visited the works, destroying a large part of them and the old mansion house, then occupied by six tenants. Again in 1861 another fire came and it put an end to the undertaking. The wharf again went back to its former sleepy state, except that one of Mr. Rogers' stores was used by John W. Dearth and Robert S. Andrews for the manufacture of oil and candles, and the store at the east end was used by William Bradford as a grocery store, until poor health caused him to relinquish the business. The burning of the Pokanoket Mill in 1854, tended to make the premises more deserted than ever.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

"There was more life infused into it when Jacob Babbitt, Jr., rebuilt the mill in 1859, at which time he bought from Jonathan D. Waldron, No. 1, who had purchased it in 1853 from the heirs of Ephraim Sprague. When the mill started up again in 1859, a section of No. 1 was again used as a store, with Dr. Luther A. Martin in charge of the same, the other part being used for storing cotton and supplies and the wharf used in part for discharging coal, it being conveyed by an elevated track to the yard of the mill.

"The war of the rebellion closed the mill and after the death of Major Babbitt in 1862, it passed, with the stores owned by him, into the hands of the Reynolds Manufacturing Company, and when the mill again resumed business under the new owners, the store was again opened by Adjutant Charles F. Page, who returned wounded from the war, but it soon ceased to be used as such. Mr. Rogers became so disgusted with his late experience with this wharf, that in 1850 he made a gift of No. 4 to Capt. Wm. H. Mosher, his favorite shipmaster, who had for many years served him most faithfully in command of the vessels *Roger Williams* and the *Aquidnick*. The last named vessel was built for him when she first became a whaler. No. 3, at the same time, he gave to Wm. B. Tilley, and in 1852, he gave his interest in No. 5 to Mr. Henry Wardwell. The last two gifts were supposed to have been caused in part by a very unfortunate whaling venture in which they were interested with him and lost heavily. In these gifts he showed that he appreciated the merits of those connected with him in his undertakings.

"Subsequently all these parts, except the last named, came into the possession of the Reynolds Manufacturing Co., and from them to the Cranston Worsted Mill. Two of the stores originally owned by Robert Rogers, while being used for storage purposes by the National Rubber Company, were visited by fire and so badly damaged that they were taken down and never rebuilt.

"During the years of 1893 and '94, the legislature of the State voted appropriations amounting to \$20,000, with which to build a stone armory in Bristol, for the use of the Bristol Naval Re-

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

serve Torpedo Company, an organization lately formed for sea coast protection. The site selected for this building was the west end of the wharf, being the land occupied by storehouse No. 5, and all land west and north of it; the State paying \$3950 for same. When the Armory is completed and the grounds about it laid out, it will be one of the most attractive spots along the water front."

THE OLD CONGREGATIONAL MEETING-HOUSE

YOU probably all know that at one time this old landmark stood in the middle of Bradford street; but do you know that years ago it was known as the Presbyterian Meeting House? This old house of worship, with its square pews, high pulpit and sounding board was erected in the summer of 1784. In time the interior arrangement was changed; the square pews were replaced by long pews and the sounding board removed. There were long galleries on either side and one in the rear. On the north and south sides was a double row of windows with small panes of glass, forty in each window. The old meeting house was moved in 1857 to the lot on the north side of Bradford street, not far distant from its former site, and in time became to be known as the Town Hall. There it stood until finally destroyed by fire February 5, 1934. The passing of this old landmark severed one of our few remaining links with the past.

The corner of Hope and Bradford streets has so completely changed, even in our own times, it is hard to visualize it as it once was. The only way we now have of doing this, is through the eyes of those who were living years ago. Those people are now gone, but fortunately they left behind some very interesting accounts of those days.

"The historic old structure stood in the middle of Bradford street and faced Hope street. There were four large elm trees

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

in front forming a little park, where people gathered before and after the service to exchange greetings and to talk over matters of interest. I recall seeing at those gatherings Gov. Byron Diman, Capt. Benj. Pitman, Robert Rogers, the banker, Henry Wardwell, Dr. Jabez Holmes and many others.

"The edifice stood as high above Hope street as the Col. Samuel Norris mansion now stands. The street was not graded then and there was a broad walk leading up to the steps at the front entrance which was bordered on either side by broad grass plats.

"On the 4th of July the Artillery company used to stack their guns on either side of the walk before entering the meeting house for the exercises. I can still see in memory the glitter of the sun on the bright bayonets.

"In the rear of the meeting house, at the east end, there were several large poplar trees, under which the people who came from a distance used to hitch their teams. In the summer time the constant stamping of the horses was heard through the open windows. Just back of this little grove of trees Bradford street divided into two ways, one branch skirting the south side of the meeting house and the other the north side, both coming out on Hope street. The church was warmed in winter by two cylinder stoves for wood situated at either side of the entrance, with long pipes running under the galleries the whole length of the building. In addition many pews were provided with foot stoves, little perforated iron boxes filled with embers from a wood fire, either brought from home or filled by the sexton. Others carried soapstone blocks or bricks, heated at home, to keep them warm during the long three hours service. Sometimes they heated them on the stove at the entrance. One good lady who sat well forward, after her brick had been on the stove long enough to be well heated through, wrapped it up carefully and gingerly carried it to her seat, lest it burn her fingers. That particular Sabbath morning the sexton had neglected to build a fire in the stove.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

"The sexton of the church used to sit at one end of the choir loft and usually seemed to be asleep all during the service. One of the duties of this official was to take up the collection in the galleries, for this purpose he used his old beaver hat; the plop, plop of the coins dropping into the hat could be heard all through the church. The colored people sat up in the galleries; and in those days there were many colored families in the town. I remember there was one good brother who used to sit up there who slept all through the service. It was said of him that he could repeat more of the sermon than any person present. There was one man who regularly occupied a seat up there who was quite deficient in wits (Sammy Slocum), he always wore a large square painted pin in his shirt front and had on white gloves.

"I recall I liked to watch John Adams and his family as they came into the church. He lead the procession, followed by his wife, then the children in the order of their ages, the youngest bringing up the rear. They would walk up to their seats facing south by the pulpit, he would open the door of the pew and allow the family to pass in, then he would follow in, pull the door to and button it, and then they would look over the entire congregation."

The sermons in the olden days often had at least fifteen or sixteen readings and it was not unusual for those to be subdivided. They were no doubt as dry as they were long; is it to be wondered at that the young folks did not derive any real pleasure from going to church and remaining quiet all through a three hour long sermon! The Sabbath was a full day at the time we are discussing; morning and afternoon services, Sabbath School at noon and "Third Service", as it was called, in the evening. By this time one was pretty much steeped in religious matters, he was ready to retire and call it a day. An old account of those days says that "the attendance at all the services was very good, even the galleries being well filled."

"The singing was always by a large mixed choir; they occupied the gallery at the rear of the church, called the choir loft. It was customary for the congregation to rise during the sing-

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

ing and turn to face the choir. In the early days, before they had an organ, this deficiency was supplied by a large bass viol played by one of the local musicians of the village."

People in those days were a lot more pious than the people of today. Along with this they were much more pronounced in their views, particularly where church matters were concerned. Even in these times a good church row is something not to be passed up.

"At the time it was first proposed to install a church organ in the house of worship, the congregation immediately became divided. Some of the members wanted it and some did not. The first time the new organ was used, a celebrated musician, a blind man, then well known in New England, was engaged to play. At the first note, one of the prominent men of the church, who sat near the pulpit, the organ being at the rear of the church, arose and turning around shook his fist in anger at the organ, at the same time crying out, 'Stop that noise!' Then he left the church in disgust. Others who never before heard anything of the kind, commented, 'It is heaven!'"

THE OLD TOWN CLOCK

In searching through the old files one constantly runs across something about the town clock, but nothing concerning its location in those days. However an old Town Meeting record of the year 1831 mentions "the Town Clock in the belfry of the Congregational Meeting-House". At a later town meeting in 1833 James M. Gooding was appointed "To take charge of the Town Clock—to wind her up when necessary and keep her in repair". Years ago while repairing the tower of the old meeting house, workmen uncovered the space where the face of the clock was formerly located, also the framework and rolls of the old clock. The rolls, all that remain of the old timepiece, are now safely preserved in the vault at the Town Clerk's office.

DR. SHEPARD

These reminiscences of the old meeting house would not be complete without a word concerning the Rev. Thomas Shepard,

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

D.D. who served as pastor of the church for so many years. Dr. Shepard was born in Norton, Mass., May 7, 1792. He was graduated from Brown University in 1813, completing his theological studies at the Andover Seminary three years later. On the 1st of April, 1835, he was called, by a unanimous vote, to assume the pastoral charge of this church. After thirty years of most useful and honored service, he was, at his own request, relieved from active duties of this office. His resignation, rendered necessary by increasing infirmity, was accepted only with the understanding that his official connection with the parish should not be severed. In this connection he continued to serve for fourteen years, to the time of his death in October, 1879. He was buried in the family plot in the North Cemetery. A large brownstone monument on the north side of the main driveway marks his last resting place.

Dr. Shepard was an eminent representative of the old school of New England divines. He was a man of lofty stature and his personal presence was imposing; his manners were dignified and courteous. As a preacher he was marked by solid thought and by practical acquaintance with religion. He lived in charity with all men. The universal respect with which he was regarded in the community where he passed so many years knew no limitations of sect. One instance of this respect has survived all these years. When the steamboat line stopped here years ago, if Dr. Shepard was waiting there on the dock, the captain would motion everybody else to stand back until the reverend gentleman had gone aboard.

A contemporary who knew Dr. Shepard back in the Civil War times, has left a very interesting and intimate account of the aged divine: "Of grave demeanor, very kindly and sympathetic, he was interested in the youth, the schools and all affairs of the town. His church prospered and it was during his pastorate the present beautiful edifice was erected. His family was large, nine children I think, and his salary conversely small, never reaching \$1000—and for the most part was much less than that. Yet he somehow managed to give them all a good

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

education. When I asked him, 'Dr. Shepard, did your church pay you your salary punctually?' 'O, never' said he, 'they were always behind hand.' Yet he was not a man to complain and the thrift and economy of those earlier days, with the use of a modest parsonage, and some donations of wood, and the fruit of a garden tilled by himself (the old records mention that he also kept a cow or two) produced a living quite as comfortable on the whole and less pinched in appearance than some ministers in our day."

The following appeared in the *Phoenix* in September, 1839. "The subscriber will hear recitations in Latin and in English Grammar, during two hours each day, at his Study, commencing October 7th. Terms 50 cents per week, and no extra charge. Thomas Shepard"

An old story that has survived these many years should fit in here very well: "Years ago one of the town's poorly-paid dominies on being asked by one of his wealthy parishioners if he had a good garden, naively replied: 'No, sir, I have not a good garden, but I have a very good basket.'"

HOME LIFE OF LONG AGO

*Written in 1910 by MISS C. MARIA SHEPARD,
daughter of Rev. Thomas Shepard, D.D., pastor
of the First Congregational Church, 1835-1865.*

OUR home for many years was in the old New England town of Bristol, R. I., where our father, Rev. Thomas Shepard, D.D., was pastor of the First Congregational Church for many years, 1835-1865. It was a beautiful old town with the streets running the entire length, the compact part in squares one-eighth of a mile in breadth, every street heavily shaded by elms, the cross streets extending to the water front, and terminating in wharves. These wharves bore the names of the owners of merchant ships, and shipping men, who erected large warehouses upon them for the storing of molasses, sugar, cocoanuts, bananas, tea, and coffee—a good variety of foreign products.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

"Lapping 'lasses" on the wharves was an accomplishment for the boys, by means of a smooth round stick inserted in the bung-hole of the casks of new molasses just landed from the vessels. There was always sugar cane on board as a curiosity and that boy or girl was lucky who was given a stalk in the unloading. It was to this place our father and family removed from the western part of Massachusetts in the early days of the last century. The waterfront, then, was considered the aristocratic part of the town. Within memory the lots on which the many colonial houses stood, extended halfway from street to street, but today cross streets have been opened through many a lovely garden spot, once gay with its beds of flowers.

At this date the railroad between Bristol and Providence had not arrived and coal was only beginning to be used as a fuel. The kitchens of those early homes were furnished within our recollection with stoves and later with ranges built into the fireplaces, a brick oven at the side in which was baked the rye bread and Indian pudding, the interstices filled with apples. A long time was given to the baking of some kinds of food, even all night, while the oven gradually cooled. All food was supposed to have a much finer flavor treated in this way than when baked in stove or range oven. All meats were roasted in a tin oven set close to the open grate of the range. A long iron spit was run through the poultry or joint of meat and this was supported through openings in either end of the oven. It was one of our earliest accomplishments to turn that spit every fifteen minutes and to do it so adroitly as to lock the spur and not to let the whole affair drop into the gravy below. Turkeys roasted in this way were awarded a premium at all church and town entertainments. The first stove in town was set up in the parsonage kitchen, we have been told, for the other rooms open fireplaces sufficed, the feather beds in the sleeping rooms being warmed by a warming pan in extreme weather. Later the airtight stove was in common use. In a few instances in visits to other homes we saw women cooking over a fire on the hearth, but never in our own home.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

At the same time we children were not unfamiliar with the old time fireplace cooking utensils. The parsonage had a garret with eaves and a chimney, where the children played and where close at hand were stored all manner of ancient fireplace articles brought thither from a former home. We dressed up in costumes of ancient design with leghorn bonnets and long veils; we filled leather saddle bags and carpet bags of ample dimensions, with books and doll's clothing, which we tied on the back of an immense wicker cradle, then getting in ourselves made wonderful journeys with our dolls, as imagination led us. The candle rods and moulds, the butter churn and dasher, the warming pan and big green satin umbrella afforded us noise and added amusement. As children we were expected to find our amusement outside of school hours, for the most part in the house with games and dolls and books, with hours for sewing and knitting,—so many times round on our long woolen stockings or mittens before we could go out to play. This task we shortened by turning it into a game, making it a contest of speed. In many ways we were taught to lend a hand in household duties and to feel an interest in the welfare of the family. I can see myself now shelling beans and peas before school and never feeling it a task, as we hurried to cover the unshelled pods with our peas, only allowing ourselves to take in turn those pods that peeped above the surface.

The evening with the light of a small brass, brittania of glass, two wick oil lamps, saw us seated around the table, industrious with our games, books or work, never thinking of the insufficiency of the light, but realizing now why it was our mother always insisted upon our getting everything we needed in our work ready before dark, that there be no running about the house with lamps.

Outside diversions were largely lectures and singing school in the winter attended by large numbers, and the regular weekly missionary sewing society of the church, when old and young gathered at different houses to make clothing which was sent to Home Missionary families on the frontier—a society organ-

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

ized in 1825—today a vigorous band of 84 years. And the Quilting Bees! As soon as the wintry weather moderated in the Spring, quilting frames were set up in the north parlor and the patchwork made during the winter was carefully sewed in, over a bright lining, with layers of cotton between. Next came the marking of the pattern to be quilted, with a cord wet in starch water. The shape and size of the pattern to be quilted must exactly fit the patchwork square. There was the herring-bone pattern and the shell, the rose or the oak, with straight lined borders. A short needle was thought to give the shortest stitch. All the skein thread must be waxed in the using and the knots carefully drawn inside. Such lovely specimens of needle-work! Are any of those quilts extant now? Bed quilts have given place to the daintiest of satin puffs. And the saucer candlesticks which were slipped along the taut spread to illumine the needle's eye have given place to modern lighting.

Cistern water for washing purposes—well water for drinking. Children visiting us from the inland mountain towns accustomed to dipping water from a barrel fed by a penstock, found it great fun to stand on a cricket and pump water to fill the hot water boiler in the range. A colony of negro slaves imported from Africa and their descendants living in a district named Goree, (taking its name from an African town on the East Coast) supplied the help in families, and also stood ready to be hired by the day for cooking, for waiting at an afternoon tea party and for laundry work. There were Freelove, Phoebe, Dinah, Barbary, Belinda, Violet, and Phylis, all faithful negroes, who served for a generation before the so-called foreign element found its way to our shores. One couple lived to old age, a little apart from Goree, in a cabin on the estate of their master, Senator James D'Wolf. Here Paulemore and Adjua were wont to sit in the doorway of their humble home in the long summer afternoons of their declining years, ready to laugh and chat with passers-by, always respected and respectful.

Dinner at night was unknown in those early days, half past two in the afternoon being the latest time for serving that meal.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

Afternoon tea parties were great events. Though too young to take part, we were on hand to watch the cutting into slices of pound and rich fruit cake, the cutting of loaf sugar into lumps with iron sugar tongs, and the spreading of sandwiches. Guests arrived early, the older ladies bringing their dress caps and knitting in baskets or wearing their caps under a calash; the younger with embroidery in silk or worsted, transfer work and purse knitting. Slippers worked in cross-stitch on canvas was a very popular fancy work. Some one in the party led in conversation, to which all others listened and paid great deference. At six o'clock plates and napkins were handed around and then cups of tea (poured in the dining room) were passed to each one, on large trays, followed by the sandwiches on some rare china dish, crisp cookies flavored with caraway seeds and cake in large silver cake baskets. A simple tea in these days of cold-meats, salads and relishes, but what was lacking in variety was made up in excellence and formality—the latter being a usual characteristic. The china and silver with which the tea was served often occasioned remarks, as it had been brought home from distant ports by sea captains to their wives. After tea, conversation was renewed and instrumental music by some guest from out of town was interspersed.

I remember being told by a friend very much older than myself that when on a visit to her husband's relatives, in the State of New York, a tea was given her to which guests began to arrive as early as one o'clock, one guest bringing a goose to pick. Two elderly ladies can be distinctly recalled, who always wore in their own homes, white mull turbans wound gracefully round the head completely covering the hair. This unique arrangement added greatly to the dignity and charms of their manner, as did the dress caps of the more fashionable matrons.

A few gentlemen of the old school in Bristol wore their hair in a queue tied with a black silk ribbon, and also ruffled shirt bosoms, this fashion outlasting the wearing of some clothes of a much earlier period.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

Housewives were busy people from early morn till late at night in those days, on account of the lack of modern inventions to make work lighter and for accomplishing more in a given time. The winter's supply of sausage meat, for instance, was chopped by hand, seasoned and pressed into cotton bags and hung up to be brought forth as needed. Casks of salt pork cured at home and cuts of selected beef in the process of corning were lined against the cold cellar wall. Hams and dried beef also cured from the same time-honored family receipts had to be turned and basted once a day for weeks, then carried to the smokehouse to be smoked and re-turned, the hams to be hung in the storeroom. In those days the attic, cellar and a storeroom were always cold and there was no trouble in keeping food cooked or uncooked.

Barrels of apples standing in rows on frames, a firkin of butter, a barrel of molasses, loaves of white sugar to be cut into blocks, and covered canny pails of brown Havana sugar, a sack of coffee in the berry, and a chest of tea were always provided. Home-made preserves of fruit and sugar, pound to pound, allowed to simmer until of a deep red color, were the pride of every housekeeper. Quinces by the bushel, and less of peaches, with currant jelly, furnished the winter's supply of sweetmeats, supplemented by preserved ginger-root brought in ships from China in blue earthen jars, and guava jelly and preserved fruits from Cuba. With all these and many other stores close at hand, the feeding of a large family was not disturbed by deep snowstorms, neither was there any check upon hospitality shown to strangers or the unexpected visitor.

The ringing of the nine o'clock bell at night was the signal for the closing of shops and entertainments and for the quiet tread of the homeward-bound feet—to be heard, but not seen—through the dark unlighted streets. To the child roused from an hour's sleep by the cry of the night watchman on his beat, perchance under the window, calling, "Nine o'clock, all is well" or "fire, fire", the startling cry gathering force as other voices joined—the weird sound was enough to send her beneath the

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

bed clothes, there to wait breathless until all was still once more. In this connection one recalls the figure of the town crier, who in the days of only a weekly newspaper, rang his bell, stopping at the corners of the streets, calling off announcements of auctions and other important gatherings, quickly collecting an audience to listen ere he passed on to the next corner.

It is said that early impressions are the most lasting. Holidays were few in number during our school days and perhaps for this reason, as well as for the spirit and heartiness with which they were observed, Thanksgiving and the Fourth of July stand out prominently. Good citizenship and the spirit of patriotism were early inculcated in all our homes and made emphatic on Thanksgiving day,—first, by the morning service in all the churches and the reading of the Governor's Proclamation, and second, by the giving of gifts to those less favored than ourselves. The needy ones were the recipients, never those who had an abundance, so far as we remember. In this particular, the custom differed essentially from that of Christmas. The Town Council and the Church Committees sent coal and wood, the farmers gave of their poultry, apples and vegetables; housewives dispensed their gifts of pies, puddings, bread and packages of tea to the dependent widows and their families—for the Thanksgiving dinner was to be unlike all others of the past year in variety and abundance, many families not tasting turkey again until a year had passed. Little children were the bearers of these baskets of food on the day before, receiving in return this oft repeated message, "Tell your mother I thank her a thousand times."

The date of the day to be observed differed in the several States according to the pleasure of its Governor. This custom affording an opportunity for two celebrations, and relatives often came from a distance to pass the day with us, returning in time to celebrate with their own households. The special privilege of sitting up until the arrival of the evening stage the night before Thanksgiving was greatly enjoyed by the children. It

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

was our keen ears that detected the rumble of the coach as it came "over the bridge" and entered the town, and we gave the signal that called for the setting of lamps in the front windows and the gathering of the family to welcome the guests.

As to the Fourth of July, our little town was always very patriotic—never omitting its long procession of Artillery Company, firemen and citizens parading through the town with bands of music, on their way to the Town Hall to listen to an oration worthy of the day celebrated. Cannon were fired when the bells were rung and that seemed to satisfy for noise. Fireworks on the common generally closed a day which, though a weary one to many, yet kept distinctly in view its celebration of the Country's Independence.

These reminiscences of the past would not be complete were we to omit reference to the Sabbath observances. Three times the church bells of the town announced each service, and on a quiet summer morning the echoes of the bells of a neighboring town were distinctly heard. It was the custom to go to church twice or three times a day, with Sabbath School at noon between the services, and all the children went to church and filled the family pews, thus growing up with a church-going habit of great value to hold a person to attendance upon church services even under difficulties. A part of our Sunday afternoon in the house was given to committing and reciting the Catechism, as was the case with many of our playmates, and in Sabbath School we recited Bible verses and answered questions upon them. In this way children became familiar with the Bible and learned gradually to find chapter and verse in Old and New Testament by association. The reading of Scriptures every morning at family prayers, a verse by each member of the family in turn, also helped the children to turn readily to any part of the Bible, as the Book was read through many times in this way.

The church as we remember it had stood more than seventy years, with its spire pointing heavenward. For a long time the Congregational Church was the only Church in the town and at first all its business was conducted in town meeting. One other

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

church preceded it and stood for a full century, the only relic of which, carefully preserved, being the tall oaken door of the pastor's pew, through the rounds of which the children used to peep at each other when the congregation rose for prayer or praise.

The second church building was erected in 1784 with its square pews, deacons' seats, high pulpit and sounding board. This was later changed to long pews with doors and the sounding board removed. The church as we knew it had a fine audience room with galleries on three sides. A double row of windows with small panes of glass, forty in a window, furnished occupation for the mind, when not held by the sermon, in counting the number of panes in the whole building,—a problem never completed to our satisfaction, as we could always recall windows overlooked.

In this church pastors with life-long pastorates had served. Within its walls the devout had loved to worship and from its portals many had been carried to their long last home. It was warmed in winter by cylinder stoves for wood, these were at the entrance, with long pipes running under the galleries, the whole length of the building. In addition many pews were provided with foot stoves. Little perforated sheet iron boxes filled with coals from a wood fire, either carried from the home, as was ours, or filled at the church by the sexton. Children took turns in warming their feet on them and to those who rode a distance to the church, they were a comfort indeed. In this warmth the pastor noted a wide difference in comfort between this and his former parish, for in that mountain town, they had no heat in the church and he was wont to preach in an inner coat, a surtout and a circular cloak over all and with warm gloves. So great was the cold and so difficult the going over the roads, he was accustomed to preach a farewell sermon to those of his congregation who were to remain at home for the winter.

The singing in our church was always by a large volunteer choir occupying the gallery opposite the pulpit, and it was customary for the congregation to rise during the singing and turn

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

to face the choir. The colored people sat in the side gallery, and sometimes unruly boys taking their seats there would become noisy, when the sexton in his squeaking boots would walk the length of the uncarpeted gallery and knock their heads together. The dear old church! Memory recalls face after face of those who habitually attended its courts and now long since passed on beyond. And also the ministers who stood in its pulpit and were as familiar friends, speaking often to us in those days of frequent exchanges. Those were the impressionable days of youth and never since then have we listened to more solemn words, from more striking texts. They were days and events which told on character and we all look back and call them blessed.

HON. JAMES DIMAN, 1795-1877

“HE WAS fond of books, a great reader, well versed in history and the current events of the day, possessing a strong retentive memory.

“He was especially interested in the Bristol of long ago, and was exceptionally well informed concerning those times.

“His store has long been the resort for many years, of aged people of the town, who met there daily to talk over the events of olden times.”

The above refers to Hon. James Diman, who died in 1877, aged 82 years.

“James Diman was born in the year 1795. His early education was at the primary school kept for many years by ‘Marm’ Burt. He closed his studies at the school taught by the Rev. Alexander V. Griswold.

“Early in life he learned the trade of a cooper, which business he carried on for several years. Subsequently he was a packet-master in the coasting trade. About the year 1840 he opened a variety store in the basement of his residence on Hope street, just south of the homestead estate where he was born, which he continued up to the time of his death.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

"Years ago he held a seat on the bench of the Court of Common Pleas for Bristol County. During his long life he was a member of the Town Council, Overseer of the Poor, and Justice of the Peace."

The above mentioned homestead was the old "Hargraves" house that used to stand on the southeast corner of Hope and Constitution streets. This old house which was on the street line was moved to Roma street in 1906. His store, the gathering place of the old-timers of those days, was the small gambrel-roof cottage, next south, on Hope street. Back in the nineties Mrs. Spooner kept a small store there, selling candy, tobacco and notions.

THE OLD GAS HOUSE

MANY of the older generation will recall the old brick structure that stood for so many years at the corner of Hope and Washington streets. As I remember it, the building was right on the corner, flush with the street. The old gas house did service from the time it was built in 1855 up to the turn of the century. At that time there was a change in ownership and the new company discontinued the manufacture of gas at the old works. A few years later, about the year 1905, the old landmark was torn down. I rather think that everybody living in that neighborhood was glad to have it go, (I never heard of anyone filing a protest) for on a day when the air hung heavy over the town the entire neighborhood was permeated with the disagreeable odor of gas.

In the early part of the year 1855, the editor of the *Phoenix* was trying to induce the citizens of the town to buy stock in the new Gas Light Co. One of his stimulating articles bore this heading: "Let there be light." At that time the town was getting ready to do away with the old-time oil lamps that were located on the principal street corners throughout the town. The Bristol Gas Light Co. was the name of the new concern. It started with a capital of \$35,000.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

An item in the *Phenix* of April 14, 1855, states that "The Bristol Gas Light Co. have purchased the lot at the South end of the Town Bridge for the purpose of erecting the gas works thereon." The old editor was one of the real progressives of his times. He was heartily in favor of anything that tinged of advancement.

In April, 1855, the Gas Company started to build the works on the lot near the Town Bridge and this is what the editor had to say about it: "More Light—The Gas Company has commenced laying down the gas pipes in this town. This will do away with the disagreeable odor arising from the burning of whale oil which most everybody uses. The gas will be furnished at \$4 per thousand cubic feet. And people can use as much as they please. (They still have that privilege). No lamps to trim and the vexation of having oil spilled on carpets need be no more feared." That same month at the town meeting, the taxpayers voted: "To contract with Gas Co. to cause 20 lamp posts and lamps to be placed in such parts of the town as the committee may direct." The Fourth of July, 1855 was the date the gas was first turned on for public use. We read: "The house of the superintendent, William J. Miller, on the corner of Central and Bradford streets, and Linden Place on Hope street, were lighted by gas from the works on the evening of July 4, 1855, which was the first gas ever used in the town."

This account would not be complete if we failed to mention the two faithful old firemen at the plant who, night and day, year in and year out, were at their posts fueling the perpetual fires, that the people of the community might have light. Adam Faulkner was on the day shift for years; the years were so many that when one thought of the gas works he thought of old Adam at one and the same time. Archibald Graham was on nights. He came to Bristol, his daughter tells me, in the year 1883. He worked for the company, tending the night fires from that year up to the time when the plant closed which was about the year 1900. Many of the readers will remember when the old plant

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

was called "the heater". People in the olden days always referred to it by that name.

An old-timer tells me that years ago folks used to take their young ones up to the gas house, when they had the chin cough (whooping cough) or croup, and let them stand in the fire room while Adam was raking the fires. The fumes were supposed to give the youngsters immediate relief. He remembers taking the younger members of his family there many a time when he was a small boy. I asked him if they received any relief. "I don't remember," he replied, "it was so long ago." I almost forgot to mention that for years, Washington street was called "Gas House Lane." To this day the old-timers always refer to it by that name. It will take years to live it down—when all the old natives die off, then and only then, the old sobriquet will have become a thing of the past.

SOME BRISTOL "COLORED FOLKS" OF THE LONG AGO

Written by MISS C. MARIA SHEPARD, *daughter of Rev. Thomas Shepard, D.D., pastor of the First Congregational Church, 1835-1865.*

IRVING BERDINE RICHMAN in his "History of Rhode Island", published in 1905, states that of the 59 slave ships owned in this state from 1804-1807, ten of these ships were owned in Bristol. There were two kinds of slavery spoken of in those early days, genteel and piratical. The first was common during the first part of the 18th Century. Of this class in the year 1700 three vessels sailed from Newport, R. I. to the East Coast of Africa for cargoes of slaves to be sold in the Barbadoes. Starting from Newport with a cargo of New England rum, made from molasses brought from the West Indies, the ship would sail for the coast of Africa where the cargo would be bartered for a cargo of slaves at 100 gallons per head, then on

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

the return voyage a stop would be made at the Indies to sell these blacks for an invoice of sugar and molasses, this was carried home to Newport to be distilled into rum, then to be started off again on its mission in human traffic. The bills of lading for these vessels were printed with the heading, "By the Grace of God for the Coast of Africa." From 1775 or 1778 to the middle of the 19th Century the two kinds of slavery were strangely mixed. Bristol contributed a large part of the money needed to carry on both, and received a fair quota of negroes into its homes, so that even in our day survivors of this system were well known.

One of the earliest in my recollections of these colored people was Barbara Howland who came regularly to the Parsonage on Thanksgiving mornings, for her breakfast, bringing with her a tin pail to be filled with "something good" to carry home. Her street costume was a heavy linsey-woolsey petticoat with a shawl about her shoulders and a quilted hood on her head. Her large features, high cheek bones and straight hair betrayed a mixture of Indian and negro blood, which added much to the mystery and interest with which we children watched her. Barbary lived to see her grandchildren fill respectable and efficient positions in the town as barbers and in later times her grandchildren were among our High School graduates.

Uncle Song Haskell and his wife Morea were of pure African blood. As a sawer of wood and drawer of water in the days when all drinking water was carried from private wells, or the town pump, and wood was split and piled in woodsheds for the winter's use, "Uncle Song" was a faithful servant.

Total abstinence was not enforced in town, nor state, nor was the subject publicly discussed to any great extent. Decanters of choice wines were on the sideboards in all the homes of the well-to-do and was offered at all parties. This being the case in high life, was it strange that to those in humble circumstances came the temptation to drown sorrow and misery with a mug of rum? One of those persons over-indulgent was "Black Luce" who on being pulled out of the gutter where she had fallen,

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

when reprimanded, replied "Lors sake, Uncle Joe, looks is nothing—behavior is all." Her granddaughter grew up in our public schools, graduating with honors from the High School and giving the Latin Salutatory.

Bridget Tanner, one of the earliest of that family, was known to some of us as the maker and vender of spruce beer and bay-berry tallow. The beer found a ready sale for refreshment, and the tallow was used to grease the boys' boots to make them impervious to snow and water before the days of gum overshoes.

Alathea, or Althea Everson Clark and her husband lived with the family of Stephen Church on his farm on Pappoose-squaw. She had a natural ear for music and could sing, and play on the piano. The family say that on occasion she would be invited into the parlor to entertain company, she would play skilfully and with great expression, being as much at ease as any of the guests. Once in a while Althea would come to the Parsonage in the evening to have a letter written at her dictation to some absent friend. These letters always began and ended with the same forms, viz., "I write to inform you that I am well and hope these lines will find you the same", and "Yours till death" Althea Everson Clark. Between these parts she would express herself in a very friendly way for a page or so, then seeing it finished and her name signed for her at the close, she would ask to have it read aloud, showing her great satisfaction in the exclamation—"That sounds nice."

John Navy, or "Uncle John" as he was called, came to Bristol as a cook on a vessel from the West Indies in the '60s, and lived for many years with his second wife in a little two-roomed house on land owned by Capt. Allen Usher in Goree. During the last of his life he was a familiar figure on the street as he passed daily with a large covered basket on his arm calling at regular places for cold food and "broken bits". The story of his early life was sad—A little boy of three years (previous to 1785) at play near his home on the East Coast of Africa, he was suddenly kidnaped and hurried on board a vessel in the harbor and sold into slavery to an English sea captain whom he served for many

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

years. From this servitude he found his way into the British Navy and from thence to this country. Bowed over with rheumatism and shuffling along on his frostbitten feet, he was wont to say when asked his age, "I do' know Missey, some folks say I must be a hundred. I am so old I have the misery in my bones." This little kidnaped boy of three years never forgot the lamentations of his mother as she stood on the shore watching the receding vessel as it bore him away to a remote part of the world, a life of bitter servitude and long years of poverty and weakness at the close. He died in Bristol in 1883 about 100 years old. A century of toil, yet his last years were his best years, for in these he received the sympathy of friends and his temporal wants were supplied.

HON. BYRON DIMAN, 1795-1865

HON. BYRON DIMAN died at his residence on Hope street in this town on Tuesday, August 1, 1865. He was seized with an apoplectic attack on the 23rd ult. and such was the severity of the attack that from the first no hopes were entertained of his recovery.

Governor Diman was the son of the late Deacon Jeremiah and Hannah (Luther) Diman. He was born August 5, 1795, in the dwelling house on Thames street recently occupied by Mason W. Pierce, Esq. He was so long engaged in active business and had been so conspicuous in public life that he was very widely known and no man among us has more fully commanded the esteem and affection of all who knew him. His early education was obtained at the private schools here and principally under the tuition of the late Bishop Griswold.

At the age of 16 he entered the counting room of the late Hon. James D'Wolf, where he continued until that gentleman's death in 1837, and until after the settlement of his estate. Governor Diman for a long time was extensively engaged in commercial

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

business, both in the whale fisheries and in the West Indies trade; he was also largely concerned in cotton manufactures and was an extensive owner and director in the cotton manufactories in this town; at one time treasurer and subsequently president of the Bristol Steam Mill; and also a director of the Pakonoket Mill.

For the greater part of his life he has held a deep interest in political questions and took a very active part in all political contests, in the national, State or town affairs. He represented his native town for many years in both branches of the Legislature, both under the old charter and our present form of State government.

During the Dorr troubles of 1842 he took an active part on the side of the Law and Order party and was one of the Governor's councilors during those exciting times. After the adoption of the Constitution he served for three years as lieutenant governor and in 1846 was elected governor of the State. He was a member of the convention which nominated General Harrison for the presidency in 1840.

Governor Diman was cashier of the Mount Hope Bank in this town during the continuance of that institution and was, also, for many years president of the Bank of Bristol. He always took an interest in church affairs and was remarkably punctual in his attendance on public worship. He was for several years president of the Catholic Congregational Society.

He always took a great interest in everything that pertained to the welfare and prosperity of his native town—a man of open hospitality, the poor who applied to him for aid were never sent away empty handed. He was a genial, kind-hearted man, affable to all, a kind neighbor, a prudent counsellor and a true friend.

Governor Diman retired from active business about five years ago and has since passed his remaining years in the quiet of his family, library and native town.

He was twice married. His first wife was Abigail Alden, daughter of the late Rev. Henry Wight, D.D., for more than forty years the beloved pastor of the Congregational Church in this town. By her he had seven children, four of whom are now

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

living, viz: George Byron Diman, who resides at the family homestead; Rev. J. Lewis Diman, at present Professor of History in Brown University; Henry Wight Diman, United States Consul at Oporto, Portugal, and Clara Anna, the wife of A. Sidney D'Wolf, Esq. His second wife, who survives him, was Elizabeth Ann, daughter of the late Mr. Thomas B. Wood and widow of the late Jeremiah D. Liscomb of this town; by her he has one daughter.

The funeral of Governor Diman was solemnized on Thursday afternoon at his late residence. The services were conducted by Rev. Dr. Shepard assisted by Rev. Dr. Thayer of Newport. At the close of the solemnities a long procession followed his remains to the Juniper Hill Cemetery where they were deposited by the side of kindred dust.

JOHN HOWE, 1783-1864

ANOTHER venerable and well known form has ceased from among us. John Howe, Esq., one of the leading members of the Rhode Island Bar, and a practicing attorney of this town for almost half a century, died at the residence of his son, the Rev. Mark A. D'W. Howe, in Philadelphia, March 14, 1864, at the advanced age of 80 years and 8 months. Mr. Howe was born in Killingly, Conn., July 3, 1783, the son of Captain Perley and Abigail (D'Wolf) Howe. He was graduated at Rhode Island College, now Brown University, in the year 1806, and on leaving college studied law under Judge Benjamin Bourn of this town, and on admission to the Bar in 1808, practiced his profession until about ten years since, when advanced age compelled him to retire. He early secured an enviable reputation at the Bar, then regularly attended by such eminent lawyers as Burrill, Burgess and Searle, of Providence, and Hazard, Hunter and Robbins, of Newport. He early took part in the politics of the day, casting his lot as a Federalist, with a party that was in the minority both in State and country. He stood by this party through all its struggles until it

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

was succeeded by the Whig party. He represented this town in the General Assembly for a number of years, and was an influential and prominent member of that body. His terms of service were: 1823-27-28-29-30-41-42.

In 1844 he was appointed Collector of Customs for the district of Warren and Bristol by President Harrison.

"Squire" Howe, as he was called, filled a large place in the community for half a century, and was one of the first to start and forward the plan of free schools. He married, in 1807, Louisa, daughter of Stephen Smith, of this town. They had one child, Mark Antony DeWolfe.

From the *Bristol Gazette*, 1834:

NOTICE

"The subscriber has appropriated the southeast room of his dwelling house to the transaction of such professional business as is done at an office and will be happy to receive the commands of his friends and clients in relation to such or any other law business. He would give notice that the practice of writing dunning letters for creditors in the town, which always had the effect of making debtors indifferent to their calls and throwing the business of collecting out of the hands of such creditors, will not be conformed to by him, unless specially requested by his employers, and at that their expense.

John Howe
Attorney and Counsellor at Law"

Another, one year later—1835:

Notice

John Howe has removed his law office to the northwest room of his own house, where he will be happy to see his friends and clients.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

ROBERT ROGERS, 1792-1870

THE subject of this sketch played a very important part in the affairs of this town from the time he first came here in 1814, up to the time of his death in 1870, a period of 56 years.

Born in Newport, R. I., in 1792, during George Washington's first term of the presidency, he was twenty-two years old at the time he came to Bristol and married Maria D'Wolf, daughter of William D'Wolf, one of the most prominent merchants of those days.

Entering the counting-house of his father-in-law, at a time when an extensive foreign commerce was bringing such untold wealth to the town, he continued these business connections with Mr. D'Wolf up to the latter's death in 1829. It was quite natural that he should carry on the business affairs of the old merchant. Success upon success crowned his every enterprise, ending in his amassing a large fortune. He paid a tax of \$7900, and, at the time of his death was by far the wealthiest citizen of the community, leaving an estate of over \$1,300,000.

In his early youth he devoted more time and diligent study to the various branches of business education than was common with young men of his time. He was extremely well informed and consequently his ventures were based upon a thorough knowledge and were planned with great foresight. As a business man he was of the old school; his ideas of commercial morality were very strict; the most scrupulous and unbending integrity marked all his dealings.

Up to the last he was a constant attendant at public worship. Every Sunday morning would find him in his accustomed seat in church, even at the last when he was obliged to be supported from his carriage to his pew.

After his death the benevolent institutions of the community and the poor of the town, including many widows and orphans, shared liberally in his benefactions as they had while he lived. They all had abundant occasion to cherish and revere his memory.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

It would seem most fitting that the younger generation of Bristol, particularly the many who make use of our local free library, should know how it came to be and also something about the one who, years ago, made possible this lasting public service.

THE ROGERS FREE LIBRARY

From early youth Mr. Rogers was a constant reader and lover of the best literature. History and works of travel were his favorite reading. His library of several thousand choice volumes, after his death, was divided between the Redwood Library of Newport and our own local library.

During his life Mr. Rogers had often declared his intention of giving a library to the town and after his death his widow, finding certain memoranda upon the subject among his papers, decided to carry into effect her husband's plans and erect a building to his memory. The site selected was especially dear to her, from the fact that it was formerly a part of the homestead of her father, the late Captain William D'Wolf. The cost of the building, amounting to something more than \$18,000, was wholly met and paid by Mrs. Rogers. The building was completed the latter part of 1877, dedicated January 12, 1878, and soon after a deed of trust was presented to the town by Mrs. Rogers. The library opened with some 4,000 volumes, consisting of a large proportion of the choicest books in the library of Mr. Rogers at the time of his death. Some 1,200 new volumes were the gift of Mrs. Rogers and her sister, Miss Charlotte D'Wolf. To these were added 2,200 volumes formerly belonging to the local Y. M. C. A. library. To give an idea how the library has prospered and grown, there are today (1942) nearly 26,000 volumes on the shelves. Mr. George U. Arnold was the first librarian and held the office up to the time of his death in 1924 and Miss Mary E. Thompson was the assistant librarian up to the time of her death in 1903.

Upon the death of Mr. D'Wolf his two daughters, Mrs. Rogers and Miss Charlotte D'Wolf, came into possession of the large estate, "Hey Bonnie Hall", over on Poppasquash, and from then on this was their home.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

Miss Alicia Middleton, who was grand niece of Mr. Rogers, wrote of him: "When my mother's marriage date was fixed Uncle Robert at once proposed to take her to New York, where with unstinted generosity he gave her carte blanche to get whatever was needed for her wedding outfit, taking her to Tiffany's that she might select from the dazzling array of jewels and ornaments.

"All through his life, Uncle Robert was looked upon as a stern man, absorbed in his money-making. Cold and taciturn to others, he had a never failing smile for his little niece (Miss Middleton's mother). Usually morose and silent, when in her company he was a different man. 'People do not know what a fine man Uncle Robert is,' she would remark to her mother. To his extreme homeliness of countenance was added an irritability sufficient to repel anything but the bravery and innocence of youth. He was called close-fisted, exacting and selfish, but after his death, the poor and the suffering, the widows and orphans, bore witness to his generous and silent kindness of heart."

In the library is a large oil portrait of the old banker and after studying it for some time I have come to the conclusion that it is not an unkindly face. A rather amusing story about Mr. Rogers has survived these many years. It goes something like this: When the news of the unexpected defeat of the Union forces at the first battle of Bull Run reached Bristol, it was more than the old banker could stand. Rushing out of his bank, hatless, he ran along Hope street, waving his arms in despair and moaning all the way down the street, "We are lost, we are lost, we are all ruined!"

One hundred and twenty-four years ago, in September, 1818, a not very large bank was started in this town by the D'Wolfs. The General Assembly, in session that month, passed an act to incorporate the stockholders of the Eagle Bank in Bristol; in 1865 its name was changed to the National Eagle Bank. In time it got to be known as "Robert Rogers' Bank," acquiring this name because of the fact that the old banker was connected with it from the day it was started.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

Record Book -A- of the bank, with its original entries, many in the bold handwriting of the old banker himself, is very interesting to look over. Judging from the way cashier after cashier followed one another in short order, the old banker must have been a tartar to work for. Among the original stockholders were William, George, and Levi D'Wolf. Robert Rogers, jr., was a director; in those days he was "jr." Charles D'Wolf, jr., was chosen the first president and G. F. Usher, cashier. The old records of the Eagle Bank show that at a meeting held June 3, 1822, Robert Rogers was chosen president in place of Charles D'Wolf, jr., who declined a re-election. Mr. Rogers was only thirty years old at the time. He held this office, except for a short period in the forties, up to the time of his death in 1870.

For years the old banker used to drive over to town every day from his home over on Poppasquash; he kept his rig in the barn in the rear of the Cushman house where the bank was located.

During the winter months he, his wife and her sister, Miss Charlotte D'Wolf, used to board with the Misses Cushman. "In those days 'theirs' was considered 'a fashionable boarding-house.' "

It was in the north front room of this old house that the Eagle Bank had its quarters from the year 1840 to 1878. For years John G. Watson, a deacon of the Congregational church, was cashier and only clerk of the bank. Many of the older generation will remember him as he toiled over his books at the high desk directly in front of the window facing the street. He was a small man and not very robust. Just recently I came across the notice of his sudden death from heart failure back in 1900. He was 70 years old at the time.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

“GOREE”

AS A BOY I remember Goree as a locality peopled wholly by colored folks, from Charles Munro's corner to the corner of “Crooked Lane”. At that time I was rather skittish about going through there alone, though they were a very quiet folk, with the exception of a few young toughs. Prominent among these bellicose darkies was “Pinky” Peck, a schoolmate of ours, if I remember right. “Pinky” always had a fight on hand for any boy that wanted one. At one time he was a standard of fighting ability and any boy who could lick “Pinky” Peck was considered to be good for all-comers in that class.

There is a tradition that Goree once had a government separate from Bristol or under a protectorate, at any rate they elected a governor of their own. It is said that the last to hold the office—not Domino, he was only called governor by courtesy or in derision—brought his administration into disrepute by his violent methods towards his “subjects”. This governor was a man of distinction in Goree, from the fact that he owned a horse and gig—the latter being the body and gear of an old chaise with the top removed—family carriages in that community being the exception. It appears that one of the citizens had committed some act against the “peace and dignity” of Goree and made tracks for the woods. The governor, who seems to have absorbed about all the offices belonging to the machinery of justice, started after the culprit in the old gig, and finally caught his man in the woods near Swansea. He also nearly killed the unfortunate darky by driving the seven miles back to Bristol with his prisoner lashed with his hands to the brace bar and his feet to the axle of the old gig, which cruel treatment so incensed the white people in town, the governor was forthwith deposed and the office abolished. I hear now that the colored people have about all left Goree and that the street (Wood) has been built over with a better class of houses.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

The Jim Domino alluded to was a person of considerable prominence in Goree circles, which prominence was emphasized when he was full of New England rum. This innocent product of the still was a favorite beverage in those days with a certain class. In speaking of his life on shipboard (he followed the sea at one time) Domino always expressed great admiration for Capt. McIntyre. He was wont to declare that the captain was the smartest man he ever sailed with, citing the fact that the captain on the outward passage to the West Indies flogged him three times before the ship passed Sandy Point, Prudence; an experience which seemed to give Domino the greatest satisfaction.

Capt. McIntyre in my time lived on the east side of High street, between Constitution and Church streets. A kind-hearted, bluff old gentleman, at one time an enterprising shipmaster and later a shipowner. He has been dead now more than forty years. He was a man well-liked, a favorite with all who knew him, a very interesting man.

SOME QUAIN'T BRISTOL CHARACTERS OF THE OLD DAYS

By J. A. REID (1848-1924)

A RESPECTED MERCHANT of Thames street, of the olden days, was Major Wardwell. He was a quaint character, sturdy in build, rugged in person, and brief in his language. He sold fruit, snuff, brogans, cowhide boots etc., and in fact kept one of those early department stores which in those days were called "variety stores". He had one customer who always seemed anxious to pick out the largest apple in the barrel and bound to get his money's worth on all occasions. The Major had marked this propensity with increasing impatience, and catching his patron in the act one day, called out: "Here, you've already chafed all the hair off the top of your head, get out of

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

there." At another time a burly son of Africa came in to buy some cheese. There was already quite a score against him on the books, but getting possession of the article he desired, he turned around and told the waiting storekeeper "to charge it" and made for the door, giving the Major his only chance to retaliate by the petty aside, "I hope it'll kill the damned nigger."

One of the most loyal and patriotic, as well as quaint, characters Bristol has had among her sons, was our old friend Sammie Slocum. His picturesque attire on the glorious Fourth, the marvelous whiteness of his raiment, a mammoth buttonhole decoration, and the imperiousness and magnificence of his holiday stride on Independence Day, when he was a very important part of the parade, will for many years to come keep his memory fresh and green in the minds of his compatriots. The simplicity of his patriotism was only exceeded by its fervor, and the amount of pleasure he got out of the Fourth was only surpassed by the fun the boys tried to get out of him all the year round. He lived at Major Cushman's on Hope street, in the capacity of servant-in-general and man-of-all-work, washed dishes three times a day or more, went errands about town between meals, and filled in his odd moments clamming at low water over at "Mill Gut". His favorite field of operations lay over back of the "Sam Church farm". His wheelbarrow and his staunch figure were familiar sights on Hope street pleasant afternoons, for he always came back from "Mill Gut" loaded with clams. The boys all took a most devilish delight in pestering the poor fellow, until he could scarce contain himself. He would drop the handles of his "barrow", grab the biggest stone he could find, and make for his chief tormentor; meanwhile one of the other boys made off with his clams. The clams were sold only for cash, he was always looking for a quarter, and was never known to take "shin-plasters" or change. Sammy had a fondness or weakness for bright flashy jewelry, any kind so long as it would flash. You should have seen him when he was "all dressed up". His fingers were just covered with rings, and the bright colored pins, buttons and whatnot stuck in the lapels of his coat and on his

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

breast would have stocked up a jewelry shop. Give him a trinket, no matter what, he was your friend for life.

He would swear sometimes when he was too much vexed by the boys, but on Sundays he was as regular in attendance on church service at Parson Shepard's, as was the late Bradford Church, who could be seen regularly in one gallery with Sam in the other. He was as devout and circumspect on the Sabbath day as he was patriotic on the Fourth. The stories which could be told about him are many. One day Sam appeared on the wharf at the foot of State street, and went aboard a schooner which was unloading her cargo of coal. Some of the boys got him into the coal scoop, hoisted him up in the air and kept him suspended there until their appetite for fun and profanity was thoroughly satiated. Then they let go of the lines, dropping him down to the deck, nearly killing the poor fellow.

Sam's appetite was a good one and he had a keen relish for raw sausage meat which he sometimes slyly indulged in at the expense of Col. Elisha Wardwell who kept a market, at that time, at the corner of Hope and Wardwell streets, under the Mount Hope House. It caused a sharp retaliation and the fixing up of a special line of sausages, with a strong dose of red pepper in their centres, for his especial benefit. The next time Sam came in and tried his favorite snack, he found it much too hot for his enjoyment. Sam hailed from Newport originally, and after spending the most of his years in Bristol returned to his native city to pass his last days.

HON. JOSEPH M. BLAKE, 1810-1879

JOSEPH M. BLAKE was born in Northfield, Mass., on the 13th day of July, 1809, and died in Bristol Nov. 8th, 1879, aged 70 years. His father, Charles Blake, M.D., was a surgeon in the U. S. Navy, and a participant in the renowned action between the Constitution and the Guerriere.

Mr. Blake's coming to this State was rather by accident. He studied law, at first, with Joel Parker, in Exeter, New Hamp-

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

shire. At that time a student could be admitted to the bar in Rhode Island earlier than in any other state and Mr. Blake before attaining his majority came here to complete the required term of study and to be admitted here before going west. He called on John Howe, the member of the General Assembly from Bristol, while that body was in session and being pleased with his description of the town, came to Bristol and studied with him until his admission to the bar, when he became his law partner. A few years later he formed a copartnership with Judge J. Russell Bullock, which continued until Mr. Blake was elected to the office of attorney general, in 1843, which office he held for eight years, to 1851.

The date of his arrival here was 1829. In 1836 when we had semi-annual elections, he took his seat for the first time in the General Assembly as a member of the House from this town. His legislative career lasted from 1836, with very brief intermissions, except when he was attorney general, to 1866.

As a criminal prosecutor he had no superior. He had one of the fullest of minds and was a most thorough reader. His library was not small but he knew what was in it. History was his favorite and he never read it without a map before him. Allison he knew by heart, and there were few people as familiar with the battles of Napoleon and Wellington as was Joseph M. Blake. Of poetry he read only the masters; Shakespeare, Milton and Coleridge were his favorites. Of biography he was fond, and his great favorite, whose every word he knew, was Boswell's Johnson. His home was enough for him and there, with an instructive and entertaining book, you would find him. He was wont to recall his younger days and tell about the late Gov. Nathaniel Bullock and Senator James D'Wolf, both of whom he knew well. Mr. Blake resided in the large mansion situated on the north side of Union street, the estate now (1942) owned by Mr. John Winthrop DeWolf.

Notice in the *Phoenix* in 1833 —

J. M. Blake,
Attorney at Law.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

Has taken the Office lately occupied by J. Howe, Esq. and will faithfully attend to such professional business as may be entrusted to his care.

One who remembered Mr. Blake at the time he was attorney general of this State said: "I knew Mr. Blake very well, and I feel how inadequate must be any attempt to give a correct account of the impression which he made upon me as a man and as a lawyer. The difficulty arises, in a great part, from the peculiarity of his manner. Joseph M. Blake had great influence with juries; as one of his contemporaries one time said, 'no jury could resist him.' I well remember him as he appeared in the court room in those days. Mr. Webster, when about to deliver a great oration in Faneuil Hall, was never more carefully dressed than was Mr. Blake on those occasions. He wore black doe-skin pantaloons, a black satin vest, and a blue dress coat with brass buttons; a more noble presence was never seen in a court room."

"In those days Court days were notable ones, and the gatherings of the lawyers about the old Court House were always of interest. The out-of-town lawyers used to come down by stage and while the court was in session put up at the hotel on Pump Lane."

THE OLD GLADDING WINDMILL

READING about the old windmill which years ago used to stand on the lot now owned by Ex-Governor A. O. Bourn, near the "Love Rocks", recalled to mind an incident which the downtown boys of the forties and fifties, now living, will probably remember. The windmill at that time not being in use, the boys used to play around there. We would catch hold of the arms, which reached nearly to the ground, push them upwards and then cling on; sometimes a boy would be carried up and over and have to cling on for dear life. In those days the windmill was owned by "Daddy" Wardsworth who lived in the old

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

house* that used to stand on the north side of lower Union street, between Hope street and the shore.

In those days a cart path, just to the south of where the Herreshoff boat shops now stand, lead to the old mill. At that time the mill was used to house a dray belonging to Lem Clark Richmond, the senior. The dray was a two-wheel affair, used to haul hogsheads of molasses; it was loaded by letting down the rear end, rolling the hogsheads on, and tipping it up again, and then fastening it with two iron pins. Sometimes the boys used the old dray for tilting.

One day in the summer of 1850 or 51, three boys, George H. Peck, our present town treasurer, his brother and Lemuel P. Cummings took a lot of old newspapers from a large pile that was in the basement of the old mill and placing them on the upper millstone, they set fire to them, and then pushed the long arms up to see the paper fly—and fly it did, to the pile in the basement, and in a few moments the old mill was a mass of flames and went up in smoke. The boys darted quickly into a nearby cornfield and were soon very busily working, while everybody was wondering how the fire started.

OLD LANES OF BRISTOL

THE original streets of Bristol were laid out so as to form large squares; some few of these original squares are still intact. Through nearly all of these old streets, lanes, mostly narrow ones have been cut. What is now Court street was, as late as the year 1842, only open to a line extending to the east wall of the present jail, and was known as "Jail lane". Some years later this lane was extended as far as High street and was renamed Court street. John street was once known as "Taylor's lane"; in compliment to the cheerful blacksmith, Samuel Taylor, whose shop was to us boys a great delight, as we watched him hammer-

*Years ago the old house was moved to the east side of Cooke street.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

ing the red hot iron into a horseshoe or a heavy nail. Every youngster was glad to get a chance to "blow the bellows" and make the fire roar upwards through the wide-mouthed chimney. The greatest treat was to watch him shoeing an ox. Now, an ox is a meek and lowly animal when drawing a cart or hitched to a plow out in the fields. I never saw an ox move faster than a slow walk, but when that meek and docile piece of flesh was being fitted with a new set of shoes, he could be a most exasperating creature. The ox was forced into a machine, tied up, hoisted up and bent up, before the blacksmith could start to shoe him, and the time and patience used in getting that bovine ready was worth the cost. Any of my boyhood friends will agree with me, that shoeing an ox was something worth while to see.

The hill down "Taylor's lane" was the best coasting place in Bristol; there was a long and steep slide clear across Thames street. Another good sledding ground was on Church street, from Hope to Thames.

"Cross lane" so called, is now and has been for many years known by the name of Milk street. The original lane, commencing at Church street, did not extend across Byfield street, but ended opposite an old building known as "Potter's barn". In later years the street was lengthened to its present end south of Byfield street. The original idea was to cut the lane through to Constitution street, but it never was done. In those days "Cross lane" was a favorite playground for the "down-towners"; I think every boy who played there lived south of Church street.

The south side of the old Methodist church, which stood where now stands the Byfield school, was our favorite haunt in the winter time; the spot was the warmest on the "Common" and we were quite content to spend our fifteen minute recess there. Years ago there were five buildings on the west side of the Common; the "Old Brick School-House", the Baptist church, the Court House, the old Academy and the Methodist church. Of these, only two remain, the Baptist church and the Court House.

GEORGE T. BOURNE

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

DOCTOR JABEZ HOLMES, 1791-1851

DIED on the morning of the 4th inst. (November, 1851), after a long and prostrating illness, Jabez Holmes, M.D., aged 60. Dr. Holmes was born at Stonington, Conn., April 9, 1791. He studied his profession in Newport, R. I., and commenced practicing in this town, in the early part of 1813. During these almost 40 years he has devoted his time, talents and skill, exclusively and most assiduously to his profession. The result has been—that he has had an extensive practice and a large circle of confiding patrons. He has been truly “the beloved physician” to many, many families in this community. To a remarkable degree, he possessed the characteristic of prudence. His aim was single—to do his utmost in the healing art. To this, his days and nights were devoted. With things foreign to this he had little to do. His attentions to the sick were unwearied. Many are the households among us who will carry to their graves the image of his benignant countenance and manner, so deeply are they impressed upon their hearts by his faithful and patient services in their seasons of trial and affliction. By his more abundant labors early and late, in season and out of season, his valuable life has been brought to a premature close. Seldom have we known a man, in a public profession, mingling with all classes of society, pass through so many years in the same place, with reputation so unsullied—a character so free from every imputation. Doctor Holmes possessed great kindness of feeling, strict integrity and remarkable circumspection of life and conversation. In all these virtues he was a pattern to those of his own profession and to all others. We feel that we have parted with a citizen, a physician, a friend in distress whose like we shall never see again. The last seven years of his life have been burdened with many and severe infirmities. Still he went at the call of the sick; and continued his visits long after his emaciated countenance and faltering gait gave unequivocal premonitions that the vital powers were fast giving way.—At

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

length the hour of dissolution came. He had often thought and spoken of it with calmness and resignation. As his life had been one of patient, uncomplaining endurance, so his departure was signalized by childlike acquiescence in the divine will. The family over which he has so long presided with uniform kindness and affection have been sorely bereaved. With them a sympathizing community desire to mingle their tears at the departure of one so universally honored and loved.

OLD STAGE COACH DAYS

ONE hundred years ago the only way of getting in and out of this village, as it was then called, was by stage coach. Those romantic old days passed with the coming of the railroad in the year 1855. This newer mode of travel survived for eighty-three years and in 1938 the railroad itself was superseded, for the sake of economy, by the motor busses.

The introduction of steam as a means of conveyance was something new; it swept the old stage coach right off the roads. When it was first suggested that steam could be used in place of horses, the drivers regarded it as a huge joke. "The tin kettle of steam drive us off the road!" they would exclaim with hearty guffaws, "It can never happen. What do folks want with railways? With the stage running twelve miles an hour, what more do they want?" The drivers were not the only ones who resented the intrusion of the "new fangled steam kettles" as one old patron of the stage lines years ago put it, "You get upset in a coach—and there you are! You get upset in a rail-car and damme, where are you?" (accidents were many on the early railroads.)

"One hundred years ago the stage driver was a person of much authority on the road. The relative standing of passengers was regulated by his own peculiar formula. When hills were steep or roads more than usually bad, he gauged to a nicety the rela-

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

tive standing of his fares. 'First class passengers (inside) keep your seats; Second class passengers get out and walk; Third class (on the top) get down and push behind.' " In those days the stage would pick up passengers all through the town; it would drive right up to the door and get those who had previously notified the office of their intended trip. At one period when we used to have a town crier, that official, for two or three days before, would cry out at the various street corners the leaving time of the stage.

A trip by stage, even if the distance was not great in miles, was bound to be long and tedious in time. It was up to the driver to make the time pass as quickly and pleasantly as possible, for the trip at its best was a hardship. The old driver had to be nimble of wit and apt at repartee; possessed of a fund of good stories and know how to tell them; also he had to be able to "crack jokes with the best of them". One old driver of those bygone days used to boast, and rightly so, that his passengers never had a dull trip while riding with him. One story has come down to us that might bear out this modest claim; "The coach passed a quaint little church, nestling in the distance among the trees. The driver remarked, pointing with his whip in the direction of the church: 'A very curious thing about that little church—they ring all the bells for a funeral, but only one for a wedding.' The passengers were all curious. 'How very unusual, why do they do that?' 'Well, you see, there is only one bell,' he explains with a chuckle."

Some of the drivers were of a rough nature whose habits of profanity were so constant and vigorous as to give them wide notoriety. The old-timers used to tell about an old driver named Jem, who was a past master in this lost art. One time a fellow by the name of Brown was riding with him and after a time the two were locked in a verbal clash. At the height of it, Jem was using such a string of oaths that Brown, who was no mean performer in that line himself, was aghast, his mouth agape with astonishment. A man with such a command of the English language was quite out of the common run and entitled to

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

respect. Another story about old Jem was the time his coach got ditched in a deep rut, wrecking a hind wheel and nearly upsetting the whole affair. Jem pulled his horses up short and all hands slid down and gathered around the damaged wheel. The old man, arms akimbo, cheeks all puffed out, surveyed the wreck in silence; then he turned away and busied himself stroking his horses. One of the passengers, after watching the old driver for a while, called out: "Why don't yer cuss, Jem—why don't yer say somethin'?" The old man turned on him with contempt, and replied: "There is occasions when words is 'inadakate'!"

Exposed to all kinds of weather, cold and sleet in the winter, heat and dust in the summer, with wind and rain the year 'round, the stage drivers of the olden days were necessarily men of strong constitutions, for their work was arduous and called for great physical endurance. A letter written in January, 1831, tells about the stage drivers bringing in the mail that winter. "We are entirely blocked in by snow, no communication with any of the neighboring towns except by post travelers. We have had no mail for the past fortnight—Chadwick and Smith (they were the stage drivers in those days) have occasionally brought it in on their backs from Providence." That must have been a very severe winter. In going through the old records you now and then read where people were snowed in for a long period just like they were back in 1831.

Another old account gives some idea of what those living in the outlying districts had to contend with when they had a severe winter. "The snow is so deep that father has been going over to grandfather's on the stone walls for three days; he cannot travel the roads." Mr. Viets Griswold Peck (1814-1910), years ago speaking about the cold winters and unusual amount of snow in the town when he was a boy, said he could remember "one winter over 70 years ago when the roads were so drifted on Bristol Neck that they had to shovel out a tunnel near the corner of Hope and what is now Chestnut street, so that the stage which ran between this town and Providence could get through. The snow in many

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

places was up to the eaves of the houses and it was some time before the gang of more than twenty men finally succeeded in shoveling through the huge drifts."

When you get to talking about the old stage coach days and the express business, you just naturally think of the Warren family of this town. Starting way back in old Nathan's time the Warrens were in this line of business for nearly a hundred years.

THE WARREN FAMILY

Nathan Warren	1791-1871
his sons (3)	
Nathan Warren, Jr.	1817-1888
John F. Warren	1824-1906
George B. Warren	1837-1919
his son	
George W. Warren	1868-1929

Old Nathan was born in Middleborough, Mass., in 1791, and early in life came to this village and made his home here up to the time of his death, in 1871. For years he kept a livery stable, just off the north side of lower State street. (In those days it was called "Pump Lane"; there was a pump on the north side of the lane, just about at the entrance to his stable, which was situated in back.) From about the year 1830 to the time the railroad started in 1855, he was proprietor of a line of stage coaches running between this town and Providence. He was also mail contractor here for years, carrying the U. S. mail to Providence by stage. When the railroad came in 1855 the old proprietor was forced to seek other fields, becoming the first express agent in this village for Earle and Co.

— Express Notice —

Earle & Co.

N. Warren, Agt.

Office—State St. opposite Bristol Hotel

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

In 1861 (those were Civil War days) we find this:

The Earle Express Co. are now prepared to fwd. packages to the R. I. Troops at Washington at reduced rates.

N. Warren, Agt.

An old daguerreotype shows him with a tall black beaver, even taller than President Lincoln's famous stovepipe, the one he used to carry around state papers stuffed in the lining; a heavy black stock around his neck and a coat of broadcloth covering his powerful frame. His old leather wallet, the one he carried for years, is still in the possession of the Warren family; considering the length of time it has been around here, it still is in a very good state of preservation. It is a large affair, about nine or ten inches long and inside the old Yankee had pasted a very quaint bit of advice (in his own handwriting).

1824

Honesty is the best
policy—allwais
Remember that & bee Wise.

Mrs. George W. Warren tells me that the old gentleman was a very religious sort of man. At one time something happened that caused him to leave the folds of his church, so he started one of his own. He was the elder of this little flock which held their meetings in his home. Nathan Warren, Jr., like his father, had a line of stages up to the year 1855, and after that, conducted a livery stable which was located for years on the north side of Wardwell street. The second son, John F. Warren, drove the stage for his father previous to the coming of the railroad in 1855. In those days the stage used to start from Bristol at 5 o'clock in the morning so as to get to Providence in time to connect with the early morning Boston train. The old driver in telling about those early days said: "When roads were bad, which was always the case in the spring of the year, we had to hitch two extra horses on at Warren to help the heavy coach up the Half-Way hill, and bring the load to town."

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

Mr. Warren was the first baggage master, at this end of the line, for the new railroad, holding that position from 1855 up to the year 1895 when he retired. One who was a boy back in the late eighties, telling about the old baggage master, said: "He used to make it a point to drive us youngsters away when we were playing around the freight yard. At that time, boy fashion, we looked upon him as 'kinder mean'. It was years later that we learned why he did this—his own little boy in the early days of the railroad had been killed on those very tracks.."

The Warrens had competition in those early days—for an old account tells of John Chadwick, who kept the Bristol Hotel around the year 1847: "In 1826 he established the first stage route between Bristol and Providence, running it for more than a quarter of a century in connection with his livery business." A little over one hundred years ago, 1836, J. & N. Chadwick were running a Mail Stage and also an Accommodation Stage:

Newport, Bristol, Warren and Providence STAGE

THE Mail Stage will leave Providence for Warren, Bristol and Newport, at 8 o'clock, A. M. every day, (Sundays excepted) and arrive in Newport same afternoon. Returning, leaves Newport every day (Sundays excepted) at 9 o'clock, A. M., for Bristol, Warren and Providence, and arrive same afternoon.

☛ Passengers in the afternoon stage on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, can reach Boston the same evening at 8 o'clock by the Rail Road.

ACCOMMODATION STAGE

LEAVES Bristol, every morning (Sunday excepted) at half past 7 o'clock, for Warren and Providence.—Returning, leaves Providence every afternoon (Sunday excepted) at 3 o'clock, for Warren and Bristol.

☛ Books kept in Providence, at the Mansion House; Brastow's Manufacturer's Hotel, and at the Franklin House; at Burgess' and Horton's Hotels, Bristol; and at Cole's and Commercial Hotels, Warren.

* * Passengers called for and left at any part of the town.

J. & N. CHADWICK.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

At the same time Nathan Warren was running two lines:

Bristol, Warren, Fall-River, & New-Bedford Accommodation Stage

A STAGE will leave Bristol every morning (Sundays excepted) at 7 1-2 o'clock, and arrive in Fall River at half past 10, and in New Bedford in season to dine. Returning, leaves New Bedford every day at 1 o'clock and arrives at Warren and Bristol same afternoon.

☛ Passengers wishing to go to Fall River and return the same day, are informed that they can stop in Fall River four hours, for the transaction of business.

Books kept at Burgess' and Horton's Hotels, Bristol; Cole's and Commercial Hotels, Warren; at M. & R. N. Lawton's, Fall River; at Cole's and Blake's Hotels, New Bedford.

DAILY LINE TO BOSTON VIA TAUNTON

A STAGE will leave Bristol every day, (Sundays excepted) at 7 1-2 o'clock, A M for Boston, via Taunton, and arrive at Boston same evening. Returning, leaves Boston every morning, (Sundays excepted) and arrives at Bristol same afternoon. Fare from Bristol \$2.75 — from Warren \$2.50. Books kept at Burgess' and Horton's Hotels, Bristol, and at Cole's and Commercial Hotels, Warren.

☛ Passengers in this line from Bristol and Warren, can stop one hour at Taunton, and return the same day.

All Goods or Baggage sent by the above lines will be at the risk of the owners, unless receipted for by the driver.

* * Errands punctually attended to, and goods carried on the most reasonable terms.

NATHAN WARREN.

In those old days the books were usually kept at some hotel, from which point they started on their trips. 1846—"Books kept at Jones' Hotel, Bristol, where slate will be found." This custom was followed by the livery stables years ago. In the small office where the harness sets were usually hanging you would always find one of the old-style wall phones and a slate nearby for entering the calls.

Years ago Henry Martin was running a carriage to Bristol Ferry.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

1846

Carriage for Bristol Ferry
to meet the steamboat Perry
at each arrival.

Fare to Ferry 17 cents

Henry Martin

Back in the forties Nathan Warren, Jr. was following in his father's footsteps:

1848

MOUNT HOPE STAGE

BRISTOL, WARREN & PROVIDENCE

The Mount Hope Stage leaves Bristol every morning (Sundays excepted) at half past 6 o'clock for Warren and Providence.

Return—Lve. Providence at half past 2 o'clock every afternoon.

Fare from Bristol—50 cents.

Warren—37½ cents.

All orders intrusted to the care of the Driver will be punctually attended to.

N. Warren, jr.

There was another old-timer who used to drive a stage to Providence in the year 1850:

ACCOMMODATION STAGE TO PROVIDENCE

A slate will be kept at the store of H. J. Pitman, corner of Bradford and Hope streets, where passengers can leave their names.

N. Maxfield, Driver

George B. Warren, when a boy, used to work for his father driving the express. On the death of the old gentleman in 1871, he took over the business and later became manager of the express agency located in this town. At the turn of the century he was the local agent of Earle and Prew's Express. At that time the office was in the Mount Hope block, which stood at the south corner of Hope and Wardwell streets. For years his familiar figure was to be seen every day, rain or shine, perched on the express wagon, making the regular rounds of delivery. My own recollection, as a boy, was seeing him out in front of the express office, leaning against the building and sizing up, out of the corner of his eye, the passing traffic. He was a man of very few words, but never-

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

theless always pleasant. A man of regular habits and blessed with a strong constitution, Mr. Warren easily passed as a man much younger in years. George W. Warren was a son of old George B. For many years he was express messenger for Earle and Prew's Express, running between this town and Providence. The old regulars who used to ride in the smoker on their daily trips to the city will remember George, for he was always to be found in the baggage compartment adjoining the smoker. A man of exceptionally pleasant and agreeable nature, he made many friends. Mr. Warren served one term as postmaster of this town during the Coolidge administration, 1924-28.

This account would not be complete unless we mentioned some of those who were connected with the express office along with Mr. Warren. Back in the nineties "Pip" Burgess (William N.) was the express clerk in Mr. Warren's office. "Pip" in those days was very much interested in football and was the manager of the local team. Mr. Warren was by nature an outdoor man, and (although he was the agent) always drove one of the teams. Walter Simmons for years drove the other. He was always willing to give us kids a ride, but we always made it a point to ride in the back of the wagon. If we happened to get up on the seat beside him we regretted it, for Walter liked to grab you just above the knee and pinch for dear life—and believe me he could pinch.

Many of us remember Morgan Fish—he was always around the express office or out on one of the teams. Morgan usually sat in the back of the wagon perched on a box or package, sometimes he rode on the tailboard. I remember how badly Walter Simmons felt at the time poor Morgan passed away.

It is a shame that we do not know more about the old stage drivers of those days. One old account mentions Samuel Burnham who, back in the year 1855, was the first express messenger to run out of Bristol; previous to that he used to drive the stage between this town and Providence. This is all we know about this old knight of the reins and lash.

I learned just recently that the grand old gentleman, Euclid Nichols, sr., when a young fellow used to drive the stage between

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

this town and Providence. (Mr. Nichols was born over one hundred years ago, in 1835, and died in 1913.)

Here is an unusual item of news that appeared in 1851: "The driver of the stage entrusted with the conveyance of a package of money containing \$14,600 from Providence to Freeman's Bank, of this town, lost it on his way. It was found in a snow bank near India Bridge in Providence and returned to the bank." In the early part of the year 1855, the following appeared in the *Phenix*:

STAGE & EXPRESS NOTICE

A Stage will leave Bristol every morning at 7½ o'clock for Warren, Barrington and Providence. Every afternoon at 2 o'clock a Stage will leave Providence for Warren, Barrington and Bristol. Fare from Bristol—50 cents. From Warren—37½ cents.

N. Warren

We find this also:

THE RAIL ROAD LINE

Mount Hope Stage leaves every morning at 5 a. m. and arrives in Providence in time for the morning train of cars for Boston.

N. Warren, Agent.

When the Providence, Warren and Bristol R. R. first started, Mr. Warren ran an express "connecting, by R. R. and Steamboat, with all parts of the country."

"Freights and packages—Money carried.

Drafts and Bills collected at the lowest rates."

N. Warren.

In those days the temperance question worried a lot of folks and the old editor of the *Phenix* was one of them. It was always on his mind and every now and then kept popping up in his columns. This is what he had to say in June, 1854: "Mr. Chadwick of the Bristol Hotel informs us he has given up liquor selling and intends to keep a strickly Temperance House." And only a month later, on the 8th of July, the old scribe was forced to retract his words. Witness what he has to say: "We stated a few weeks past that Mr. Chadwick of the Bristol Hotel had

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

informed us that he had abolished his bar and intended to sell no more liquor, but we have since learned with sorrow, that the bar was only removed to the cellar and that on the 4th of July (of all days) several persons much disguised in liquor were seen lurking about the place.

"We once more advise Mr. Chadwick to give up the sale of the accursed stuff, lest he be brought to repent when it is too late." (Mr. Chadwick died shortly after this solemn warning—not that we think that it had anything to do with his death.) "Mr. John Chadwick, for many years proprietor of a line of stages running between this town and Providence, and also of the Bristol Hotel, died May 22, 1855, aged 61 years."

An old account written many years ago mentions "Kinnicutt's Tavern (the Half-Way House) located in Drownville on the stage road, where man and beast got much needed refreshments of all kinds. A ride starting from the Manufacturer's Hotel in Providence and not ending 'till the reins were drawn at Chadwick's in Bristol. The stage carried the mails in those days and also brought down the out-of-town newspapers. There would always be quite a crowd of the regulars waiting every night at the corner of Hope and State streets for 'the evening stage to come in.' There are very few now living who remember the driver's welcome cry, of those old days: 'Room inside for one more.' "

The old tavern is still standing; it is on the right hand side of the road, on the way to Providence, at the turn in the road just above the White Church; it is a two-story affair, painted white, and has a two-decker piazza in front.

THE OLD FRANKLIN ST. STATION

THE year 1855 was an eventful one for the town of Bristol; for that year the first passenger train was run between the town and Providence. It also witnessed the passing of the romantic old stage coaches, which for so many years were the town's only connection with the outside world.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

In June of that year (1855) the R. R. station at the foot of Franklin street was completed. It survived for 85 years, until its walls were battered in by the huge waves rolling in from the harbor during the hurricane of September, 1938; it was finally demolished in 1940. This old landmark with its red brick walls, the long single-story trainshed with the many windows and entrances on either side, and the low curved roof topping it all, was one of the best examples of a typical railway station of that period.

The files of the *Phoenix* for the year 1854 give an account of the road from the time of its conception, through the formulative period up to the time when construction was actually started. Much of the land through which the road runs was acquired by condemnation proceedings, and from time to time a detailed account giving the names of the property owners and the amounts awarded appear in these old accounts.

Hon. Samuel W. Church, at that time one of the leading figures of the town, was one of the chief promoters of the new enterprise. He was a director and vice president of the road from its start and held that office up to the time of his death in 1881. In 1888, his son, James C. Church, became a director of the road; he held that office up to the time of his death in 1936. The late Col. Samuel Norris was also interested in the new road. He had in his possession the original stock subscription book of the company.

The editor of the *Phoenix* at that time was quite enthusiastic over the coming of the road (probably because it meant the end of having the liverlights jounced out of one in a lumbering coach ploughing through muddy ruts, oftentimes hub deep) and his comments on the progress of the road are interesting. In March, 1855, he says: "The railroad is fast advancing towards completion. The filling up at the head of the harbor is nearly finished. The engine house is nearly ready, and the walls of the Depot are going up rapidly. We would suggest to our citizens the propriety of making preparations for a good gala day, and for a proper reception to the officers of the road who will probably visit

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

us in the first car when our citizens will be greeted by the first whistle of the first railroad car that ever entered Bristol. Something of the shape of a grand collation might probably suggest itself."

By April 28th, the old editor had become very enthusiastic. Witness what he had to say: "Line about completed. We can see nothing to prevent the entire completion of the road by the first of June, and then hurrah boys for Providence in a half hour." At last his dream came true, for in the middle of July this appeared: "The railroad between this place and Providence opened for travel Thursday, July 11th, 1855. There were crowds of people waiting at the station and along the tracks at Pappoosesquaw crossing to see the train as it drew into town." Many of the officials and directors of the road were aboard the train, and on its return trip, some of the leading citizens of the town rode back with them to the city. The editor, as a representative of the press, was in the party and, from his account, must have enjoyed the trip immensely.

In this same issue we read: "The trains for the present leave here at quarter before 7 o'clock in the morning and at 25 minutes past three in the afternoon. Soon a midday train will be added. Passengers will be conveyed in omnibusses between the Boston and Worcester station and the cars at Fox Point. Sometime later the cars will be drawn from India Point to the Worcester Depot over the tracks by horses."

On July 21st the editor was able to report that "The success of the railroad has thus far exceeded the most sanguine expectations of the projectors." The new timetable appeared in this issue:

PROVIDENCE, WARREN AND BRISTOL RAILROAD TIMETABLE
Trains leave Fox Point—8.50 a. m. and 5.35 p. m.
Trains leave Bristol—6.45 a. m. and 3.25 p. m. on arrival of the
Str. Perry from Newport,

Signed, Geo. S. Greene, Supt.

The above was Gen. George S. Greene, who was the surveyor and builder of the new road. The first station agent was George Hazard Pearce, who was postmaster here for the term 1849-53.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

The first train was in charge of Conductor S. H. Nason, his father was superintendent of the Boston and Providence Railroad at that time. The first engineer was Solomon Dodge, father of Walter Dodge, who was conductor on this line back in the nineties and later train dispatcher. John F. Warren, who lived on the south side of Franklin street, not far from the old station, was the first baggagemaster, holding the position for 40 years. Mr. Warren, who was born in the year 1824, died in 1906.

The first express messenger to run out of Bristol was Samuel Burnham, who before the railroad came, was a stage driver between this town and Providence. The first express agent in Bristol was Nathan Warren, father of the abovementioned John F. Warren, and George B. Warren, who for many years was the local agent of Earle & Prew's Express.

In the July 14, 1855, issue of the *Phenix*, this notice of the old ex-stage line proprietor appears:

EXPRESS NOTICE

Earle & Co.
N. Warren, Agt.
Office—State Street
Opposite Bristol Hotel

Nathan Warren was an oldtimer; he first saw the light of day back in George Washington's time, in the year 1791, and lived to be 80 years old, passing on to the next world in 1871. He is buried up in the North Burial Ground along with the rest of the Warrens.

In those days passengers bound from Newport to Providence were landed at the railroad wharf in this town, coming up on the steamer Perry, which plied between Newport and Bristol. In the early part of the year 1855, the *Phenix* carried a special notice of the Bristol, Warren and Providence Magnetic Telegraph Co. And in April of that same year, the *Phenix* mentions that "The telegraph now connects this town with Providence and the instrument is at Dr. L. W. Briggs store on Hope street."

Of all those who worked on the construction of the road and the buildings 85 years ago, there are none left to tell about it. It

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

was only about ten years ago that the last of these died. What a pity that someone was not interested enough to have talked with him and heard his story; for all of those old fellows were glad to turn back the hands of the clock and tell about the olden days. So many times while writing these articles of the Bristol of long ago have I wished that my old grand-uncle could come back for just a few hours—there are so many things about those old days I would like to ask about. “Uncle Ed” (Edward Isaac Thompson, 1821-1905) was steeped in Bristol’s past and loved dearly to talk about it.

Every once in a while we hear of another oldtimer who helped build the railroad. The grandfather of Mr. Frank H. Buffington was one of the bricklayers who worked on the station. His name was Wilson G. Buffington and he lived in what was known in those days as Swanzey Factory, a part of Swanzey. I was surprised to learn that “Chris” Baker, the reporter of the *Providence News* years ago, when a young man, had charge of a large construction gang that built the roadbed back in the year 1855. Christopher L. Baker was born in Swanzey in the year 1834 and lived to be 75 years old, passing on to the next world in 1909.

Years ago the late Seth Paull told something about the old scribe that probably very few people ever knew. “Years back, when they were building the railroad, Mr. Baker, he was a young fellow at the time, had a good job with the company. He was in charge of a large construction gang that was building the roadbed—and he was earning what was considered very good money in those days. There were about all Irishmen in the gang and when payday came around, they would go out and get drunk and spend most of their pay. Well, every Saturday morning, Chris would come into the office and leave a list of names for us to send up coal—a quarter of a ton, a half ton or so. Those men never knew who sent that coal, and if it hadn’t been for Chris Baker many of their families would have suffered terrible hardships from exposure during those cold winter months.”

A chronological record of the trainmen connected with the road during its existence is impossible. Fortunately there are a

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

few old trainmen still living who remember those old days, not as far back as the year 1855, but far enough to make possible some kind of a record. The first to come to mind is "Conductor" Burnham, as everybody called him. He was as much a part of the railroad years ago as the coaches themselves. According to all accounts he must have been an exceptionally fine man, always pleasant and agreeable, and well-liked by everybody. Nichols S. Burnham was born in the year 1827. In 1862 he became identified with the road, taking the place of Conductor Fiske. At that time there was only one conductor on this line. He continued to be a "fixture" of the old line up to the time of his death in 1899. During his many years of service with the railroad, he resided in this town in the house now occupied by his son Herbert on the north side of Franklin street.

Our late town clerk, Herbert F. Bennett, was a conductor on this line years ago. He served with the Union forces during the Civil War and was a lieutenant at the time he was mustered out of the service. From that time up to the year 1870 he was conductor on the old horsecar line in Providence. In 1870 he became a conductor on the Bristol road and served in that capacity until the year 1883, when he succeeded the old town clerk Peter Gladding, who had served the town faithfully since the year 1847.

Many of the readers will remember George F. Stanton, who was station agent here for many years. His sudden death in December, 1896, shocked the entire community. He was born in the year 1840 and came to this town in 1862 when he became operator at the Western Union Telegraph office. In 1881 he succeeded George Hazard Pearce as station agent, which position he held up to the time of his death.

"Brad" Bosworth was another of the "old fixtures" of the railroad. Born in 1856, he was only 18 years old when he started to work for the railroad, in 1874. Bradford D. Bosworth became conductor on the Bristol line in 1892 and served in that capacity until he was retired, just a few years before his death in 1939.

Among the conductors whose faces were familiar to the city-bound passengers of years ago were Joe Bosworth, a brother of

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

Brad; Byron Fish, Walter Dodge and Walter Talbot. Bill McCaughey and Ed Murphy were brakemen in those days. David McCaughey, Tom McKale, John H. Potter, Ernest Meiggs, James Sullivan, and Will Fish were baggagemasters. A list of the old-time engineers would include Charles Daggett, Roger Murphy, and his brother Paul, Thomas P. Brightman, who in later years was the engineer at the Colt Memorial High School, Jim Hart, George and Al Benard. The firemen were Ephraim Hart, Frank Chace, Dave Bacon, George Luther and George P. King. Years ago Tom Church was the ticket agent under Mr. Stanton.

Edward Bacon, who died about ten years ago, was one of those who came here to work on the road in 1855. He was a carpenter by trade and worked for the company over 50 years. His son tells me that years ago, when they used to build the box cars here, his father worked on them. Albert Bacon, a brother of this Edward, was a blacksmith for the road, back in the year 1815.

In the eighties Rufus Smith was master mechanic of the yard. "Daddy" Smith (George Smith), who lived at the corner of High and William streets, was one of the blacksmiths in the early days. Abner Walker was another one of the old-time blacksmiths. Some readers will remember Dan Cruickshank whose smithy, back in the nineties, was located at the foot of State street, at the head of the steamboat wharf. Dan was boss blacksmith for the railroad about the year 1881, and they tell of his coming to work every day all dressed up in a Prince Albert coat, tall silk hat, gloves in hand, and carrying a cane. At that time he boarded with old Major Newton, who conducted the Bristol Hotel.

In the nineties Jerome L. Barrus was engine-wiper and Thomas Morrissey, the father of the late Chief of Police Morrissey, used to "coal up" the engines. George L. Brent and Bill Brotherton were yard switchmen. Many readers will remember Manuel August, who died several years ago. He was a carpenter and worked in the carshop for a good many years.

E. M. Stiles followed Mr. Stanton as station agent in 1896, holding the office for about two years. He in turn was succeeded

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

by Edward W. Miller, who held the position at the time the electric road came into being in 1900. Al Fraser was the telegraph operator in those days. Col. Arthur W. Barrett was freight clerk. He started to work for the railroad back in 1891. George Shippee was shipper of freight for years. He had charge of the loading of the freight cars.

Back in the seventies, "Scotty" Dixon had a restaurant in the southeast corner room of the station. "Scotty" was one of those very few who are liked by everybody, and even now, after all these years, whenever his name comes up, we still have a tender memory of the one-time slave. He was born in the year 1844, nearly one hundred years ago. At the time of his death in 1896, he was only 52 years old. According to an old ad of the year 1879, W. S. Dixon at the Railroad Restaurant located in the Station was selling Barrington River oysters at only 50 cents per quart.

About 1895 the locomotives were all designated by name. These names were in six-inch gold-leaf letters on either side of the cab. There was the General Burnside,* named after the famous military leader of Civil War fame. Back in the fifties he was road surveyor of this little village. One was named Samuel W. Church, after the old director who helped to start the road. One bore the name L. M. E. Stone, and another was named the William Goddard.

In those days there was quite a complete unit of equipment and maintenance at this end of the line. There was the repair shop, carpenter shop, blacksmith shop, paint shop, upholsterer's shop, the long car barn, and the engine house (or round house as it was called) with its seven engine stalls (or pits) which could accommodate that many engines. At the turn of the century, it was a familiar sight to see the big locomotives taking on water from the large standpipe in the yard at the foot of Franklin street. Before the town's waterworks were installed they used to get this supply of water for the engines at the old "water plug" which was lo-

*Built in 1865 at a cost of \$16,825.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

cated a short distance up the tracks just south of the Poor House, on the east side of the tracks. There was a spring there and they used to pump the water into the tanks by hand. At this tank-house there were two tanks and they were always kept filled. In those days Thomas Morrissey used to do this. Many of our readers will remember him; years ago he lived in the little white cottage at Pappoosesquaw crossing.

One of my earliest recollections of the old depot is the bell they used to clang time and again five minutes before leaving time. By golly! that bell was an old hair-raiser. When Tom Church, the ticket agent, pulled that wire, the clang of the old bell resounded all through the trainshed and scared you out of a half year's growth. It is said that an early impression is a lasting one; and that is the way it affected me, for I was very young at the time. My father had just died and mother was taking her little family down on the Cape for a long visit with her parents.

I remember the old-fashioned hack driving up to our door and the strapping of the two large trunks on behind; and then the ride to the depot. While mother was at the window buying the tickets, Tom Church suddenly jerked the wire, and mother, as suddenly, dropped her pocketbook. We all thought the train was going to leave without us. Mother bunched us all up and we started on the run for the train. We made it all right and then settled back in the seats to wait for the train to start—in five minutes.

Back in the eighties, Beriah Brownell used to drive a hack, carrying folks to and from the depot. Jim West, who ran a livery stable in town years ago, Billy Howgate, who drove for him, and Euclid Nichols, Jr., were some of those who came later. I can still see them gathered around the radiator in the depot waiting room warming themselves on cold wintry days. They used to hang out there while waiting for the incoming trains, and during cold weather the top of the heater would be covered with heavy gloves and overcoats soaking up heat for their next trip out into the open.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

After them came Capt. Sam Gladding and Henry Congdon. They were familiar sights around the depot at the turn of the century. Capt. Sam was never without a segar in his mouth, and I can see him now prodding his old steed along Hope street in all kinds of weather. Always a smile on his furrowed old face, he was one of the most friendly old gentlemen of those days.

This account of the old-time drivers would not be complete without mentioning "Ham Otis", who was one of the interesting characters of the town in those days. Ham Otis (Wright) was a colored fellow; he was a hostler for Henry Goff, Jr., who ran a livery stable back in the nineties. Ham was the blackest of the black, good natured and liked by everybody. At one time he was one of those who hung around the depot and met all trains on their arrival.

"Blondie" Rawson told a good story about the colored boy. Ham used to like to shake dice and would now and then show up at Blondie's back room and join in a crap game which usually was in session there. He had the usual luck, sometimes going away with a pocket full of money, but more often going broke. One time Ham was having an exceptional run of luck and right in the midst of the game he excused himself for a few moments. In about a half hour he came back and as he breezed into the room, announced his return something like this, "Well, how do I look!" The colored boy was all smiles, and he was also all dolled up in a brand new rig from head to foot, new yeller shoes, new checkered suit, shirt of a very loud pattern, new tie, and a new derby hat of the latest style. In fact, as Blondie said, "He was a veritable fashion plate." It seems that while he was winning, it had occurred to him to stock up with this new outfit before his run of luck changed.

David Pierce in those days kept a gents' furnishing store just a few doors up the street from Blondie's and it was there that Ham betook himself to procure this transformation.

An old account of this part of Thames street, written in 1846, will help to give some idea as to its layout before the days of the railroad.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

"We are pleased to perceive that much improvement is being made on North part of Thames street. The old distillery which stood for several years in a dilapidated state, has been repaired and converted into a Butt Factory and Grist Mill. The old stores and blacksmith's shops on Peck's wharf are to be repaired and moved to the opposite side of the street and the dock filled up to half the distance of the wharf. This estate was recently purchased by Mr. Isaac G. Peck, who is making the improvements. A large new two-story engine house has just been erected between Peck's and Church's wharf. Other buildings are being put up, and others repaired, which altogether, when finished, will make a decided improvement in the looks as well as in the business of the street."

The old station and terminal are gone—things are right back as they were two hundred years ago—the site is as bare as the Sahara desert. Except for scattered fragments of brick, there is nothing left of the old landmark. The 1851 map of Bristol shows Church's wharf and the large warehouses fronting on Thames street. This was the site of the terminal and when they cleared the land one of the warehouses* was moved directly across the street, and now after all these many years, it still is in use. The old accounts of those days tell of clearing the site for the new road, moving some of the buildings away, tearing down others, and filling in the land. A large part of the site is made land. From the time they started to build in 1855, up to about 1895, they were continually filling it in. Even at that late date the water from the harbor came up to the west side of Thames street at a point just a little south of the station. The old wharf, judging it as scaled on the map, must have been of good size, one of the largest along the waterfront.

All of this property belonged to the Church family who lived over on Pappoosesquaw.

*The old warehouse was moved across the street in the year 1854, for that is the date marked in large white figures on the east end wall of the third story. The date the building was built was marked on the under side of the roof but a few years ago the old roof was repaired and the section where the date was cut in was removed. Unfortunately no record was kept of the date.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

THE CHURCH FAMILY

Thomas Church	1761-1843
Hon. Samuel W. Church	1803-1881
James C. Church	1854-1936
his sons	
Dr. Howard W. Church	
Samuel W. Church	

Years ago a very interesting account of the town as it was in the year 1840 appeared in our local paper; it told about Church's wharf and old Thomas Church who built it. "The wharf was owned by Thomas Church, who was engaged in the export and import trade with Cuba. He exported large quantities of hoops, which were used in making hogsheads for molasses, which he imported to Bristol. He also exported large quantities of potatoes and onions to Cuba.

"He lived on the farm owned by the late Benj. Church on Pappoosesquaw. He was the father of the late Samuel W. Church, State Senator for many years, and no man had reason to complain of his integrity, for he was an honest man, whose word was as good as any man's bond."

THE TOWN CRIER

Written in 1883

A FEW years ago, the citizens in town meeting voted to give the Town Crier's old bell to Hon. S. P. Colt. When this old bell was first brought into use by the town, it inaugurated a new era in the mode of giving public notice. Before that time public announcements had been made by "beat of drum." John Coy was the town crier at the time the change was made, and continued so for years after. He lived in a small cottage house on the west side of Hope street, near the north corner of Hope and Smith streets. Mr. Coy loved his drum, and was a vigorous drummer. After perambulating the town, and crying his notices at the street corners, he would strike up a lively din on his way home. If the

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

passer in the street sometimes failed to catch the tune and its harmony, not so Mr. Coy, for after reaching home he would march through and around his house until the tune was finished.

At the time of which I write, newspapers and printing presses were not as common as they are today. There was not a daily paper published in the state. The *Providence Journal* had a semi-weekly issue; there may have been one, perhaps two other weekly papers published in Providence. The old *Mercury* was at that time published in Newport. The *Herald* or the *Times* was not started until some years later. The only other paper in the state was the *Northern Star*, published once a week on Saturday by Charles Randall, in Warren. He had some thirty or forty patrons in Bristol, and the papers were sent down in a bundle on the Providence stage, and distributed to subscribers by a carrier. There was no printing press in Bristol, and the lack of facilities for reaching the public required frequent crying at street corners.

There was another use to which the Town Crier and his drum were put; that was to drum vagrant and undesirable persons out of town. The writer remembers, somewhat indistinctly, the last case of "drumming out of town" that occurred. A negro tramp, who had made himself obnoxious, was ordered by the Town Council to be "drummed out of town". This drumming out process was as follows: a horse and cart and driver were brought into requisition and the victim was tied to the tail end of the cart, the Town Crier behind him beating the drum. The procession thus formed would proceed from the jail through Hope street, north over the town bridge, the driver walking his horse, to prevent undue haste. The writer remembers the negro passing along Hope street, with Mr. Coy a few feet behind drumming for dear life, and a rabble following, hooting and yelling.

I have mentioned the Providence stage. This was the only public conveyance between Providence and Bristol (except sailing vessels on the bay) and connected at Bristol Ferry with a stage to Newport, carrying passengers and mail. The stage left Providence at 9 o'clock a. m., and usually arrived at Bristol soon after 11 o'clock. Leaving here the mail and Bristol passengers,

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

it proceeded to Bristol Ferry, where the fares and mail were exchanged to and from Newport. The passengers were taken across the Ferry in a horse-boat, two horse power, the combined capital of William Pearse, on the Bristol side, and Jeremy Gifford on the island side of the strait. The stage returned to Providence in the afternoon, leaving here at 2 o'clock, taking mail and passengers. This was the only mail received and dispatched in those days. The Post Office was in the small building on the north side of State street now owned and occupied by Mrs. Schneider. A flight of stairs in front led up to the second floor where the Post Office was kept. Dr. Lemuel W. Briggs was postmaster at that time; he was the father of our present Dr. Briggs. There was a baggage wagon, drawn by four horses, a Mr. Davenport as driver, that came every week from Boston, by way of Taunton. It left Boston on Monday and arrived here on Wednesday. Returning it left here on Thursday and reached Boston on Saturday. This baggage wagon was always a welcome sight to the boys of that day. It was a strongly built affair, with a heavy canvas arched over it to protect its load from stormy weather. When it stopped on the south side of State street, just west of the entrance to the yard of the Bristol Hotel, with what interest we boys gathered to see the driver push aside the heavy curtains and expose to view the good things within—boxes of lemons and oranges and raisins, drums of figs, packages of confectionery, and bags of nuts. And this wagon coming once a week, was the transportation line for the exchange of commodities between these ports of trade—Boston, Taunton and Bristol. Mr. Hathaway succeeded Mr. Davenport. When the Boston and Providence Railroad was started, the baggage wagon ceased to run.

Some years before the opening of the Boston and Providence Railroad, John Chadwick ran a stage to Providence, called, and rightly so, the accommodation stage. It left here at 7 o'clock in the morning, and returning, left Providence at 4 o'clock p. m. Some months after it was started, a mail was made up and dispatched by it, affording the people of the town additional facilities. Think of the many packages carried by Mr. Chadwick,

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

and errands done without compensation; sometimes the more thoughtful did thank him. The express was not then known, it came into being at a later date.

When the Boston and Providence Railroad opened, Mr. Chadwick's stage left here at 5 o'clock in the morning, in order to connect with the 7 a. m. Boston train at India Point, then the only Providence terminus of that road; and left Providence at 6 p. m., after the arrival of the 4 o'clock afternoon train from Boston. The stage usually arrived here about 8 p. m. This made a pretty long day of it for the driver; Mr. Chadwick followed it six days in the week, exposed to all kinds of weather that a New England winter can produce. And the baggage he had to handle, you ought to have seen the top of his stage sometimes, when there were three or four female passengers inside. No; no "Saratogas". But there were bandboxes, and bandboxes in cloth sacks with drawing strings, and what would not a full grown bandbox with a deep sack cover hold, inside and on top? Nathaniel Maxfield, who succeeded Mr. Chadwick as driver, was a worthy successor with his accommodating spirit.

But the old bell, if it could speak, what a story it could tell of ye olden times, of the hands that so firmly grasped it, and swung it to and fro—of distress warrants, and vendue sales of bankrupt estates, of poor debtors' effects sold, to release them from prison. The law did not do much to shield the unfortunate debtor in those days; the creditor was entitled to his "pound of flesh", and usually took it. The wail of one poor debtor comes down to us, a hard-hearted creditor kept him in jail "six weeks in the cold month of January."

Let us accompany Mr. Coy with his old bell, as he starts on his rounds to give public notice. The sale to be advertised covers sundry articles of household furniture—tables, chairs, a feather bed, and other effects, from the home of a poor debtor (husband and father) in prison. So long as the creditor will pay his board he must remain in prison, until the debt and costs are paid. His family, dependent on his daily earnings for their bread, have endured the privation as long as it can be borne and, to pay the

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

debt, the wife has sent these articles to the auction room. Some of them, perhaps, were heirlooms, dear from hallowed associations, and are given up with tears, but they must be sacrificed. Mr. Coy is familiar with the circumstances of the case. He times his movements, so as to be at the foot of State street (Pump Lane), in front of the old market, at noon, just as the workmen from the shops and the wharves are streaming along on their way home to dinner. He rings his bell vigorously, and the people stop to listen. He begins—"Will be sold at public vandoo," naming the hour and place; and then follows a list of the articles to be sold. But the crowd still lingers, expecting to hear some quaint expression from the old crier. Today, after giving the name of the vendue master, he exclaims with much fervor—"God bless the rich," and then, dropping his voice, he adds, as he moves along—"the poor can beg." The crowd having heard the close, scatter to their homes; many laugh, while to others the old man's closing remarks are "food for reflection."

BRISTOL SKETCHES

By J. A. REID, 1848-1924

SAM SLOCUM was scullery-maid, house-maid, dish-washer, gardener, and errand boy for the Misses Cushman, who years ago kept a fashionable and select boarding house on Hope street, nearly opposite Wardwell street. In the early fifties he was one of the characters of the town. He never got drunk, was always sober, in a sense, frequently mad, and usually surrounded when on the street by small boys devilishly intent upon irritating him to a point of exasperation to make him swear at them, which he could do in ten languages. The jokes played upon him were endless and he became greatly enraged under the tantalizing treatment he received when he was sent out on errands.

On the Fourth, Sammy was in his fullest glory; the immaculate suit of white marseilles, a frock coat doubly starched, with

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

the coat tails sticking out behind, a panama hat on his Websterian cranium, a most extravagant cane for a baton, and a gorgeous flower stuck in his coat lapel, he came pretty near leading the parade. He was one of the marvels of the parade, with Dan Tanner—the colored barber—at the head of the band, Sam a good second, and Dan Coggeshall in that flaming red flannel shirt of his, with his inimitable strut pointing the way for the King Philips, that patriotic parade was a howling success for many an Independence Day.

There is a well-known photograph of Joseph Jefferson, the famous actor, which comes as near representing Sam's striking countenance as anything I can think of. It is the one that shows the popular actor as Rip Van Winkle as he originally appears before going up into the Catskills for his 20 years' slumber, with the old, dilapidated, drooping felt hat, the brim lopping over his half-silly, sly, cunning and humorous face—a round head, a broad face, clean-shaven and rosy, rugged and wiry—he was in many ways, physically, the counter part of the famed character which Washington Irving and Jefferson created for the delight of millions of Americans.

Sam dearly loved all kinds of flashy jewelry, rings, pins, buttons and about everything that would attract the eye. When he was dressed up, with his fingers covered with rings, he would hold them up and admire them, exclaiming: "ain't they purty, ain't they purty?" Sam came from Newport and spent a good portion of his days in Bristol. He made a not uninteresting part of its activities for a decade or more. He is entitled to a gracious mention in these annals of old Bristol, and we drop a smile and a tear, and pass him with deep regret.

"Uptown gentlemen,
Downtown rats,
Goree niggers,
And Poppasquash cats,"—

This was a Bristol doggerel of 1855.

Goree to me was a great source of interest in my boyhood days. When I first knew it there were a number of black men still liv-

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

ing there: Charlie Munroe, George Peck, Prime Clark, Kernton Slade, and a score of others whose names I have forgotten. The street had a variety of little houses—simplicity itself in their style of architecture, but bewilderingly pretentious in window decorations and door ornamentations. At the head of Franklin street there was one in which Charlie Munroe lived, where there must have been about forty-seven little pickaninnies “hived”. I think they had enough of those small black woolly pates to replace every broken pane of glass in the house—sides, front and back—where they didn’t have them stuffed with old rags, and all the panes were all broken at all times, but I never passed there but the heads were stuck out of the holes—and the house careening to one side or the other, just as though Charlie was continuously shifting his ballast to keep his old craft upright. Charlie himself was an interesting character; he was a distinguished looking old fellow, wore a tall white beaver hat—carried a heavy walking stick, and supported with great dignity his position there at the head of one of the main avenues of a famous seaport which has sent more than one rover to Africa for kings and queens in black.

Charlie Munroe was a native of Bristol, a descendant of the Wampanoag tribe of Indians; he was a son of Ichobod and Margaret Munroe, well and favorably known natives of Bristol. The many woolly pates hived with the old couple did not belong to them, for they had no children—they must have taken them in out of the rain sometime or another, and there they stayed.

Around this quaint neighborhood the colored folks of the town had clustered—and they were a pretty good class of people, too, some of them decidedly interesting. The men and women were decently self-respecting, some of the girls uncommonly good-looking, and the boys bright and clever; as good companions for a lark as the average white boys. Among them I remember John Robbins, young George Peck, Gid and Walter Sherman, Mark and Bill DeWolf, young Kernton Slade, Jabe Hazard and a lot of other fellows who lived in Goree, good fishermen, clam-diggers, berry-pickers, carrot-pullers, corn-huskers

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

and onion-bunchers, when forced to work, and very jolly boys when the time came to play.

The old Oakum Works was then standing just off Franklin street, in the neighborhood nearby were Peck's Rocks—the Rubber Works had not arrived—and in the winter time Goodings' and Maj. Munroe's ponds were where we skated. At the foot of Franklin street the skiffs and other small boats supplied our needs for amusement in the summer time.

When the Artillery company held their annual fair they imported from Warren an entertainer named Valorious Glorious; he was a coal-black nigger, could play the accordion, dance the Highland Fling in the original Scotch, knee-breeks, plaid, Glengarry and all, or he could present a fancy dance as a charming ballet girl with flesh-colored tights and spangles. His strong point was that accordion, that he would make speak; with his impersonations and costumes, he was a welcome favorite and almost the whole show wherever he appeared. For years he traveled over the country, giving at fairs, picnics, hotels and shore resorts a sort of musicale and dance, which, by its very simplicity and the unique character of Valorious himself, was sure to meet with great favor. He was awfully black, supple in his movements—and when he talked lisped a bit, this took the fancy of the boys and girls, and made him very popular. The last time I saw him was at a fair given at the Armory of the Artillery Company on State street. But the principal feature about him after all was that name—Valorious Glorious George Washington Peck Hathaway Stout—where he got it, or how, I never knew. What became of him, would be interesting to know. In his day he did his little to make life happier and merrier, and his name rightfully belongs on the roll we are recording.

Thanksgiving Day in those days, with football on the Common, skating on the harbor and on Reynolds', Josephus Gooding's, Sydney DeWolf's and Major Munro's ponds; plenty of ducks, geese, and turkeys for the dinner after the morning services at the various churches, made that a day to look forward to, but Independence Day was, after all, the greatest of the year. Wash-

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

ington's Birthday was sure to see a parade of the Train of Artillery and a salute of as many guns as the nation was old; "'Lec-tion Day" at Newport brought home a few tin horns, and some waterlogged leftovers. "Gunpowder Treason Night" stirred up active memories of Guy Fawkes in the purloining of fences, garden gates and loose barn doors for the bonfires after it grew dark; circus days were always great and fascinating, but the Fourth was the "Day of Days" for the patriotic youngsters of the town,—starting at four o'clock in the morning and lasting till 10:30 at the other end of the day. How much we lived on that day. Peepers began to open at three o'clock, impulses to quicken at three-thirty and bouncing out of bed at four. The drum corps began to make the welkin ring soon after, and the Antiques and Horribles turned out in their fantastic costumes as near daybreak as the law would allow. The din of firecrackers, pistols and guns ushered in the day, the day we had waited for one long year, with a vengeance. Along about nine o'clock the small boys began to gather in front of the Armory and the King Philip's Fire Engine House, eager to get a sight of the soldier boys and the red-shirted firemen. The "Red, White and Blue" colors were everywhere. The peanut stands with their fancy lemonade, sugar ginger bread, popcorn balls, confections, torpedoes, firecrackers, pin-heads and slow-matches were all about the front of the Common and on the street corners along High and Hope streets from Bradford to Church. They made us glad we were alive and lured out of our pockets before dinner time every cent we had, and sent us to father and mother for more.

When we saw Colonel Elisha Wardwell and Lieut. Col. Tom Frank Usher appear in their gorgeous uniforms and take command of the Artillery; we knew things were about to commence, the company get into line, and that the American Band, led by old Joe Green with his celebrated bugle, would at once make things move to the inspiration of the "Star Spangled Banner", "Hail Columbia", and "Old Bristol". Under the marshalship of Col. Charles Sherry, next to Gen. Burnside one of the best-looking as well as most public spirited gentlemen who has lived

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

under the shade of Bristol's magnificent elms, the parade was formed at ten o'clock to march through the principal streets to the Town Hall. Here the citizens listened to the opening prayer by the Rev. Dr. Shepard, the reading of the Declaration of Independence by the prettiest girl from the High School, a fine oration by the Hon. Henry White Diman, a benediction by the Rev. Samuel F. Upham, and the splendid music of Joe Green's famous band.

At noon, the usual salute was fired on the Common, the church bells were rung—that in the Congregational Church by Nat Church, the faithful old soul who looked after that form of expression year in and year out, with nervous fervor and tireless assiduity. After the dismissal of the parade came the Fourth of July dinner, then games on the Common in the afternoon,—chasing of greased pigs, climbing the greased poles, etc.,—ringing of the church bells again at 6 o'clock, and the band concert with fireworks on the Common and at "Fort Daddy Rounds" in the evening.

No Fourth was complete in the old town without a few rows on State street in the neighborhood of the old Town Pump, or around the old Steamboat wharf, and if somebody didn't get licked in the afternoon the day was not considered a success. There were certain boys who evidently came into the town with a premeditated plan to celebrate in this way, and they were usually accommodated.

One of the places on Hope street which catered to the boys and girls faithfully on this and all other days was that of Dan Wilcox, who served the best ice cream ever, with the help of his gracious, gentle and sweet-tempered helpmate, in his own quick, snappy way. Sweet are thy memories, Mr. and Mrs. Dan, they will always linger with us.

Certain phases of life in the old town found quaint expression through some of the peculiar individuals who made part of the daily procession which in those days roamed the streets and byways of this old seaport. There was a little couple living in Goree, noticeable first because they were so tiny, then for little

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

personalities which set them apart from the ordinary individualities, and then because the gentleman was dubbed "Professor". They were employed in the Up-Town Mill, and undoubtedly were an honest, sober-minded pair of Christians doing the best they knew how. They were just odd—Professor Partridge and his little wife. At one time the Professor made some pretensions to a certain amount of astronomical knowledge, he gave a lecture on lunar things, explaining one of his subjects as "The moon shine peeked on the airth," this brought down the house in humorous appreciation. They were little midgets, old and wrinkled in their faces, grotesque and queer in their ways, and objects of interest about the streets for many years.

Another character who entered into the daily life of the town and was always an especial object of attraction to us boys was "Bill" Card. "Pig-sticking" was Bill's profession. He was, in the first place, a big fellow and he always wore a cap, he had a full beard, dark, wiry and tough. If he ever had two eyes, he must, at some time, have lost one of them, for I don't ever remember of seeing number two. He wore a leather belt around his waist, into which were stuck the fearful-looking knives which he used on the unfortunate squealers that came his way. Also he walked with the jolly roll of an old sea-dog, and with a slight stretch of the imagination would fill the bill as a "bloody pirate". If there had been no "Bill" Card in those days there would have been no footballs, for Bill's victims furnished the only kind of football with which we were acquainted.

There is a little spot way up there in the northeast section of the town—as it used to be—which was called Munroe Town. That spot was, up to the year 1873, a part of Bristol and just "jined" on to Crane's land. How the town's forefathers fought to keep Warren from getting that two miles of territory, and especially any part of the Back Road, Crane's lane, or "Petticoat Bunn", the picturesque character from Munroe Town who occasionally came to Bristol to do his shopping and furnish the small boys another object of wonder and amazement.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

Another favorite of the boys was Henry Waldron. At one time he lived on Hope street near Bradford. His strong point was the successful manipulation of big words of the English language. Let him get about so much fluid aboard and the enlightenment he could bestow upon his listeners was beyond the ordinary imagination. It was as good as a show to meet Henry when he was on one of his "tares". "The Duke", they called him in derision, and his attempts to carry the dignity of that title gave the listeners all the fun they wanted.

An interesting figure frequently seen on the streets of the town was Ben Mott, a blind man who lived up in what was then called Mottville. He was often seen stumping down State street, crossing High, picking the way along with his cane. Ben was a regular caller at the Post Office for mail, an earnest Democrat, very much interested in politics—and they say he could put up a pretty good argument for the party. He was a regular attendant at St. Michael's and quite a churchman. Ben had been around these parts for a good many years, born in the year 1813, he lived to be 75 years old, passing on to the next world in 1888.

In that beautiful old mansion on Hope street, next south of the Rogers Free Library, lived for many years a most interesting family. There were some of the handsomest girls of whom Bristol could boast—they all grew up to be very charming and beautiful women. The head and soul of this family was William Fales—a man of note, even in the eyes of the small boys of the town. He was seen every day upon the street, a man of average size, a little bent over—with a hat pulled partially down over his eyes—wearing his eyeglasses pretty well down on his nose, and peering over them in a quizzical sort of a manner. Never on the street without a segar in his mouth, he was one of the interesting and picturesque men of the town in that day. An inveterate smoker as General Grant, he was one of the observed men of the town. I used to look at him with awe and wonder, and ask myself if that old gentleman could really be the father of such charming and beautiful girls, and now, years after, I think Bristol ought to be proud of him, as it certainly was of his daughters.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

Hope street, in those days, was headquarters for a number of men who in various ways conferred honor on the old town. There was Robert Rogers—I remember him as well, almost, as if I had seen him but yesterday. He had his bank, the Eagle Bank, in one of the front rooms of the Cushman house, which was located on the west side of Hope street, nearly opposite Wardwell street, and was to be found there every day of the week. He never made any stir or ado, but came and went in the quiet, unostentatious manner of a real gentleman, depending only upon his own solid personality for the influence his presence carried, sure of his footing and satisfied to be just Robert Rogers, the successful banker. How peacefully he lived his life. A prominent and influential member of Doctor Shepard's church during his life time—his most gracious wife and sister-in-law, with himself, have proven their love and affection for the old town in a thousand ways by bequests since they passed away.

As a business man he was of the old school; his ideas of commercial morality were very strict; the most scrupulous and unbending integrity marked all his dealings.

Another noticeable personality was Elkanah French, for many years cashier of the Rogers' bank. A tall, distinguished-looking gentleman, he made a striking appearance on the street in those days.

One of the breezy, wholesome men of the street was Jacob Babbitt, Jr. He was interested in the Down-Town Mill, and his home was the mansion house on the easterly side of Hope street, between Franklin and Bradford. Mr. Babbitt was a host in himself, a pretty big fellow, rather brusque in manner and style—one of the men who could make anybody feel at home with him—democratic in theory and practice.

The night the news came over the wires announcing the fall of Fort Sumter there was a mass meeting in the old Town Hall—Republicans and Democrats alike took part—Sam Upham was there, Col. Sherry was, too; the most conspicuous and denunciatory of all was Mr. Babbitt. I remember with what vigor and strenuousness he denounced the outrage, and the patriotic fervor of

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

the gathering there that night. Then, to be as good as his word, Mr. Babbitt afterwards volunteered his services, went to the front, and eventually gave his life for the principles he put forth that memorable night so many years ago. To honor a brave soldier and to perpetuate his memory Babbitt Post of the G. A. R. was at its inception named after him.

Another distinguished and positive gentleman who attracted notice in those days by his individuality was Henry Wardwell—his store was on the north side of Pump Lane (State street)—an unpretentious establishment, but one in which he did a quiet, lucrative business, the extent of which was known only to himself. He often stood in one of the doorways of his store in the modest, unassuming manner which he possessed in a like degree with Robert Rogers, scanning the passers-by with his critical, apparently uninterested eye, but losing nothing of interest. He was of very dark complexion, had a good face, and was a fine-looking man, though cool and impassive of manner. I can see him now, reclining against the side of the doorway, with a tall hat slightly cocked over one eye, waiting for the next customer, an interesting man and a proud-spirited one.

With the close of James Buchanan's administration two very interesting men who had been much in the public eye in Bristol for four years retired to private life. They were George H. Reynolds, the Collector of Customs, and Hezekiah J. Pitman, the Postmaster of the town. Mr. Reynolds was a big American, hearty and genial, and a general favorite. His home was on the Neck, his was a well-known figure on the streets in those days. Mr. Pitman was of a different makeup. While he was a good-hearted man, he lacked the affability of the Collector of Customs. Mr. Reynolds did not live long after the close of the historic Buchanan regime. Mr. Pitman lived to a ripe old age, passing on to the next world only a few years ago. It was during his term of office that the present Post Office building came into being, in the year 1857. Previous to that, the post office was located in the building on the south side of State street, next east of the old Bristol Hotel.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

MAJOR JACOB BABBITT

DEATH OF MAJOR JACOB BABBITT
FROM the *Phenix*, December 27, 1862—

“We are grieved to record the death of our gallant townsman, Major Jacob Babbitt. Major Babbitt was born in Bristol in the year 1809; he was a son of the late Jacob Babbitt, who was a wealthy and prominent citizen of this place. He was educated in a Military Academy, at Middletown, Ct. At an early age he was married to Abby E. P., the only daughter of the late lamented Dr. L. W. Briggs of this town. After the death of his father in 1850 he became extensively engaged in the manufacturing business. At the breaking out of the present rebellion, he received a commission as Major in the Tenth Regiment of R. I. Volunteers. As an officer he was brave, cool and self-possessed. At the battle of Fredericksburg he was severely wounded in the breast and arm. He died from the effects of these wounds at the Mansion House Hospital, in Alexandria, Va., December 23, 1862. At the time of his death he was President of the Commercial Bank of this town, and Chief Engineer of the Fire Department.”
From the *Phenix*, December 27, 1862—

“Wm. J. Miller, Esq. of this town, who has been absent on a visit to the battlefields, has returned. Mr. Miller was deputed by Gov. Sprague to bring home the remains of the R. I. officers who were killed at the recent battle of Fredericksburg. He recovered the remains of Maj. Babbitt which were forwarded by express and will arrive today.”

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

FUNERAL OF MAJOR JACOB BABBITT

From the *Phenix*, January 3, 1863—

"The services were commenced at his late residence, on Hope street, at 10 1-2 o'clock by a solemn and impressive prayer by the Rev. Dr. Thomas Shepard of the Congregational church. The remains were then conveyed to St. Michaels church. At the close of the services at that church the procession was formed in front of the church under the direction of Capt. Joseph L. Gardner as follows: Military Escort, Bristol Artillery, Col. E. M. Wardwell. Officiating Clergymen in carriages. Next came the hearse containing the remains of the deceased, attended by the pall bearers, flanked by a detachment of 12 men of the Old Guard, all former officers of the Train of Artillery, as a Guard of Honor.

"Horse of the deceased led by a groom; King Philip Fire Co. No. 4, in full uniform, Capt. Benj. M. Lincoln; Hydraulion Fire Co., Capt. Alfred Luther; Carriages containing relatives and friends of the deceased; His Excellency Governor Sprague and Staff; Town Officers; Officers of the Commercial Bank. The Episcopal Church services were performed by Rev. Wm. Stowe, Rector of St. Michael's Church."

THE NEWS OF LEE'S SURRENDER ARRIVES IN BRISTOL

APRIL 15, 1865:—The news of the surrender of Lee's army was received in this town about 12 o'clock Sunday night. The booming of cannon in Providence was distinctly heard here and the telegraph operator tried to get in touch with that city, but, failing in that, he obtained the following from New Bedford: "Lee and his whole army has surrendered. Official." It was an hour or more before the town was fairly awake—drums, bells and an occasional discharge of small arms being used for that

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

purpose—but when the people were aroused they eclipsed all former attempts to celebrate within our memory. The bells of the churches and factories rang from two o'clock until broad daylight Monday morning; the Artillery planted their guns on State street and “banged away”, until ammunition gave out, shattering any amount of glass in that locality; rockets and Roman candles were freely used, and bonfires were kindled in nearly every part of the town; the public buildings and many stores and private dwellings were brilliantly illuminated; a procession headed by a drum corps formed and with rapidly increasing numbers marched through the principal streets cheering for Lincoln, Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Victory and the Union. About half past three o'clock—at which time nearly the whole town, men, women and children were out—hundreds had assembled at the junction of State and Hope streets, where hogsheads, kerosene barrels, and barrels of tar and other combustibles in full blaze, were sending up a broad sheet of flame, lighting up the town as, we venture to say, no bonfire ever has before. When the drums being still for a moment, a call was made for a speech from the Rev. M. J. Talbot. The Reverend gentleman came forward and made a short, patriotic, telling speech, and then called upon all assembled there to join in singing the doxology, to the tune of “Old Hundred”. “Praise God from whom all blessings flow.” Our readers who were present know how it was sung, we cannot describe how, nor the glorious effect produced on that memorable occasion.

A more liberal display of bunting is seldom seen than that thrown to the breeze on the morning following; flags were flying everywhere. The Bristol Cornet Band was stationed on the piazza of the Mount Hope House a portion of the afternoon, and discoursed soul stirring music. Business was generally suspended and all through the day our streets wore a holiday appearance. The public schools were closed and in the afternoon the Bristol Artillery, Col. Usher—notwithstanding rain was falling at the time—appeared in full ranks and made a fine appearance.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

HON. SAMUEL W. CHURCH, 1803-1881

SAMUEL W. CHURCH, one of the most respected and best known citizens of this town, died March 27, 1881. He was born in Bristol, February 15, 1803, the son of Thomas and Mary (Tripp) Church.

He started early in life as a farmer, in which occupation his father was engaged. Dwelling on Pappoosesquaw, owning an elegant farm, his father, Thomas Church, cultivated it to its utmost extent; all the surroundings, out-buildings, fences, and stone walls were kept in such order the place was known as the "Model Farm of Rhode Island". Thomas Church combined with his farming an extensive commercial business, in which he owned and employed several vessels in the West Indies trade, carrying out his farm products and bringing back cargoes of sugar and molasses. In this employment his sons took an active interest, three of them being ship captains, and sailing their father's ships. Samuel thus made his earlier venture in trade in this business with his father and brothers, and soon became well known throughout the State.

Subsequently he removed to Taunton, Mass., where with Thomas J. Coggeshall he entered into trade in flour, grain, and provisions. They became extensive merchants and eventually realized handsome fortunes. In time Mr. Church withdrew from the partnership to return to this town to reside. He purchased the farm known as the "Bradford Farm", on the Back Road, which he has since owned and where he lived for several years, leaving it after his father's death in 1843 to remove to the old homestead on Pappoosesquaw.

Having retired from the more active business life, he resumed the old trade of dealing in sugar and molasses, which was carried on by himself and his brothers at the old place known as Church's wharf, which has since been sold, and is now the site of the depot and yards of the Providence, Warren and Bristol Railroad.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

Mr. Church was a man of great judgment, excellent business qualifications, and of unquestioned integrity of character. He always took an active part in whatever concerned the interests of Bristol, and was one of the originators of the Providence, Warren and Bristol Railroad. He was director and vice president of the company, which offices he held up to the time of his death.

In 1839 he was elected a member of the Town Council and served for nine consecutive years. In 1860 he was again elected to that body, serving as president of the Council for three years. He was elected as representative to the General Assembly for the years 1859, '60, and '61; when he was chosen senator, serving continuously through the year 1869. He was one of the original charter members of the Bristol Institution for Savings and at its first meeting in December, 1842, was elected trustee and in 1850 was chosen vice president, serving in that capacity until 1877, subsequently serving as president for one year, 1878.

He was a director of the Freeman's Bank from 1849 to 1865, and president from 1852 to 1865. When that bank was merged into the First National Bank of Bristol, he still retained the offices of president and director and held the same until 1875, at which time he resigned. Mr. Church was a member of the State Board of Charities and Correction for several years.

We could not possibly enumerate all the private trusts which he was prevailed on to assume by widows and orphans who needed a careful and honest advisor and guardian; and those who have lost a faithful and trusted friend well know that his place cannot easily be filled. In all these labors no compensation was asked or received. He was a man of unswerving integrity and this principle guided him in all his transactions, public and private. He was a man of independent thought and judgment; a man of very few words, his views were clearly expressed and understood. The world can ill afford to lose such men, for their number is limited. Mr. Church was twice married; his first wife was a daughter of the late Mr. Benjamin Tilley, by whom he had eleven children; his second wife, a daughter of the late Mr. Eleazer Luther, by whom he had two children.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

OLD-TIME BRISTOL BLACKSMITHS

By J. A. REID, 1848-1924

IN MY boyhood days there were four blacksmiths in the town; they were all men of the finest personal character; each one was worthy of admiration for his skill as a blacksmith, and, in a larger degree, for the sterling qualities of manhood he possessed. The senior was William P. Munro,* who lived in the old homestead on Thames street, at the head of D'Wolf's Wharf, where his father had lived before him, and here he resided for over seventy years. He was one of the finest examples of what the public schools and a natural nobility could do for a man in the kindly atmosphere of a town like Bristol.

His days in the blacksmith shop had mostly passed before my time, but he loved to talk about them in his reminiscent moments when I best knew him. He had always been very studious, a great reader of the Bible, and was a member of St. Michael's church all his days; but his sympathies with and liking for all of the people of his dearly-loved town were strikingly evidenced by the interest he took in visiting the Sunday Schools of all the churches and mingling with the little ones whom he fascinated by the charming talks he made to them in his recitals founded on the Bible narratives.

He had a pair of sparkling brown eyes, a keen wit and a ready eloquence which made him a most interesting story-teller, and his round, shapely head with its curling locks of grey, and a cheerful, ruddy countenance made him agreeable to look upon. His stories covering "Old Put", who was not only one of his heroes, but who, I should judge from the steel plates in the old books of history, was built much like himself, and other distinguished Americans who had fired his youthful fancies; his descriptions of his experiences as a member of the Bristol Train of

*Born 1801, died 1885.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

Artillery under Col. William R. Taylor at Acote's Hill during the tragic days of the Dorr War, and his kindly analyses of many of the characters of the nation, state and town made his hearthstone a desirable and cosy corner on a winter's evening. His fund of intelligence was seemingly inexhaustible.

"Aunt Phoebe", his gentle, loving wife, made him a fitting counterpart. She had an adoration for him which actually shone forth from her soulful eyes and radiant countenance while he delighted the listeners who hung wistfully upon his humorous delineations and witticisms as he wove together his charming narratives.

Then, on Thames street farther south, next to the "Down-Town Mill", there stood at the anvil for many years another thoroughbred American. His personality was as distinctive as that of Mr. Monro, but where one was round, rugged and short, the other was tall, rugged and more like a sycamore. How he made those sparks fly! How diligent and faithful in his calling was very evident—for years full of busy days. To the boys of Bristol Jonathan D. Waldron* was one of the representatives of the best there was in brain and brawn in the town. His presence was distinguished, and he and John Adams, the shoemaker, expressed in their individualisms what such men as Andrew Jackson, Patrick Henry and Nathanael Greene were in their day. Mr. Waldron's face was clean cut and fine, his head a noble one, and he had the high intellectual brow which generally denotes the man of thought and intelligence. Around his well-developed neck he wore that open-front standing collar which was the acme of perfection for the gentleman of the old school, and while he was only a modest blacksmith, he was a mighty fine looking man and a master of his trade. His boys and girls had one of the best of fathers and the town of Bristol one of the best of citizens. There never was a sign of affectation or pretense about him, only the strong, sterling characteristics of the self-reliant independent man. During my time he was a member of the School Commit-

*Born 1812, died 1893.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

tee, a leader of the St. Michael's church, and always interested in the betterment of the town and nation—to whose defense he sent one of his sons in its time of need.

On lower Franklin street, opposite Deacon "Jim" White's house, which is now the Home for Aged Women, there were a series of low, rambling buildings running from the Verguson cottage to Thames street. In the middle of this row of buildings was another blacksmith shop, and in that old smithy another Bristolian spent most of his days in handling the bellows, welding the red-hot iron, driving on horseshoes, forging bolts and chains, and filling a place which required proficient skill as a workman and sincerity as a good square business man. Quite a different make-up from the other two blacksmiths, but just about as distinct and noticeable in his characteristics and personality, he was retiring in his expression and demeanor, yet always pleasant, cheerful, and gracious in his manner and his treatment of boys and men in everyday life gave Alfred Luther,* the blacksmith, a strong hold on their affections and respect.

I never knew of any one of these men using a disagreeable word and am sure the world about them was made better for their having lived in it. It would seem that the vocation of the blacksmith in the early days allowed of thought as well as action.

The color line was never very closely drawn in Bristol. Racial prejudice had not culminated into disagreeable antipathies. William Snively,* another blacksmith, found a place for his skill and application in the town in "the smithy" and he could shoe a horse or turn a spike with the best of them. He also had the respect of his townspeople, and is entitled to a meed of credit, with kindly recall and remembrance in this little sketch. A very black descendant of the African clime, he was yet a very good looking man, and his vocation gave his physique a sturdiness and strength which made him a marked individual at his forge or on the street. He sustained the reputation of a good mechanic and craftsman in his day and is not to be forgotten in ours.

*Born 1814, died 1894.

*Born in Orchard, Va., in 1820. Died in this town in 1893.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

For a great many years he worked for Alfred Luther at his smithy on lower Franklin street, and when Mr. Luther retired from the business in the eighties he acquired the business, carrying it on up to the time of his death in 1893. He resided in a small cottage house on the south side of Washington street, just about opposite the old Gas House. He was a devout member and regular attendant of the Methodist church of this town. Well, Bristol has developed in its time some intellectual and distinguished blacksmiths and can well afford to take a little pride in this particular branch of her civilian sons.

In closing it would seem most fitting to quote a few lines from Henry W. Longfellow's well-known poem, the "Village Blacksmith":

"His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man."

THE OLD BRISTOL AND WARREN BOUNDARY LINE

HOW far, at one time, Bristol extended into Warren, has always been a much mooted question. The railroad crossing, the Roman Catholic Institute, and even "as far as the railroad station", all have been mentioned at various times. Diligent inquiry has not enabled us to learn where this information was obtained; substantiation in every instance was lacking. However, in searching the town's records for anything that would shed a little light on the matter, the following was found.

In the town meeting records of Bristol, May 19, 1877, Book No. 6, Pages 242-243: "Bristol was incorporated by the General Assembly in 1746. The boundaries of the town have remained the same and unchanged until the passage of Chapter 339 of the Statute in 1873." This was the act of the General Assembly of

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

the State of Rhode Island annexing a portion of the town of Bristol to the town of Warren, passed May 30, 1873. At that time, Crane's Lane (now Vernon street in Warren) was the northern boundary line of Bristol.

"This brilliant 'coup d'etat' was engineered with great success by John Turner, a very clever lawyer of those days, a native of Warren, although residing in Bristol." At that time his law office was in the Freeman's Bank building located on lower State street. There was a strong feeling about this changing of the boundary line carried out so successfully to the great advantage of Warren.

Professor Munro comments on this: "For many years the possession of a certain tract of land near the Warren boundary line was a source of contention between the two towns. Year after year petitions were presented to the General Assembly to have a certain part of Bristol set off to the town of Warren and year after year the petitions were denied. In 1873, the Assembly lent a favorable ear to their request, and Bristol awoke one morning to learn that it had lost forever a goodly portion of its patrimonial lands."

Additional data: 1873—"A portion of the town of Bristol, of an average length of one mile, and of an average width of $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles, lying upon its northern border, was annexed to the town of Warren."

THE OLD FREEMEN'S BANK BUILDING

PREVIOUS to the time they moved into their new quarters in the Rogers Free Library building, in 1878, the First National Bank and the Bristol Institution for Savings had their banking rooms in the old Freeman's Bank building on lower State street. This is the red brick-faced structure still standing on the north side of the street, opposite the Bristol Hotel.

Years ago Freeman's Bank and the Savings Bank occupied the ground floor and back in the year 1859, John Turner, a very able

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

lawyer of those days, had his law office on the second floor. In the nineties Richard S. Gladding had a stove and tinsmith's shop in the old building; at that time the small room at the easterly end was the local police station. The building was built to stay; the east, west, and rear walls are constructed of heavy stone.

In its early days Freeman's Bank probably had its banking rooms "one flight up", as did many of the banks in those days, for the original iron bars or grating are still on the upper rear windows.

PETER GLADDING, 1805-1883

PETER GLADDING was born in this town July 27, 1805. He was the son of Daniel and Sally (Alger) Gladding.

In early life he learned the business of sail-making, working in his father's sail loft. After learning his trade, he followed the sea for some time and eventually became a ship master, sailing from this port. He later resumed the business of sail-making, which he carried on for many years in this town.

In 1847 he was appointed town clerk, succeeding the late Col. William Throop, which office he held until April, 1882, when, on account of failing health, he declined a re-election. Having faithfully served the town as town clerk for thirty-five years, the town, at its annual meeting, gave him a complimentary vote. A rising vote was called for and taken—a glowing tribute to his long and efficient service.

In 1820 Mr. Gladding joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, and remained an active, consistent and worthy member during his life. For many years he was the chorister and also a member of the board of trustees, always taking a deep interest in everything that pertained to the welfare of the church.

Many years ago he joined the Independent Order of Odd Fellows; he was also a member of St. Alban's Lodge, No. 6, A. F. & A. M., of this town.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

Mr. Gladding was twice married; his first wife was Mary Friend of Newport; she died in 1861. July 1st, 1862, he married Hannah Hall Easterbrooks of this town.

Mr. Gladding died October 22, 1883; he was in his 79th year.

Peter Gladding for more than a third of a century has administered the duties of town clerk, a most responsible public office, to the entire satisfaction of all. The whole town mourns his passing.

THE "OLD DIMAN HOUSE"

1879—Another Ancient Landmark Gone

THE old mansion on Hope street,* known for a century past as the "Diman House", has recently been taken down to make room for a building of more modern style of architecture. The exact date of the house is unknown; there is a tradition, however, that it was erected by John Linzee about the year 1712, and that he sold it to Joseph Jacobs, and he in turn to John Bushee. The estate changed hands many times until the year 1762, when it passed into the hands of Haile Turner, who in 1769 sold it to Jonathan Diman. Mr. Diman and after him his widow occupied the house up to her death in 1826, and the estate has remained in possession of their heirs up to June 5, 1879, a period of one hundred and ten years.

Haile Turner here kept a public house, and this with the building on the corner of Hope and Church streets, were the only inns, or taverns, in town. Mr. Turner was licensed to keep an "ordinary" for which privilege he paid £10. In the southwest room town meetings were held, together with the sessions of the Court of Probate and Town Council; here, too, the town fathers would gather on the Sabbath at the close of the morning service and

*The house of the late Col. Chas. A. Greene, on the east side of Hope street now stands on the site.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

discuss the topics of the day and the merits of the sermon over a mug of flip or a bowl of punch.

The two north rooms were occupied as a parsonage by the late Rev. Dr. Wight of the Congregational church for several years after his ordination. In later years this part of the house has been used for various purposes, a drygoods store, schoolroom, and latterly as a tenement.

COL. WILLIAM R. TAYLOR, 1811-1890

COL. WILLIAM R. TAYLOR died after a lingering illness at his residence, corner of Hope and Bradford streets, April 30, 1890, in the 79th year of his age. He was born in this town August 25, 1811, a son of Col. Samuel and Fanny (Pierce) Taylor. When a lad of 13 years he was employed in the store of Munro and Norris. Subsequently he went into the ship chandlery and hardware business. His business has been conducted at the same location on Thames street for a half century, up to the time of his death.

Col. Taylor was commanding officer of the Train of Artillery for 13 years, from 1840 to 1852-53. He was one of the charter members of the Bristol Institution for Savings, and on the Board of Trustees from its organization in 1842. In 1878 he was chosen president of that institution, which office he held at the time of his death.

At one time he was the Collector of the Port of Bristol and Warren. For several years he served as Town Treasurer, Assessor of Taxes, and Town Auditor. Probably no man in Bristol ever settled so many estates as Col. Taylor. His was a busy and most useful life. Faithful to every trust, a wise counselor, a good citizen — *an honest man*.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

"GREEN LANE"

YEARS ago that part of High street running north from the corner of Franklin street was known as "Green Lane" because of the luxuriant growth of green grass that lined either side of the then narrow lane leading down to Perry's creek. There was a spring just about in front of the site of the Hydraulion fire station; the water from this spring always clear and cool, slowly seeking its way northward towards the creek, kept the grass fresh and green. A pond formed just a little to the north of where Oliver street cuts into the lane, and at times the water was deep enough for the boys to go swimming.

OLD WELL UNEARTHED

May, 1902

"IN EXCAVATING for the sewer on Bradford street, near Central street, the laborers came across an old well located in the middle of the street. The well was dug about the year 1810, as far as can be learned, and the water from it was used by a distillery located where the Namquit Mill now stands. The Bristol Steam Mill Company purchased the land where the distillery was located in 1835, and used the water from the well for a long time. The well at that time was 12 feet in diameter, and in 1841 the Mill Company caused the well to be stoned up and a boring was made in the bottom of the well to the depth of 175 feet. In 1863, the ownership passed to the Richmond Manufacturing Company which had a large flat stone placed over the well and covered with earth."

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

RT. REV.

MARK ANTONY DeWOLFE HOWE,

1808-1895

ON THE fifth of April, 1808, Mark Antony DeWolfe Howe was born in the town of Bristol, the only child of his parents, John and Louisa (Smith) Howe.

From the village school, at the age of eight years, he went to the village Academy — then taught by two young men, who were students of divinity under Bishop Griswold, rector of St. Michael's Church; he remained at this school not more than two years. At the age of eleven he left home to go to Andover to the Phillips Academy; his stay there was not long. At the age of sixteen he entered Middlebury College, at Middlebury, Vermont, and passed there his freshman and sophomore years. During his stay at Middlebury the climate was severe and the conditions of life were not easy. The colored servant at his uncle's house where he was staying, one morning reported the mercury as "all run down into the little hole," and the contents of the inkstand stood up in a perpendicular stem of ice.

While there he wrote his father of his desire to attain proficiency in the English language. "Do you think it of no moment to be able to address your fellow creatures in such a manner as to merit and fix their attention? I consider it very necessary, particularly for men in public life, and I never wish to rise before a jury until I can do it in the character of a fine orator and a perfect master and writer of the English language. Indeed, I make it my constant aim to be a good orator."

On March 12th, 1826, he wrote to his father of his desire to leave Middlebury and become a member of Brown University. "My inclination leads me there. I always have expected to go to that college." That year he entered the junior class of Brown University. Dr. Francis Wayland was then the president of the University.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

While at Brown he wrote to his father "To have a little farm near Bristol, a good library, a pretty wife who has a relish for intellectual pursuits, and a good horse and chaise, my ambition reaches to this. I don't care to study a profession if I can get a living without it."

He graduated at Brown University in the class of 1828 and after a period of teaching in the public schools of Boston and later at Brown University, studied for the ministry under the guidance of the Rev. Mr. Bristed of this town. Divinity schools were few and far between in those days, and most candidates for the ministry had no other recourse but the tuition of the older clergy. The need of ministers was urgent, and the long preparation now demanded was not then required.

On the 13th of January, 1832, he received his Deacon's orders from the same hands which had baptized and confirmed him—those of the venerable Bishop Griswold, who was to him truly a Father in God.

That eventful day in January, 1832, was never to be forgotten by one, the most deeply concerned of all those who witnessed the event—his mother. "It is the happiest day of my life"—this from a mother means all.

His life's work chosen, he immediately started on what was to be a long and successful career. He was then twenty-four years old.

A short stay at St. Matthew's, South Boston; Rector of St. James, Roxbury; and a brief period at Christ Church, Cambridge; and later editor of *The Christian Witness*, then and long after, the well known organ of the Protestant Episcopal Church, accounted for his time up to the year 1846. That year he was elected rector of St. Luke's Church, Philadelphia. His rectorship at St. Luke's extended over a period of twenty-six years, until his elevation to the episcopate of Central Pennsylvania in November, 1871. His consecration by his uncle, Bishop Smith, of Kentucky, took place in St. Luke's Church, December 28th, 1871. For twenty-three years he labored in the building up of an effective and harmonious organization in the new diocese. In his

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

active career as Bishop, he frequently travelled yearly six thousand to ten thousand miles. The Apostle's phrase, "the care of all the churches", befits a bishop to the letter. No one who has not known the inner life of a bishop's house can comprehend the full meaning of the word "care" in this connection—care for all that concerns the external order of the Church, and care for its purity and peace, care for the adaptation of its clergy to their parishes, care for the support of the clergy, the care of all their cares and needs, care for the upbuilding of the institutions of the Church, its schools, hospitals, orphanages—great cares and small cares—these made up his life.

One of his sons says of him: "Our father needed no Saint Paul to tell him that a bishop must be 'given to hospitality'. This was a native instinct with both my parents, and our houses were constantly full of guests—clerical and other friends, when all the rooms were not filled with children and grandchildren.

"Our home became a veritable nursery of bishops and other clergy, too many to enumerate.

"There was plenty of good talk, the livelier for my father's inexhaustible store of anecdote and apt quotations.

"In the old New England town where we lived, nearly everybody was related to nearly everybody else, and my father was much more commonly accosted as 'Cousin Mark' than as 'Bishop Howe'.

"My father, twice a widower, was married three times—at twenty-five, at thirty-five, and at forty-nine. Of these three marriages eighteen children, of whom nine grew to maturity, were born."

A few years after his death his companion of so many years wrote of him: "Through much experience of both joy and sorrow, he knew how to rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep, and the power of this sympathy had won for him the best love and friendship."

That, after all, bishops are of the flesh and blood, this would seem to bear out the assertion. "When one of my parents used to linger outside St. Michael's Church after the Sunday morning

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

service to chat with friends, I remember how the other would settle himself on the back seat of the carriage, impatient to be off, and mutter, 'More Last Dying Words of Richard Baxter!'"

In time advancing age and increasing work made it necessary for the Bishop to have some assistance (he was now seventy-six years old), and in 1884 the Rev. N. S. Rulison, D.D., was chosen and consecrated as Bishop Coadjutor. For eleven years they worked together in the true harmony of energy and experience.

A long and severe illness, in the winter of 1891-92, so much enfeebled Bishop Howe that he began to look longingly to a home which would be a permanent one for the whole year. Where else could it be than in his beloved Weetamoe at Bristol? For sixty years it had been the Mecca of his annual pilgrimage—it was *home*.

In June, 1895, the final break was made with his diocese as a place of residence—his work was ended. Together, he and his companion of almost forty years, they came back to the old town where he was born so many years ago. The pleasure which for years he had looked forward to, came rather as the ghost of a past hope than as a happy ending.

Things did not awaken his usual interest, and in the family circle he was silent and preoccupied. It was rather the sad closing of a chapter of life than the hopeful beginning of a new one. On Tuesday, the 23rd of July, he drove to the cemetery with his eldest son, and told him his wishes as to his interment, and gave instructions as to the disposition of the several parts of the lot. The following night he was stricken—there was no rallying force, and on the 31st of July, in the early dawn, he entered silently into "the valley of the shadow of death".

"The light upon his face when the dark valley was passed was pledge to us that he had entered into the 'house of the Lord', and that he would 'dwell therein for ever'."

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

JAMES DeWOLF PERRY, 1815-1876

AGAIN we are called upon to announce the death of another of our prominent and valuable citizens. Mr. James DeWolf Perry died at his residence Silver Creek on Saturday evening, September 9, 1876, after a brief illness.

Mr. Perry was born in this town, September 2, 1815, the son of Lieut. Comdr. Raymond H. Perry, a younger brother of Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry. His mother, Marianne, was the eldest daughter of the late Hon. James D'Wolf. After the death of his grandfather in 1837, he was engaged in cotton manufacturing and for several years was agent of the Dighton Mfg. Co., of Dighton, Mass., and more recently in the coal business in this town.

He represented this town in the Legislature for the terms 1863-65 and 1866-67 and held many important offices of trust and responsibility, the duties of which he always discharged with great fidelity.

Mr. Perry was a devoted and valuable member of St. Michael's Church from his youth, and for many years a vestryman and Warden of the Parish, and Superintendent of the Sunday School for twenty-five years. He was one of the original proprietors of Juniper Hill Cemetery and spent much time and expense in laying out and adorning the beautiful grounds in the enclosure where the remains of his forebears rest.

He leaves a widow and five sons, and a numerous circle of relatives and friends to mourn his departure.

At the time of his death his friend and fellow-townsmen, Bishop Mark A. DeW. Howe, wrote of him:

"There is probably no citizen of Bristol whose sudden removal would have caused a deeper impression of surprise and regret. Mr. Perry has passed his whole life in this town and has been universally accounted one of its most intelligent and influential men. And in various offices of trust in Church and State he has

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

enjoyed the tokens of public confidence and has justified the reliance placed in him by an exemplary fidelity to his representative duties which it would be difficult for any to excel. Mr. Perry was a man of ready and judicious mind. He wrought with and amongst his employees with an energy and diligence which few could equal. Mr. Perry believed and felt all he said, and for its assertion he was ready if necessary to suffer. He was a true friend and constant, through good report and evil report, and as prompt to do a service as he was to resent an injury.

“Mr. Perry was a gentleman. The hospitalities of his house he administered with ease and a generosity of welcome which made his guests unconscious that they were not at home; his lively conversation and ringing laugh and genial face were contributions to the common stock of enjoyment which will be long and sadly missed.

“Mr. Perry was a devoted member of the church. For many years (twenty-five) he superintended the Sunday School of St. Michael's and served as warden of the parish.

“In Diocesan and General Conventions he has been an honored deputy. His own affairs were never so engrossing as to induce his refusal or neglect of office in which he might serve God and benefit mankind. ‘He walked with God’ and so sudden was his departure that we are fain to say of him: ‘He was not, for God took him!’ ”

In 1931, Rev. H. Usher Monroe, who was a member of St. Michael's Sunday School in the year 1867, wrote a very interesting account of the school and of the people connected with it at that time.

“Mr. James DeWolf Perry was at that time the senior warden and the superintendent of the Sunday School. He continued to be for many years afterwards. Mrs. Julia Perry, his wife, was a teacher of the older women of the parish, and Mr. Theodore P. Bogert was a teacher of a Men's Class. These two classes were largely attended and formed a not inconsiderable part of the School at that time.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

"Mr. Perry was a genial, kindly man, and gave the children not only his affectionate interest, but in return he won the regard and affection of the children. One of the pleasant things I recall was Mr. Perry's custom as superintendent, of reading frequently through the school year, some good book to us children. On the Sunday when the reading was to take place Mr. Perry would announce to the school: 'We will have a short lesson to-day, for I have a very nice book to read to you.'

"This notice of course had its good effect upon the teachers and scholars alike, for we counted it always as fortunate if Mr. Perry would read to us. Among the many interesting stories which he read were those known at that time as the 'A. L. O. E.' series. I doubt if there are any young people in the parish now that know what books those were. In those days they were very interesting to us, and Mr. Perry never failed to make them so, and to explain and amplify the text as he read. I can look back to no pleasanter or more grateful memories than those early years spent in the St. Michael's Sunday School."

A PICTURE OF BRISTOL, 1866-1875

By LUNCINDA MASON PIERCE REID*

"Often I think of the beautiful town
That is seated by the sea;
Often in thought go up and down
The pleasant streets of that dear old town,
And my youth comes back to me.

Longfellow"

THE High School, at the time of my attendance, was located in the Town Hall, on Bradford street. The assembly room was located on the second floor with two raised platforms on either

*Mrs. Reid, who now lives in San Francisco, Cal., is the daughter of the late David A. Pierce (1828-1905) who, years ago, kept a men's clothing store on the north side of lower State street.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

side of the entrance door which were occupied by the principal and his assistant. Another raised platform was in the rear. The usual blackboards adorned the walls. Two recitation rooms opened from each corner at the back, with a small room between which was the "Chemical Lab". The dressing rooms were on either side of the stairway, in front.

When I first became a pupil in 1866, Mr. Thomas W. Bicknell was the principal, and Miss Ellen R. Luther, assistant. The following year I attended school in Boston. Returning to Bristol I resumed my studies at the High School; Mr. Bicknell had resigned, and Mr. Frank G. Morley had taken his place; Miss Luther remained as assistant for many years after.

"When the building was moved to the north side of Bradford street in August, 1857, a second floor was put in, and in its second story for a few years (1858-1864), the State Normal School found a home. In the rooms which the Normal School had occupied, the sessions of the High School were held, from the year 1865 to 1873."

Recently I made a list of the scholars who attended the school from 1866 to 1870** (as I remember them) and a little sketch of each. I was rather amazed my memory served me so well.

Andrews, Sylvia	Eddy, Annie	Manchester, Emily
Barns, Isoline	Eddy, Emily	Manchester, Rachel
Barrus, Jennie	Eddy, Susan	Munro, Lillian
Bennett, Julia	Edwards, Nellie	Noyes, Martha
Bennett, Minnie	Fitch, Annie	Peck, Jennie
Blake, Nannie	Fredericks, Minnie	Peckham, Hattie
Camm, Annie	Frisbie, Hattie	Perry, Josephine
Church, Nellie	Gifford, Abbie	*Pierce, Lucinda M.
Coggeshall, Arabella	Gooding, Gertrude	Pollock, Maggie
Coggeshall, Emily	*Gray, Mary	Simmons, Ada
Coit, Emma	Green, Hannah	Simmons, Geraldine
DeWolf, Clara	Guiteras, Gertrude	Simmons, Sally
DeWolf, Nellie	Horton, Sarah	Slade, Ella
Dodge, Hattie	*Ingraham, Abbie	Taft, Julia
Easterbrooks, Gertrude	Ingraham, Elizabeth	Toye, Agnes

**This is the only known list in existence. Unfortunately the school records of that period are missing.

*Only three now living in 1942.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

Usher, Sophie	Christie, James	Liscomb, Will
Warren, Lora	Church, Hezekiah	Luther, Martin
Weeden, Belle	Church, James	Martin, Jacob
Almy, Joe	Devoll, George	Munro, Walter
Andem, Will	DeWolf, James	Pollock, John
Andrews, Morton	DeWolf, Lewis	Richmond, Martin
Babbitt, Charlie	Edwards, Charles	Tilley, George
Bradford, Mark	Hicks, Edward	Warner, Eugene
Cary, Charles	Knight, Frank	

SKETCHES

SYLVIA ANDREWS, the third daughter of Robert S. Andrews, Supt. of Schools; (a Boston man who married a daughter of Prof. John D'Wolf) was an attractive Bristol girl; she had a lovable disposition, and was much regretted when she passed on so early in life.

ISOLINE BARNES, daughter of Horace M. and Hattie (Norris) Barnes. After the early death of their mother, she and her sister Hattie lived with their grandmother Norris, in the old homestead which stood on the site of the Y. M. C. A. building.

JENNIE BARRUS, graduated soon after I entered the High School in 1866. I was twelve years old at the time. She gave a party for the scholars at the time of her graduation at her home which stood on the west side of Water street. It was a large house with a high basement, and as I remember it there was an archway leading up to the front door. I think the house was built by Simeon Potter years ago.

JULIA BENNETT, daughter of Capt. Albert C. Bennett, who lived on Constitution street. She married James Hoar, a house-painter whose home was on the corner of "Cook Hill" and Wood street. One of her sisters married Capt. Charles Eddy, who after retiring from the sea erected a building on the corner of Church and High streets where he opened a grocery store, and occupied the upper part as his home.

MINNIE BENNETT, daughter of Messadore T. Bennett, Supt. of "Uptown Mill", lived in a large house at the corner of Bradford and Central streets. Their house was burned one 4th of July through the carelessness of a fire-cracker enthusiast.

NANNIE BLAKE, she and her sister lived with their father, Edward Blake, on the "Neck". She wore two rows of curls which were always bobbing during her active hours, which were considerable. She married the staid and retiring Sam Drury Wardwell.

ANNIE CAMM, daughter of Capt. Isaac Camm, who lived on Hope street, opposite Parmenas Skinner, Jr.

NELLIE CHURCH, daughter of Hon. Samuel W. Church; she married Charles B. Munro, who used to keep a boot and shoe store in town.

ARABELLA COGGESHALL, an A-1 scholar, became a teacher. At the time she was in the High School she lived in a house which stood alone, on a rocky knoll

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

just inside the first gate on the road to Mount Hope. This led off what is now called Metacom avenue. We used to call it "Back Road".

EMILY COGGESHALL, lived in the brown cottage at the junction of Wood street and Ferry road. Married Jim Bullock, who used to drive the hearse for George Simmons.

EMMA COIT, daughter of David Coit, who lived on "Cook Hill". She married a man named Fairbrother and lived in Providence.

CLARA DEWOLF, daughter of Sydney DeWolf and Clara Diman, daughter of Gov. Byron Diman. She married Nathanael G. Herreshoff.

NELLIE DEWOLF, daughter of Maj. James F. DeWolf, on Gen. Burnside's staff in the Civil War. She married A. W. Archer of Richmond, Va.

HATTIE DODGE, daughter of Solomon Dodge, who for years was an engineer on the Providence, Warren and Bristol R. R. line. She was a sister of Walter Dodge, who in later years was a conductor on that line.

GERTRUDE EASTERBROOKS, daughter of George W. Easterbrooks. She married James C. Salisbury.

ANNIE, EMILY and SUSAN EDDY, daughters of Cyrus B. Eddy. Annie married Henry E. Paull; Emily married William H. Young, brother of Jed Young, the druggist. Susan died quite young.

NELLIE EDWARDS, and her brother Charlie came to Bristol from some other town; they lived with relatives.

ANNIE FITCH, daughter of Robert J. Fitch. They came from the island of Nantucket. At the time her father was a cooper at the Sugar Refinery, and they lived in a house opposite the Franklin street depot, on Thames street. Later they moved to Bradford street and Mr. Frank G. Morley, the principal of the High School at the time, occupied a room at their house. Not long before Mr. Fitch died he built the house on Union street where Annie and her sister, Eliza, made their home.

MINNIE FREDERICKS, lived on "Cook Hill", south side, next Nehemiah Cole. Married John B. Pollock. She was organist at the Methodist church for years.

HATTIE FRISBIE, daughter of Hiram Frisbie, a house painter. She married Hez Church, the cashier of the old First National Bank.

ABBIE GIFFORD, daughter of Gideon Gifford, who lived at the southwest corner of Hope and Franklin streets. She was a senior at the time.

GERTRUDE GOODING, daughter of Josephus Gooding, the jeweler. Mr. Gooding utilized the ice ponds on his farm, which was on the east side of the town, and furnished ice to the townspeople during the summer months. Gertrude became a physician and lived in the Holmes house.

MARY GRAY, daughter of William B. Gray, who lived up on the Neck. She was an excellent scholar. She married George A. Peckham.

HANNAH GREEN, daughter of Nathaniel Green, Town Constable at the time. Her home was a cottage house on the west side of High street between Union and Burton streets. She married Capt. Horatio N. Perry, an artillery officer in the Civil War.

GERTRUDE GUITERAS (Tula, we called her). Her mother was a sister of Mary Ann Wardwell, a teacher, who lived in the old Wardwell house at the

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

southwest corner of Hope and Court Sts. Gertrude later attended Dr. Gannett's School, in Boston. She was a real Cuban type, while her brother Ramon reverted to the Wardwells. I will mention here that a great many Cubans came to Bristol in the Summer season and found entertainment at Mrs. Fenner's Boarding House, on Milk St. She seemed to cater to them especially. The young men used to be fond of going out to the open spaces on Mount Lane to fly their fancy kites, which were especially pleasing to me, for mine were of the home-made variety; effectual, but not so beautiful.

SARAH HORTON, daughter of Capt. Leonard Horton, lived on Wood street, west side; a house set back from the street, with an iron fence in front. Later Phil Brady's father bought the place. She married Horace Williams.

ABBIE INGRAHAM and ELIZABETH INGRAHAM, these girls were cousins; Abbie was a daughter of Daniel Ingraham, she married Chas. W. Young, who years ago was secretary of the Herreshoff Mfg. Co. Elizabeth was a daughter of Capt. Davis Ingraham, who years ago lived in the house at the south corner of Hope and Summer streets. It was later moved to the north side of Summer street.

EMILY MANCHESTER, she was a good student, quiet, unobtrusive and devoted to her church; her father William Manchester was a deacon of the Congregational Church. Their home was at Poppasquash. After I entered the High School she assisted in teaching Latin and I was one of her first pupils.

RACHEL MANCHESTER, daughter of Henry R. Manchester, lived in a little house on the south side of Oliver street. She was a sister of Henry Rhodes Manchester, who lived on the east side of lower Hope street.

LILLIAN MUNRO, daughter of John B. Munro, and sister of Prof. Wilfred Munro of Brown University, Dr. Walter Munro, Prof. Dana Munro of Princeton University, and Miss Annette Munro, Dean of Rochester University. Lillian was a teacher of languages in the Bristol High School for many years.

MARTHA NOYES, she lived with her grandmother, Madame Martial, whose home was a few houses north of Alex. Perry's on High street. Dr. Martin married her granddaughter and recently occupied the old house as a school. Martie married Ned Lucas, whose home was in New Bedford.

JENNIE PECK, a niece of Messadore, Martin, and Capt. Albert Bennett. She died young.

HATTIE PECKHAM, daughter of Benjamin Peckham. She was a sister of Mrs. Seth Paull and of Josiah Peckham, who kept a stable on Court street.

JOSEPHINE PERRY, second daughter of Alexander and Lavina Howe Perry. She was a sweet, lovable girl, bright and attractive. Mrs. Perry was a sister of Mrs. Theodore P. Bogert. Josephine married Will Gardner of New York. They moved to Colorado.

LUCINDA M. PIERCE, daughter of David A. Pierce, they lived on Mount lane.

MAGGIE POLLOCK, a sister of John B. Pollock, who was a pupil in the High School at the time. They lived on "Cook Hill".

ADA SIMMONS and GERALDINE SIMMONS. On "Simmons Lane", as we used to designate the blind street just opposite the old vault of the East Burial Ground on Mount Lane, lived the family of Charles Simmons, who, with his brother, Leonard, had a wheelwright shop on Church street opposite the Common. They

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

were the sons of old Doctor Simmons, who was said by some to deal in "bread pills". Ada always held high marks in her studies; she married a man by name of John Lawton. Geraldine, her sister, was a very conscientious student, and being of a very sensitive nature a failure was a tragedy. Her life was short.

SALLY SIMMONS, daughter of Luther Simmons, and sister of Joe and Jim Simmons, who lived on the Ferry Road.

ELLA SLADE, daughter of John Slade, master-builder, one of the best in town. He and Thomas Pearse were outstanding. Houses in those days were not constructed "by the job", but by "the day", and that meant substantial work. Our home on High street, now owned and occupied by Judge Lindemuth, was built by John Slade in 1876. The Slades lived on the north side of Constitution street, near Hope, next west to John Burgess.

JULIA TAFT, she was an orphan, lived with the Talbee family (Henry) on Constitution street. Married Nathaniel Maxfield of Warren.

AGNES TOYE, daughter of William Toye, a gardener, who lived on upper Wood street. She married John Blanchard of Providence.

SOPHIE USHER, youngest daughter of Capt. Allen Usher. She married and lived in New York. Tom Frank, a brother, lived on Hope street two doors north of the Ruth B. DeWolf house, which became the rectory of the Trinity Church.

LORA WARREN, came to Bristol when a young girl. She married James Allen Newman, son of Capt. Allen M. Newman.

BELLE WEEDEN, daughter of John S. Weeden, the undertaker, who had his cabinet-making and undertaking shop on his home premises on Church street, opposite the Common. Belle distinguished herself as Buttercup when H. M. S. Pinafore was played by local talent years ago.

The girls in the Bristol High School quite outnumbered the boys; the following list covers the boys I remember attending the school during the time I was a student.

JOE ALMY, was an out-of-town boy.

WILL ANDEM, son of Rev. James Andem, the Baptist clergyman in 1867. He was a very fine student; quiet, unassuming and considerate; always courteous.

MORTON ANDREWS, was a Boston boy. Came to Bristol to live with his uncle, Robert S. Andrews, Supt. of Schools, who had become his guardian. Morton inherited a comfortable fortune. He studied Law and later settled in Boston, where he married.

CHARLIE BABBITT, son of Rev. Benj. Babbitt and grandson of Maj. Jacob Babbitt. He was a nephew of Edward S. Babbitt.

MARK BRADFORD, son of William Bradford; he was a younger brother of LeBaron Bradford, who was treasurer of the Providence Institutions for Savings for many years.

CHARLES CARY, son of Martha Cary, a widow, living on Union street, next east of James T. Freeborn's home, corner of High and Union streets. He was a house-carpenter.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

JAMES CHRISTIE, a short, thickset chap who became a priest. He was brother to John J. Christie, one-time Postmaster of Bristol.

HEZEKIAH CHURCH, son of Hon. Samuel W. Church; he was cashier of the First National Bank. He was twice married.

JAMES CHURCH, son of Hon. Samuel W. Church, and brother of Hez Church. He was treasurer of the City Savings Bank of Providence. He was twice married.

GEORGE DEVOLL, son of Obediah Devoll, who kept a grain and feed store in the west end of the old Church Street House building. Their home on the northeast corner of High and Union streets, was later purchased by Judge Bullock for his sister, who lived there until her death.

JAMES DEWOLF, son of Maj. James H. DeWolf, an officer of the Civil War; a member of Gen. Burnside's staff.

LEWIS DEWOLF, son of Sydney DeWolf; he married Kittie Herreshoff.

CHARLES EDWARDS, and his sister, Nellie, came to Bristol from some other town; they lived with relatives.

EDWARD HICKS, came from over on the Island and was an excellent scholar.

FRANK KNIGHT, was a Providence boy, of the Knight family. I remember one instance in which he figured, showing his facility in meeting an embarrassing situation. The pupils were required to relate each morning some fact of special interest to the public in general; unfortunately Frank had forgotten to prepare himself, and when it became his turn to enlighten the school of some important happening he was staggered, but only for a moment before he was on his feet and announced in a very convincing way that "Scup has come".

WILL LISCOMB, son of William C. Liscomb, the photographer. They lived on the east side of High street, between Church and Constitution streets. Mr. Liscomb had his studio on the home premises.

MARTIN LUTHER, brother of Ellen R. Luther, who was the Assistant Principal of the High School at that time.

JACOB MARTIN, son of Dr. Martin, who practised in the town years ago. Dr. Briggs, Dr. Martin, and Dr. Drury were the leading physicians at that time. Dr. Martin removed to the west and some years later Jake, his son, returned to Bristol and lived with his aunt, Mary Babbitt Greene, in the old homestead on

WALTER MUNRO, son of John B. Munro and brother of Prof. Wilfred H. Hope street while attending school.

Munro. He became a noted physician and surgeon.

JOHN POLLOCK, he lived on "Cook Hill". Married Minnie Fredericks. They were Methodists.

MARTIN RICHMOND, son of Gen. Lewis C. Richmond, whose wife was a sister of Gen. Maurant, of Providence. Their home was a large brown house set flush to the street, on Hope street just at the point of Fort Rounds. Joshua Wilbur purchased the property and erected the house now occupied by Francesco DeWolf. Martin died while a student at the High School.

GEORGE TILLEY, son of Benjamin Tilley, was a fine looking boy; he later attended a military school in New York State. He died before graduating. His brother William became a Methodist clergyman, but after a time changed to the Episcopal Church. Benjamin F. Tilley, another brother, was a noted naval

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

officer. An older brother, Henry, was clerk in the Navy Department at Washington years ago.

EUGENE WARNER, son of Frederick A. Warner, a tailor who had a shop on Hope street just above George W. Easterbrooks' store. Their home was on the east side of High street, next to Otis Munro's.

In the year 1875 the Y. M. C. A. Library was located in the old Mount Hope building, near the corner of Hope and Wardwell streets. The entrance was direct from the street, and the room was on the ground floor. In the same building was Josephus Gooding's jeweler's store and Marmaduke Mason's shoemaker's shop.

Dr. George A. Pike was librarian at that time and Miss Mary Thompson was the acting librarian. She was one of the twins, so called, and a dear little woman; we were all very fond of her. Later, I think, she went over to the Rogers Free Library, across the street, and was assistant to George U. Arnold. Many pleasant hours were spent in the limited quarters of the old library. Saturday afternoon was the time when a certain number of us used to gather there watching out for any new books that might have come in during the week. You would usually find Mathilda Church, a daughter of Sam Church; Miss Maria Shepard, daughter of "Parson" Shepard; Hattie Frisbie, who later married Hezekiah Church (she was a school teacher at the time); Miss Brayton, daughter of Capt. Brayton, who lived in the stone house on High street; and Mrs. North, who was a member of the Seagrave family of Providence (they purchased the house now owned by the Wyatt sisters on the north side of State street from Judge Bullock, who built it).

It was said that every time the old jurist looked up at the tall spire of the Methodist church (next door to him), he was so scared that some day it would blow over in his direction he finally decided to sell the place and move out of the neighborhood.

Marmaduke Mason in those days was considered an expert in his trade; he made many pairs of boots and shoes for my father and brothers, and I remember how proud I was of a pair of brown cloth, high-laced boots he made for me. He and his wife were staunch Methodists and every Sunday they could be seen, arm in

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

arm, wending their way to church in their Sunday attire; he in his broadcloth suit with flowered waistcoat and stovepipe hat, and Mrs. Marmaduke with her voluminous black silk dress with fancy shawl—lace in the summer season—bonnet with nodding plumes of flowers—and a dainty parasol above all. Some irrepressible boys seemed to think the name of Marmaduke was worthy of acclaim, and consequently could not refrain from chanting “Why don’t you Marmaduke round!”* It was rather embarrassing and hardly conducive to a peaceful state of mind.

Directly on the corner of Hope and Wardwell streets, across from the Mount Hope building, stood the old Finney homestead which was later purchased by J. Elkanah French, cashier of the Eagle Bank. Mr. French moved the old house back from the street, giving a lawn in front and making it an attractive home when he brought his bride—a second wife—there to live. The place finally passed into the hands of Herbert F. Bennett, the town clerk, and after “Pom” Colt secured that corner, I learned the house was moved up Bradford street, and is now occupied by Mr. Bennett’s daughter’s family.

These reminiscences of my early life would not be complete without mentioning the annual Church Bake (St. Michael’s) which was eagerly looked forward to, each August, as something not to be missed. Dan Tanner was the “king” that day, for his bakes were beyond question; his reputation extended far beyond the precincts of Bristol. The picnic-wagon awaited the trains and took the joyous crowds up to the entrance of Fox Hill in DeWolf lane, so called. The DeWolfs owned all that property at the time. Mr. Alexander Perry used to act as auctioneer of the “remains” at the close of festivities. It was always a happy occasion.

*This “Marmaduke round” business had me puzzled for a long time—then one day the fog suddenly lifted. Buried in an old issue of the *Phoenix* was an account of the Fourth of July celebration in Bristol back in the year 1850: “The rising tide of patriotism ran full blood as the Artillery company came marching down ‘Pump Lane’ with Col. Wm. R. Taylor at their head, and the band playing that soul-inspiring air ‘Why Don’t You Marmaduke Round Here’.”

(C.O.F.T.)

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

The words of Longfellow are true expression of my feelings for dear old Bristol. There is nothing more agreeable to me than passing up and down the streets from one end to the other, renewing acquaintance with the occupants of each house as I go along; reviewing events, and living over the old days when Bristol was just "our town".

Among the notable personages who come to mind is Messadore T. Bennett, who presided over our town meetings for so many years. He was a man of medium height, dignified in bearing. His "Dundreary" whiskers gave him a most distinguished appearance. His manner was cordial and kindly. He was a devoted member of the Congregational church, and at one time was superintendent of the Sabbath school. Martin Bennett, his brother, was cashier of the First National Bank; he was somewhat taller, conservative in appearance, quiet and unassuming, and always dependable. I knew the Bennett family from childhood.

Then there was Robert S. Andrews, who was Superintendent of Schools all during my school days. He was tall and slender, with smooth light hair; refined in feature and manner. "A gentleman", describes him well.

In those days Alexander Perry, who lived in the large house at the northwest corner of High and Union streets, was one of the important men in the town. In appearance he was portly, pompous, always carried a cane, and always made a striking appearance when on the street. He had many wealthy and influential friends, among them the Goddards, Lippitts, Dyers, Belmonts, and many others of prominent social standing. He was popular at dinner parties, large and small—bright, witty, and entertaining. His home in those days was looked upon as one of the leading social centres of the town.

Now just a word before closing about the famous purveyor (of clambakes) of those days, Dan Tanner. For many years Dan was a popular barber in the town; he gave up his barbering business and went into the lunch business, making bakes on the side. In both he was rated as an expert. Abounding in good nature, like

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

so many of his race (when you called him *black* you made no mistake), he was of a decidedly spherical model. Two girls of the family were quite noticeable for their good looks, and wore their clothes with an air many of the white girls might have envied. One of the girls (Lou) became the leading dressmaker in the town fifty years back, and her expert services were in great demand by old and young.

All of these have been most pleasant memories. When you consider I was born in Bristol in 1854, you can realize my memory reaches far back when the town was just "dear old Bristol"—where we lived as neighbors—with personal interest in all. It was a dear old town in those days.

TOWN MEETING IN 1875

By A. McLEAN HAWKS

DO ANY of you readers remember "Town Meetings" of 50-70 years ago? The most democratic form of government ever known. A place where everyone had the right to "make a motion" or "introduce a question"; where every town officer had "to give an account of his stewardship" and stand being "heckled" by any voter.

Messadore T. Bennett was Moderator at all those meetings which I attended. Do you remember him? A man of very easy manners, quick-witted, dignified, and very good-looking, with his thick hair and abundant beard. He handled the meeting with great impartiality. The "big bugs" and "poor chaps" were no different to him. This was shown by the way he treated the town's nitwit, who, every year, rose in the gallery to shout "Mr. Moderator." "The Moderator recognizes Mr. W—" "Mr. Moderator, I make a motion clear to Boston to put out the fire. Toot! Toot!" "The motion being duly made and seconded, the motion will be duly forwarded to Boston" (and, amid cheers from small boys in the gathering, G. W. would sit down with the

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

remembrance of his feat to cheer him for a whole year). "What is the next business to come before the meeting?"

My real reason for going to town meeting was to listen to Uncle Tom Holmes' speech. He rarely said a word until the tax bill came up for passage. One must have known him, and known, also, that in his boyhood days (1820-30) Bristol was still a seaport of great importance, with many whalers and clippers registering in the Custom House, and he spent many hours along the wharves and acquired much "sailor talk". (I remember one day when walking with him we met Mrs. Nancy Leigh. She was a handsome, middle-aged lady, always dressed "just so". She had three little "bob-curls" peeping from under her bonnet, and was carrying one of those tiny, black silk parasols. "Damn your soul to hell, Nancy Leigh, you're looking well today." Whereat Mrs. Leigh "dropped a curtsy" and replied "Thank you Thomas. I'm pleased to hear you say that.")

Even at that time, taxes were always growing heavier. There were the customary items "for town expenses, for care of the North Burial Ground, for care of the East Burial Ground, for care of the Common, etc. Then came the new items: new sidewalks, new gutters, gravelling new streets—to all of which he would offer objections in "strong" language. "Tax our damn heads off." "Keep this up and you'll drive away all of our heaviest taxpayers"; and to this yearly threat the meeting would listen very attentively because at that time there was a nefarious State law which permitted anyone to claim residence in any town by staying two weeks in that town. And it was common knowledge that Uncle Tom met with "the powers" and "dickered" for the amount that they would assess for taxes against his very rich sisters, cousins, nephews and nieces; so, they realized that if Mr. Holmes advised these rich relatives to claim residence elsewhere, the town would lose this "easy money". Therefore various items would be lopped off or cut down until he expressed satisfaction at the result—and the next summer the usual crowd would come to Bristol to stay with Mrs. Gardner at her beautiful place on Ferry Hill (next to the also handsome home of the "Architect of

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York" the late J. P. Renwick) for a long enough time to "become a resident". Everyone realized that it was a form of cheating—but a legal form, and many think "if it's legal that makes it all right".

Old timers told me that I missed Uncle Tom's very best oration. That was given when they voted to build the Byfield School—and he called upon "Heaven, Hell, and the dark blue sea" to witness the offence. He had "been a scholar in the Old Academy; and if it was good enough for him and all his boyhood friends, etc." Remember "the Academy"? It used to stand on the Common just north of the Byfield, a two story frame structure with a cupola atop it. I think that I remember it was moved elsewhere for dwellings. The cupola became a "summer house" on the front lawn of the residence of the late Bishop M. A. DeW. Howe on "the Back Road" as it was then called.

HON. JONATHAN RUSSELL BULLOCK,

1815-1899

HON. JONATHAN RUSSELL BULLOCK, one of Bristol's most prominent sons, died at his residence on High street May 7, 1899, at the age of 83 years and 8 months.

Judge Bullock was born in this town September 6, 1815. He was the son of Nathaniel and Ruth (Smith) Bullock. He entered Brown University when he was 15 years of age and graduated when he was 19. He then entered upon the study of the law in the office of his father and was admitted to the bar at Newport two years later. Soon after this he removed to Illinois and settled at Alton, where he commenced and continued the practice of his profession until the year 1834. That year he returned to Rhode Island and associated himself in practice with Hon. Joseph M. Blake, later Attorney General of the State. In April, 1844, he was elected representative to the General Assembly from Bristol and again in 1845, 1846 and 1853. In May, 1849, he was ap-

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

pointed by President Zachary Taylor, collector of customs for the district of Bristol and Warren and upon the death of President Taylor was reappointed by President Fillmore. This office he resigned March 4, 1853, the day of the accession of Franklin Pierce to the presidency. In April, 1859, he was elected to the State Senate and in April, 1860, chosen lieutenant governor. In December, 1861, he was appointed by the governor special commissioner to adjust the account between Rhode Island and the United States growing out of the expenses incurred by the State in raising and forwarding troops to suppress the Rebellion. In September, 1862, he was chosen an associate justice of the Supreme Court of Rhode Island. He remained upon the bench of the Supreme Court until March, 1864, when he was appointed by President Lincoln judge of the United States District Court for the district of Rhode Island. In September, 1869, he resigned this office and thereafter remained in private life.

Judge Bullock was one of the most able and astute attorneys in this State. His soundness of judgment, together with a thorough knowledge of the law, was long ago recognized by the most prominent members of the legal profession in this and other States. He came of New England ancestry, his forefathers having taken active, and some of them prominent part in the struggle of the Revolution. At one time he was in business in the west with the late Horace M. Barns. He had a number of fine residences constructed in Bristol years ago, including the Renwick cottage on Ferry Road, the house now occupied by the Misses Wyatt on State street, the Barns homestead on Hope street, and the fine house at the corner of High and Walley streets, where he resided. The latter was built in the year 1879.

Judge Bullock was one of the oldest members of the Rhode Island Bar. Probably no one was more familiar with Rhode Island history than Judge Bullock and he was regarded as one of the best authorities on the history of his native town. He was author of several works of history and geography.

The father of Judge Bullock years ago was a prominent attorney in this town. He represented Bristol in the General Assembly

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

for many years and was United States collector of customs for this district when Bristol was a thriving seaport.

Judge Bullock in his early days was a Whig; later he was a Republican. When in good health he attended our town meetings, taking an active part. About 20 years ago he served for some time as a vestryman of Trinity church in this town. In 1840, he married Susan Amelia, daughter of Prof. John and Sylvia (Griswold) D'Wolf; she died in 1866. In 1868 he married Miss Emma Wescott of West Roxbury, Mass.

BURNING OF THE EMPIRE STATE

THE steamer Empire State which was lying at the Bristol Railroad Co.'s wharf was discovered to be on fire a few minutes after 1 o'clock Saturday morning, May 14, 1887. A general alarm was sounded and the fire department was soon after at the scene. The flames spread rapidly along the entire length of the vessel and the bright blaze lighted up the harbor and town as it never before had been at night. The flames reached the long car house which stands on the wharf, scorching it badly, but fortunately the steamer's hawsers burned off and the burning vessel drifted from the landing, her stern bringing up against the old pier which was formerly used by the New York steamers, where she burned to the water's edge. The firemen then continued their labors to saving the car house and other property nearby, the damage was not very great. The two ship-keepers that were on board had a narrow escape. They were asleep in staterooms aft and were nearly stifled with smoke on waking up. Each grabbed his clothes and went down the steamer's side into a yawl and from thence to the landing where they hastily attired themselves and gave the alarm. The steamer was insured for about \$40,000, distributed among several companies.

That early morning so many years ago a little girl of seven, wrapped in an old grey shawl with red stripes and held in her father's arms, witnessed with terror the roaring flames as they

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

shot up into the black heavens above and turned night into day for miles around. "I was terrified and burrowed my face into my father's shoulder to shut out the awful sight. It was one of the most vivid memories of my childhood; I shall always remember the intense light and the roar of the flames. For a long time after, several years if I remember correctly, the shore was strewn with wreckage. We children used to go over on the shores of Poppasquash and play on the timbers, all of them charred, that lay for an incredible length of time on the beach before the tide finally carried them seaward."

THE BRISTOL PHOENIX—A HISTORY

I HAVE before me a brief historical account of the press in Bristol, written by Bennett J. Munro, who was the editor and publisher of the *Bristol Gazette* back in the year 1833. The old editor, born in the year 1809, died in 1888. His long life covered a period of the town when it was a flourishing seaport. Mr. Munro was always interested in the early affairs and history of Bristol; the many accounts of its early days and the old inhabitants appearing in the *Phoenix* years back were from his pen.

Mr. George L. Millard, of this town, a grandson of the old scribe, has in his possession many papers and notes belonging to his grandsire who for years was the local correspondent of the *Providence Journal* and *Evening Bulletin*. This account, written in 1878 about the early press of Bristol, is not only a matter of history but is also of interest.

"The first newspaper printed and published in Bristol was started January 3rd, 1807, entitled *The Mount Hope Eagle*. It was printed by the late Golden Dearth; the late David A. Leonard was editor. Mr. Leonard at that time was the postmaster of Bristol. The *Eagle* survived but one year. The printing office was located in a building which stood on the very site of the office of the Bristol *Phoenix*.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

"The *Bristol Gazette* was started in September, 1833, by Bennett J. Munro as editor and publisher, and the late William H. S. Bayley as printer. In the January following Mr. Bayley purchased the establishment and became editor and publisher. The *Gazette* was published for four years and was then discontinued.

"After a lapse of two weeks the *Bristol Phoenix* was published from the same printing office by Mr. Bayley, who continued its publication until his decease in March, 1862. After his death, the establishment was purchased by Chas. A. Greene, who is the present proprietor.

"The *Phoenix* is issued every Saturday morning; is a thirty-two column paper, always contains an interesting story, good miscellaneous selections, general intelligence and full reports of local news. In January, 1878, the *Phoenix* entered upon its 42d volume.

"In May, 1840, a small newspaper entitled *The Bristol Eagle* was published by Mr. Greene, the present editor of the *Phoenix* and F. E. Rutherford. The *Eagle* was published for one year only."

BRISTOL GAZETTE

Open to all — Influenced by none

Vol. 1	Bristol, R. I.	Saturday Morning, Sept. 14, 1833	No. 1
B. J. Munro, Proprietor			W. H. S. Bayley, Printer
Is published every Saturday morning on State Street opposite Horton's Hotel.			

Right smack on the front page of this initial number is a long article about—guess what—the Intellectual Capacity of Females. And right below it is this little gem:

"Matrimony—Choosing a wife is like dipping into a barrel filled with 100 snakes and one eel—ninety-nine to one you pull out the eel."

The first number of the *Bristol Gazette*, Vol. 1—No. 1, came out on Sept. 14, 1833, published every Saturday morning on State street opposite Horton's Hotel. Terms \$2.00 per year. Single paper six cents each, to be had at the office.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

Nov. 23, 1833, Vol. 1—No. 11, the plant was removed to Hope street, 2d door south of Post-Office. Jan. 11, 1834, Vol. 1—No. 18, the paper changed ownership, Mr. Bayley became Editor and Proprietor. Oct. 10, 1835, the plant was removed to the 2d story of the brick building on Thames street. This was the three-story Bank Building on the west side of the street. "Thames street, 2d door north of the market" was the new location as it appeared in the paper. Sept. 6, 1834, the name was changed to *Gazette & Companion*. The editor had been down to Boston and picked up some progressive ideas and also a lot of new supplies, all of which he felt would go far towards improving the sheet. This is the heading of Sept. 2, 1837—

"Vol. IV—No. 52 *and the Last.*"

The editor had struggled along for four years, the subscribers had been remiss in their payments, those who used the column for advertising their wares were likewise in the arrears, and what was worse, folks were passing their copies along, making one copy do the work of two, three, or perhaps four—and thereby depriving the sheet of one of its chief sources of income.

An old account of those days has this to say about the local paper and its struggle for existence at that time:

"It was then that Mr. Bayley gave up the book-printing portion of his business (at that time he was doing the printing for John Gladding & Co., book publishers, who were located on Bradford street) and as the circulation of the *Gazette* was not large (only 400 of the 500 families in the town were subscribers) he decided to remove from the town and was making the necessary preparations to return to New York; then several of the wealthy and influential men of the town feeling the need of a local paper in the community, prevailed upon the editor to remain and start a new paper, they to guarantee its financial success.

"Our present *Phoenix* is the outcome of this arrangement and the editor, Mr. Bayley, remained here as long as he lived, passing on to the next world a quarter of a century later, in the year 1862.

"The men who were responsible for this were James D'Wolf, Hezekiah C. Wardwell, father of Ex-Lieut. Gov. Wm. T. C.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

and Sam'l Drury Wardwell, Jacob Babbitt, James DeWolf Perry, William R. Taylor, Nathan Warren, Henry Wardwell, J. Nelson Miller, Dr. Jabez Holmes, Crawford Easterbrooks, William B. Spooner, Allen T. and Thos. J. Usher, Francis and Philip B. Bourn, Rev. Dr. Thomas Shepard, and Prof. John D'Wolf; the two last contributed off and on to the columns of the new paper."

The first edition of the new venture came out Saturday morning, Sept. 16, 1837. The name was *The Phoenix*. It was published at the same location as its predecessor, Thames street, 2d door north of the market. Vol. 1—No. 1. The next issue, Sept. 23, 1837, Vol. 1—No. II, the name was changed to *The Phenix*. Sept. 8, 1838, it changed its location. "The office of *The Phenix* has been removed to the room over the store of Mr. Wm. R. Taylor, two doors north of its former location." "Thames street, 4th door north of the market" was the new location as it appeared in the paper. Sept. 23, 1843, it again moved, this time to No. 7 Bradford street. "The office of the *Phenix* will this day be removed to the building on Bradford street formerly occupied by Bourn & Church." "Bradford street, between Hope and Thames streets" was the new location as it appeared in the paper.

Sometime later this was changed to read: "Published every Saturday morning at 7 Bradford St." In 1850—"Single copies 4 cents to be had at the office." In March, 1862, the editor, Mr. Bayley, died; that year Col. Charles A. Greene purchased the plant; he continued to run the paper for a period of thirty-one years, to Oct. 14, 1893, as its manager and editor. March 25, 1865, the office and plant were moved from No. 7 Bradford St. to "No. 69 Hope St., Phenix Bldg." March 13, 1869, the name was changed back to the title as of Sept. 16, 1837—*The Bristol Phoenix*—

"Published every Saturday morning
Office—Phoenix Bldg., Hope St.
C. A. Greene, Editor and Proprietor."
"Single copies 5 cents each."

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

From 1865, up to the year 1893, the year Col. Greene sold the plant, the office and plant were located in the Phoenix Bldg., on Hope St.; this was the small building located in the rear of his residence.

I remember as a very young boy of my mother wrapping very securely a \$2.00 bill (the large size type that was in circulation in those days; it had a picture of one of the famous Civil War generals on it) and pinning it to the inside of my pocket (I must have had the habit of losing things when I was young); I was supposed to go up to the *Phoenix* office, give the money to Mr. Greene, for our subscription to his "family paper" and get a receipt (whatever that was) and be sure that I didn't lose it. That was the first and only time that I remember of setting eyes on Col. Charles A. Greene, and all that I can recall about him is that he was quite short and thick-set.

In October, 1893, the establishment was sold to the Herald Printing Co., publishers of the *Pascoag Herald*; they ran the paper for nearly a year at 35 Bradford street; the last issue under their management was of Saturday morning, Oct. 27, 1894. They sold the paper to the Farrally Bros., William H. and Joseph F. The new management changed it to a semi-weekly sheet. Friday, Nov. 2, 1894, the first number under their management came out.

THE BRISTOL PHOENIX

Semi Weekly

Farrally Bros.

Editors and Proprietors

In 1901, William H. Farrally, one of the proprietors, died; the surviving partner, Joseph F. Farrally, took over the business and continued as editor and proprietor up to the time of his death in 1927. For a while the business was continued under the management of William H. Bradford as Business Manager, there being no editor at that period.

In 1928, the present efficient editor, Roswell S. Bosworth, a graduate of Brown University, started as reporter for the paper;

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

and a year later, 1929, became its editor. January 2, 1930, the enterprise was incorporated under the name of the Bristol Phoenix Publishing Co. and Mr. Bosworth became its editor and manager.

During its one hundred and five years of service the location of its plant and office has changed many times. These several changes of location have been carefully followed through and checked up to the time Col. Greene acquired the paper in 1862.

When Farrally Bros. bought the paper in 1894, the plant was located at No. 5 Bradford St.; May 2, 1905, they moved to new quarters at 547 Hope street, in the building next north of the Hasbrouck Block, formerly occupied by the old Boston Store. They stayed there 18 years, until Sept. 28, 1923, when they moved back to Bradford street. "The new location at No. 1 Bradford St. is next door to the building where the *Phoenix* was started in 1837." This is where it is located today (1942).

In the year 1895 there appeared in the columns of the *Phoenix* a very interesting sketch of an old-time printer, who years ago was employed in the office of the old *Gazette*. He has left for us some very valuable information concerning those old days and the early paper.

"Mr. Noel A. Tripp, the oldest printer and compositor in Fall River, who celebrated his 87th birthday recently, was in the years 1835-36, employed as type-setter in the office of the old *Gazette*. In later years he often visited Bristol, and was always a welcome visitor at the office as well as the fireside of his former employer, Hon. Wm. H. S. Bayley, who had purchased the *Gazette* of Bennett J. Munro, who started the paper.

Mr. Munro was a gentleman of high literary attainments, and during his lifetime held many public offices in the town. For years he was a regular and valuable contributor to the columns of his old paper; the many shipping reports and custom house clearances, of which there were a large number in those days, were all gathered by him. Mr. Munro was for many years the Bristol correspondent of the *Providence Journal* and *Evening Bulletin*.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

Bristol at that time, 1835-36, was in her commercial glory, the wharves were piled high with merchandise from every clime, and thousands of barrels of oil were brought in by her whaling fleet. The office of publication was then in the three-story brick building at the head of Paull's wharf on Thames street, the entire two upper stories being leased for the purpose, the proprietor, Mr. Bayley, residing in the third story. In the lower part, the commercial office of Capt. James D'Wolf was situated, on the south side; the late Gov. Byron Diman being his office and business manager at the time. The Bank of Bristol of which Capt. D'Wolf was president had its quarters on the north side."

Concerning the location of the *Phenix* plant in the year 1838—"over the store of Mr. Wm. R. Taylor"—this is the old building next north of the Seth Paull Co.'s coal office, now connected with the office and used as a salesroom.

And now before closing, a word as to how our local and valuable sheet got its name.

Rev. Harry Howe Bogert, a former Bristolian, now of Huntington, N. Y., sometime ago wrote me as follows: "You may be interested to know that it was my grandfather, George Howe, who gave the name '*Phoenix*' to the successor of the *Bristol Gazette*."

Webster has the following to say: "*Phenix*, written also *Phoenix*—(Greek mythology) a bird fabled to exist single, and to rise again from its ashes, and hence used as an emblem of immortality."

Many years ago an old-time newspaper man* wrote a very interesting account of the early days of the *Phenix*. The times he wrote of were just about 100 years ago, 1842.

"I have a tolerably distinct recollection of the *Phenix* as it appeared in its early years, more than a half century ago. I remember, too, its founder and publisher, Hon. W. H. S. Bayley—tall and spare of frame, grave of countenance, remarkably deliberate in speech, and, withal, one of the kindest of men. The

*Geo. H. Coomer.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

sheet was somewhat smaller than at present; for, where other local papers had failed, the prospect was uncertain at best, so that the garment had to be cut according to the cloth. The publisher pulled the old fashioned press—for the 'outside' on Mondays, and for the 'inside' on Fridays, and set types the rest of the week.

"On Bristol Neck, where our family lived at the time, almost every household subscribed for the new paper; and on Saturday mornings the fresh, damp sheets would be left, one after another, at the various farmhouse gates, by the driver of one of those quaint old stages that plied between Bristol and Providence. And that weekly printed visitor was of vast consequence to us then! I remember how the stageman would rise up in his seat to toss it out to us, and how we children would run to pick it up and hurry with it into the house. It was like being the first to secure a freshly laid goose egg all warm from the nest! Then it would be opened and read, and read, and read—editorials, locals, deaths and marriages, ship news, advertisements and all.

"The young people of to-day cannot realize the importance then attached to a village newspaper. It was through this, almost wholly, that the general reader obtained his news of the week. There were no morning or evening dailies sold about town as at present. Copies of the *Providence Journal* were to be found at the several banks, and at the *Phoenix* office, but elsewhere the specimens were rare indeed. So the local paper was the paper of the people.

"It would appear strange to-day, upon taking up a country paper to see in it three or four columns of Congress news, perhaps a fortnight old, set in 'solid' type, and giving all the details, just as they occurred, of some stale and tedious debate. But fifty years ago such matter occupied a large portion of every weekly sheet. Now it is summed up in a dozen lines—and quite often this is more than any one cares to read.

"Most of the news items in the Bristol and Warren papers were credited, 'Providence Jour—' for the *Journal* was an indispensable 'exchange', and they would hardly have known how to go

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

on without it. At this day such items are read by every one long before the weekly paper can get hold of them, and thus its dependence must be wholly upon local matter—a kind of matter of which the old-time publishers made very little use.

“The *Phoenix* gave the standing time tables of the old stage coaches, driven by John Chadwick and Nathan Warren, set off with cuts of those rocking, lumbering vehicles and their prancing four-horse teams; which seemed to be getting along a great deal faster on paper than they could possibly do on the ill-kept roads of that slow-going period. And as we youngsters looked at the pictures, we could imagine the stageman throwing out the damp weekly sheet at our gate, and ourselves running to pick up.

“There also figured the advertisement and cut of that small, old-time steamer, the King Phillip, that came daily puffing and paddling through the ferry and up into the harbor, on her route between Fall River and Providence—seeming to us as if she were the only steamboat in the whole world. She was, in fact, the only one which we had ever seen close at hand.

“The ship news was an important feature of that early *Phoenix*—especially to those of us who had friends at sea or who intended to go there ourselves as soon as our young growth would permit. There were merchantmen reported that had taken onions and potatoes and hoop-poles from the bustling Bristol wharves; and there was announced the whereabouts of the whalemens when last spoken. There would be a long string of New Bedford and Nantucket ‘blubber hunters,’ as reported by some late arrival; while, here and there, in the solid lines of small type, would appear the name of some Bristol ship, always set in full capitals, that it might the more readily catch the eyes of those interested in her.

“And so the *Phoenix* often brought glad tidings to some waiting, anxious household, that had, perhaps, a bright boy on the Corinthian or in the forecastle of the old General Jackson.

“I have no copy of the paper before me of so early a date; but had I one, I should feel, while looking over it, as if I had entered the gateway of a cemetery. Oh, the names that then were living

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

names, which are now only memories! How few of the old correspondents, the old advertisers, or, in fact, of the old readers, would to-day answer to the roll call! How unspeakably melancholy are the advertising columns of an old newspaper of two generations ago—once bright with fresh ink and overflowing with fresh hope!

“Since then, under the excellent management of Colonel Greene, the dear old *Phoenix* has gone bravely on, keeping pace with the changes of the times, as a faithful chronicler of local events. Think of a town without its newspaper! A body without a tongue? No matter how many metropolitan dailies or how excellent, the local paper must always remain a necessity that cannot be put aside.”

HOG ISLAND

THE name given to this island by the Indians was Chesawannock, meaning peaceful and quiet. In the old records the Indian name also appears Cheesewannke, Chesawannoc, Chessawannock. In an old copy of the *Phoenix*, back in the year 1881, this appears: “Boat ice-bound below Chippewannuck Island”.

How the island came to be called Hog Island has always been a much mooted question. Years ago an old scribe writing in one of the Providence papers said: “No one alive today can tell.” He went on to say “The undoubtedly thoroughbred New Englander who was guilty of this has long since turned to dust, but Hog Island is there, and Hog Island it will be as long as maps and charts are made.

“Some ingenious person has suggested that at one time the island was used as a hog ranch, but this is more than doubtful, as old James D’Wolf who owned the island back in the year 1800 used to scout this theory. It is a peculiar fact that almost every bay of any note on the Atlantic coast contains a Hog Island. Situated at the entrance to Bristol harbor, Hog Island is half a mile

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

from the mainland and one and one-quarter miles from Bristol Ferry. There are 180 acres of upland and about 40 acres of salt marsh. At one time the State came very near purchasing the island for the purpose of erecting a penal institution. The price named at that time was \$30,000.

"The vein of anthracite coal which runs through Portsmouth also runs directly through the island and at one time plans were formed for sinking a shaft on the island.

"But one family lives on the island (1892) and they live by themselves. Farmer Ray Arnold bends all his energies to cultivating the land and raising cattle. Large fields of rye, oats and wheat grow 'round and about the old farmhouse. Nearby are large barns. Mr. Arnold, his wife, the children and the hired man, Ed. Munro, are the only ones on the place.

"Mr. Arnold has lived there for the past 40 years. His parents made the island their home when he was very young. Both died on the island and their bodies were taken to the mainland for burial.

"Mr. Arnold has about 60 head of cattle which are in excellent condition. The horses were brought over from the mainland in a large sailboat and are in use every day. The land is very fertile, having been made so by being dressed with the seaweed cast up on the shore, after it has been composted in the barnyard. Immense quantities of this valuable fertilizing substance are washed up on the island's shores from all sides. The fields are divided by high stone walls, and a long lane nearby bisects the island. At its easterly end a stone pier is built out into the water to a distance of 20 feet.

"The Arnold family live a very quiet but industrious life. There is always plenty of work for all hands, and when the day's work is done, the cool sea-breeze suggests an early bedtime, and then up before sunrise the next morning."

Now for a little about the history of the island.

Early in the year 1800 the island became the property of the Hon. James D'Wolf, who used to feel great pride in the place. He built a two and a half story house there in 1810 and it was in

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

this old house the Arnold family lived for years. (The old house has long since disappeared; after a life of nearly one hundred years it was razed about the year 1900.) The next owner of the island was James DeWolf Perry, a grandson of the old Senator. Mr. Perry tried in vain to have the name of the island changed to Perry Island and pertinaciously called it by that name as long as he lived (an old 1862 map shows the island as Perry Island) but nobody else could be induced to call it anything but the old familiar name Hog Island.

Mr. Perry owned it for about 30 years and then sold it to John R. Gardner of Bristol, a wealthy gentleman, who planned to make a fine sheep farm there, and with a view to this project, built extensive sheep houses which are now used as barns for the horses and cattle on the place. Mr. Gardner had started to stock the farm when his decease in 1871 put an end to the enterprise.

In 1872 it was sold at auction for \$8250 to Col. S. P. Colt, who kept it only a few years, and in 1876 sold it to Dr. Herbert M. Howe.

Dr. Howe retained it until about the year 1903 when he in turn disposed of it to Walter H. Knight. Mr. Knight erected a large summer home on the east frontage of the island and his family has since occupied it during the summer months. He also erected a large boathouse, and a long pier extending out into the harbor. Part of the island has been laid out into house lots, many of which have been disposed of to Bristol people.

Strange as it may seem, Hog Island has always belonged to the town of Portsmouth. The following, which was taken from the early records of that town, would seem to be the logical answer as to how the island came to be called by that name.

"About the year 1638-39 (the year the town was founded) it was ordered that all hogs belonging to the Colony should be removed to one of the adjacent islands, a cattle pound established, etc."

This island nearby would seem to be the logical place for a hog farm. So the fat old porkers, hundreds of them, probably took up their abode on the island and reared their offspring; and

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

from this fact the island, quite naturally, got its name, a name that has stuck to it all these many years.

Now a word about Ray Arnold, who was living on the island when I was a youngster. We boys all liked Ray, and summers we used to camp out on the island. He always seemed to have the care and interest of the boys at heart while over there and would keep a watchful eye over us. I remember mornings he would come down through the wet fields, before daylight, and look in on us. One thing we will always remember, his kindness to us and also that he and Ed never wore shoes in the summer—they always went barefooted. Ray and his family left the island in 1902, just before it changed hands. He came to Bristol and resided here until his death. Ray was born in 1841 and at the time of his death, in 1910, was 69 years of age.

BRISTOL BANKS OF LONG AGO

AS EARLY as 1800 the establishment of a monetary institution in this town was considered advisable and the Bank of Bristol was chartered at that time with a capital of \$50,000 and continued in operation until the establishment of the National Banking System in 1865, when it discontinued business. Its first president was William Bradford, and the cashier, Joseph Rawson. The Commercial Bank was chartered in 1809 and survived until 1869. At that time it became involved in financial difficulties and court action was started which finally reached the Supreme Court of the State. The records of the state commissioner of banking show that the Bank of Bristol and the Commercial Bank, although they ceased to function back in the sixties, legally existed until the year 1919; at that time the Legislature of Rhode Island legally terminated their careers. This was how it came about:

Public Laws, Chapter 1736, approved April 17, 1919, provided that the board of tax commissioners certify to the secretary of state a list of corporations which for a period of three years had

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

failed to pay a franchise tax, and of the filing of such list in the office of the secretary of state "the charter of each of such corporations—shall thereupon become severally forfeited."

Freemen's Bank was started in January, 1817, with Charles Collins as its first president. In 1865 this bank was chartered as a National bank and its name changed to The First National Bank.

The Eagle Bank came into being in 1818 and continued under that name until 1865, at that time becoming a National bank and changing its name to National Eagle Bank. Charles D'Wolf, jr., was the first president and G. F. Usher, cashier.

The Mount Hope Bank was started in 1818. James D'Wolf was the first president and Byron Diman, cashier. This bank remained in existence for only a few years. The records at the State House show only the date of its charter, 1818. From that time up to the year 1919 there is no record. That year it was legally terminated by the Legislature along with the other dormant banks of the State.

The Bristol Union Bank was incorporated in 1823 with Parker Borden as its first president and Josiah Goodwin, cashier. In 1827 it removed to Fall River and became the Fall River Union Bank.

Bristol Institution for Savings was incorporated in June, 1841. The first president was William B. Spooner.

Bristol County Savings Bank was incorporated in May, 1876, with William H. Spooner as its first president.

The directors and officers of the Bank of Bristol for the year 1843 were: Mark A. D'Wolf, Byron Diman, John Peckham, Wm. Henry D'Wolf, Levi D'Wolf, Ambrose Waldron, Barnard Smith, Wm. D'Wolf, Joseph L. Gardner.

Mark A. D'Wolf, president; Samuel Smith, cashier.

The directors and officers of the Commercial Bank for 1836 were: Thomas Church, Jacob Babbitt, Ephraim Sprague, John Wardwell, Scott Greene, John Peckham, Benjamin A. Gardner.

Jacob Babbitt, president; John Wardwell, cashier.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

For 1840: Thos. Church, Jacob Babbitt, John Wardwell, Jacob Babbitt, jr., Jos. M. Blake, H. C. Wardwell, Samuel W. Church, Benj. A. Gardner.

Jacob Babbitt, president; John Wardwell, cashier.

For 1855; Jacob Babbitt (jr.)*, C. Easterbrooks, John N. Miller, J. Frederick Baars, Joseph M. Blake, William Fales.

Jacob Babbitt (jr.), president; J. Frederick Baars, cashier.

The directors and officers of Freeman's Bank for 1836 were: N. Bullock, Jabez Holmes, B. Wyatt, John Norris, L. C. Richmond, Wm. B. Tilley, Joseph M. Blake, John Howe, Wm. Pearse, 2d, Fitzhenry Homer, Wm. B. Spooner.

Nathaniel Bullock, president; L. C. Richmond, cashier.

For 1849: N. Bullock, L. C. Richmond, Benj. Greene, Wm. Pearce, John Norris, Samuel Sparks, J. R. Bullock, George Pearce, John D'Wolf, Josiah R. Talbot, Samuel W. Church.

Nathaniel Bullock, president; L. C. Richmond, cashier.

June 25, 1838:

Freemen's Bank

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend of Profits has been declared and payable after Monday next, July 2d,

By order of Directors

L. C. Richmond, Cashier

The old Record Book A of the Eagle Bank shows that G. F. Usher, the first cashier, received \$400 a year as his salary. Also at a directors' meeting held in August, 1818, a bill for a vault lock, \$30, was allowed. This last entry suggests a story that will fit in here very well.

About the year 1820 there was a very clever peddler traveling through the New England states; he was a very ingenious fellow and he sold locks; his specialty being bank locks. He would find an influential director of a bank, look him up and in the course of conversation give the old banker to understand that his bank

*Jacob Babbitt the senior had died in 1850.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

vaults were not as infallible as they were supposed to be. The result was that the director agreed to have the vaults equipped with the peddler's special brand of locks, provided this salesman could gain access to the vault in one hour, without damaging the locks. It so happened that this fellow was not only clever in selling locks but also exceptionally clever in picking them. It took him only a few moments to gain access to the banking rooms by picking the lock of the street door entrance. The vault itself had two doors, an outer and an inner. With the aid of some very ingeniously contrived tools he deftly worked on the locks—first the outer and then the inner—and in twenty minutes, to the utter amazement of the old director, threw back the bolts of the outer door. A few minutes more and the inner door was open. The only thing remaining was for the old banker to fulfill his part of the bargain.

The records of the Eagle Bank show that at a meeting held June 3, 1822, "Robert Rogers, jr. was chosen president." Mr. Rogers, with the exception of a few years in the forties, held that office up to the time of his death in 1870. He was succeeded by James E. French, who since the year 1846 had held the position of cashier.

The directors and officers of the Eagle Bank for 1838 were: R. Rogers, J. LeBaron, D. N. Morice, Thos. Church, jr., L. W. Briggs, S. T. Church, Thos. Richmond.

Robert Rogers, president; Thomas Richmond, cashier. In 1872 the officers of this bank were James E. French, president, and John G. Watson, cashier. In 1879, John B. Munro was president and Mr. Watson, cashier. In 1891 Samuel P. Colt was president and Mr. Watson, cashier. Up to the year 1840 the Eagle Bank had its quarters in with the Commercial Bank. The early records show that they paid the Commercial Bank \$70 a year for rental. That year the bank changed the location of its banking rooms, for in the records of Sept. 9, 1840, the following appears: "The bank signed a lease with Robert Rogers whereby he leases to the bank at a rental of \$75 a year, a room about 16 x 16 in his house on Hope street, for a Banking room." This

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

was the north room, facing the street, of the old Cushman house. The bank occupied these quarters until the year 1878, at which time it moved into new quarters in the Rogers Free Library building.

Many of the early entries are in the bold handwriting of the old banker, Robert Rogers, they are quaint entries. Witness this one of June 23, 1822: "Voted that the bill paid by the cashier for wood be allowed—\$15.20." Another: "Paid Mrs. Pratt for washing the floor of the bank, \$1.16." Also: "Ephraim Munro's bill as runner \$2.60 ordered paid."

April, 1833: "Paid John Chadwick* for bringing specie from Providence at different times—\$5.00."

In the latter part of the year 1834, a statement showing the condition of the banks in the State appeared in our local paper. Here is a copy showing the amount of deposits in the several Bristol banks at that time. Talk about high finance!

Bank of Bristol	\$17,131.62
Eagle	6,020.77
Freemen's	4,826.46
Commercial	7,252.05
<hr/>	
Total Deposits	\$35,230.90

I rather imagine our local money-changers will smile when they read these figures—35,000 dollars of deposits for four banks.

Things hadn't picked up much during the next 38 years, for in 1872, the cashier of the National Eagle Bank, John G. Watson, certified that the deposits of his bank were \$21,641.00 and at that time, Martin Bennett, the cashier of the First National Bank of Bristol (the old Freemen's Bank) reported the deposits of his institution as \$29,300.00.

*John Chadwick ran a line of stages to various points in those days.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

BANK ROBBERY

Years ago we had a bank robbery in the village. Witness what the *Phoenix* in its Saturday morning issue of Nov. 29, 1862, had to say about it:

FREEMEN'S BANK ROBBERY

"The Freeman's Bank on State street, in this town was entered by means of false keys, sometime between Saturday evening and Monday morning last.

"The bank was robbed of some \$20,000, about \$16,000 of which were bills of the Freeman's Bank and other banks. About \$3,200 in new bills of the bank, signed by the President but not signed by the Cashier, were also taken. About \$5000 in government notes belonging to the Bristol Institution for Savings were stolen.

"A number of *private trunks* that were deposited in the bank for safe keeping, were broken open, and their contents scattered about the floor, the most valuable of which were carried away. Three bags containing several thousand dollars in specie were left behind."

Years ago, an old Bristolian writing about the old Bank of Bristol and James D'Wolf, who started it, said: "Captain D'Wolf was reputed to be a very rich man for those days; he owned the bank called the Bank of Bristol. Samuel Smith was the cashier, and carried the keys to the banking rooms and the vault in a green flannel bag about twelve inches long and eight wide. The keys were the common old barn door kind, weighing about one pound each, and one would think that the old cashier carried the keys of King Solomon's Temple, the way he guarded them.

"The bank was located in the brick building just south of the Seth Paull Co.'s coal office on Thames street. The bank's bills would hardly pass outside of the State. I have offered them in New York and they were thrown back at me as no good. It was the same with all our State banks before the Civil War; the bills were worth outside the State, about as much as a last year's almanac."

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

He also had this to say about the old banker, Robert Rogers: "There was Robert Rogers—I remember him as well, almost, as if it were yesterday. He had his bank, the Eagle Bank, in one of the front rooms of the Cushman house, which was located on the west side of Hope street, nearly opposite Wardwell street, and was found there every week day. He never made any stir or ado but came and went in the quiet, unostentatious manner of a real gentleman, satisfied to be just Robert Rogers, the successful banker."

"Another noticeable personality was Elkanah French, for many years cashier of the Rogers' bank. A tall, distinguished-looking gentleman, he made a striking appearance on the street in those days. Another old banker was Lemuel C. Richmond, who was cashier of the old Freeman's Bank back in the fifties."

The Bank of Bristol at one time in its early career had its quarters in the northwest corner room of the second story of the Bristol Hotel, located on State street. The old records concerning the location of this bank and the Mount Hope Bank are somewhat confusing. It would seem that these two banks, both controlled by James D'Wolf, were doing business in the year 1817 and thereabouts in the old red brick structure on the west side of Thames street. This was Mr. D'Wolf's counting rooms and at that time the banking business was carried on in the room in the north section, while at the same time his commercial affairs were conducted by Byron Diman in the south room.

The old Commercial Bank building is still standing; it is the brick structure at the southwest corner of Hope and Bradford streets. The old building where, years ago, Freeman's Bank was doing business is still standing on the north side of State street, nearly opposite the old Bristol Hotel.

At the annual meeting of the Bristol Institution for Savings in the year 1872, William B. Spooner was re-elected president and Martin Bennett, treasurer. At that time: "The trustees voted the *usual* semi-annual dividend to the depositors at the rate of 7 per cent per annum." Note—the *usual* dividend—the rate 7 *per cent*." That little bank was a mighty prosperous one. What investments

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

those old bankers must have made, to be able to turn back to the depositors a 7 per cent dividend each year. And too, those were the days when money was supposed to be scarce and folks were supposed to be poor. Today savings banks have a hard time paying a paltry $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent to the depositors—something is wrong—it simply doesn't make sense.

The officers of the First National Bank of Bristol in 1872 were: Samuel W. Church, president and Martin Bennett, cashier. In 1879 Capt. James Lawless was president and Mr. Bennett, cashier. In 1891 Wm. T. C. Wardwell was president and Hezekiah W. Church, cashier. In 1900 Wm. T. C. Wardwell was president and Chas. H. Manchester, cashier; Clinton T. Sherman, teller and Edward P. Church, Jr., clerk.

In January, 1900, there were four banks in Bristol:

First National Bank of Bristol
National Eagle Bank
Bristol Institution for Savings
Bristol County Savings Bank

The banking rooms of these four banks were located in the Rogers Free Library building, on the first floor. In those days there were two separate entrances to the banks, one on either side of the main entrance to the library.

The First National and the Bristol Institution for Savings shared the same quarters in the south section, while the National Eagle Bank and the Bristol County Savings Bank were located in the north section.

Chas. H. Manchester, who was the cashier of the First National Bank, was also treasurer of the Bristol Institution for Savings; John G. Watson was cashier of the National Eagle Bank (he died Oct. 3, 1900). Parmenas Skinner, Jr., was treasurer of the Bristol County Savings Bank.

In November-December, 1900, the four banks were absorbed by the Industrial Trust Co. of Providence and became the Industrial Trust Co., Bristol Branch. This change was brought about by Col. Samuel Pomeroy Colt, who at that time was president of

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

the Industrial Trust Co. He was also president of the National Eagle Bank, and vice president and director of the First National Bank.

Ezra Dixon at that time a director of the National Eagle Bank and president of the Bristol County Savings Bank, was also a director of the Industrial Trust Co.; he became chairman of the board of the new branch, holding that office up to the time of his death in 1936. At the time Parmenas Skinner, Jr., was cashier of the National Eagle Bank; and James A. Miller was president of the Bristol Institution for Savings. When the change was made, Mr. Manchester became manager of the new branch and a few years later (1908) when he became secretary of the Industrial Trust Co., Clinton T. Sherman, who had been connected with the old First National Bank since 1891, was made manager of the branch.

In gathering material for this article, I have tried to pick up a few incidents connected with the banking business that have a human interest slant. Such a thing is rarely to be found in this line of business which is entirely devoid of color, unless one looks upon 6 per cent and "safe margin of collateral" as something of interest.

This one is rather quaint: "Back in the Civil War days, when the banks in town boasted of an office force of one personage (and that one was cashier and teller, kept the books of the bank and was messenger and office boy, all in one) it was the custom to lock the door of the bank at midday while the office force went home to dinner. The storekeepers all along Hope street knew just about what time the old banker would pass on his way back to the bank, so they would be on the watch, and hand their deposits to him. By the time he got back to the bank his pockets were bulging with greenbacks, the overflow of checks being stuck in the lining of his tall stovepipe hat."

Things have changed inside of a bank since 1900. The adding machine, in those days, was unknown; everything had to be listed by hand and added by head and believe me it was some job if one happened to have been out the better part of the night before.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

Adding machines have surely been a life-saver to the banking business and also to the bank clerks; but for them some of us would have been forced to seek other fields for a livelihood.

Previous to the turn of the century, banks did not return the cancelled vouchers to the depositors. I recall, at the time the banks were absorbed by the Industrial Trust Co., that the basement was piled knee-deep with cancelled checks, the accumulation of years back.

Things inside of a bank are mostly routine; only once in a long while does something out of the ordinary happen. I remember a few years ago, while counting the cash, of running across this: Printed in red ink across the face of a \$2 bill was the following:

“This is the first money
John Stone has given
his wife in two years”

SUPERINTENDENTS OF SCHOOLS in the Town of Bristol Since the Office Was Created in 1849

Rev. Thomas Shepard	1849-1855
George B. Monro	1855-1859
Robert S. Andrews	1859-1862
John N. Burgess	1862-1864
Robert S. Andrews	1864-1878
Parmenas Skinner, Jr.	1878-1884
John Post Reynolds	1884-1915
George C. Minard (less than a year)	1915-1916
Thomas H. DeCoudres	1916-1919
William C. Hobbs	1919-1929
William J. Harper (five months)	1929-1930
Elmer S. Mapes (February)	1930-

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

HIGH SCHOOL PRINCIPALS

in Bristol Since the Founding of the School
in 1848

William E. Jillson	1848-49
Lafayette Burr	1849-51
Nathan B. Cooke	1851-60
Thomas W. Bicknell	1860-63
Henry S. Latham	1863-67
Thomas W. Bicknell	1867-69
Frank G. Morley (Byfield occupied 1873)	1869-75
Walter F. Marston	1875-76
James A. Estee	1876-81
William S. Chase	1881-83
James A. Estee	1883-84
F. M. Bronson	1884-85
T. H. Carter	1885-89
Joshua E. Crane	1889-90
Arthur P. Johnson	1890-96
Irving H. Gamwell	1896-99
Clifford Whipple	1899-00
W. B. DeVault	1900-01
John L. Chapman, Jr.	1901-03
John G. Davis	1903-08
Charles A. Marsh (Colt occupied April 12, 1909)	1908-09
Arthur L. Williams	1909-14
Wallace B. Brown	1914-16
William W. Lee, Jr.	1916-19
William C. Hobbs	1918-19
Ralph R. Strong	1919-24
John J. Condon	1924-25
Perley W. Lane	1925-28
Elmer S. Mapes (January, 1930)	1928-30
Edward J. Fitzgerald	1930-

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

MARMADUKE MASON, 1818-1910

MARMADUKE MASON, one of Bristol's oldest residents, died January 22, 1910, in the 92d year of his age. He was born in Warren, R. I., April 11, 1818, the son of Anthony and Betsey Mason.

He was a shoemaker by trade and was considered years ago as very expert in his line of business. When he first located in Bristol his shop was located in the building on State street formerly occupied by Henry F. S. Rawson. In the early fifties his ads appear in the *Phoenix* from time to time advertising his wares. Later he had his shop in the block owned by Frederick A. Easterbrooks which stood on the corner of State and Hope streets, which was destroyed by fire in 1899. About the year 1875 his shop was located in the old Mount Hope Block on Hope street. He retired from business a number of years ago and has since devoted his time to gardening.

Mr. Mason was a staunch Methodist all his life. A strong Prohibitionist, he was always at war against the sale of strong drink.

EDWARD ISAAC THOMPSON, 1821-1905

EDWARD ISAAC THOMPSON, a highly respected citizen of this town, died at his home on Hope street, September 15, 1905. He was born in Lebanon, Conn., July 11, 1821, a son of Peleg Stanton and Anna Treadwell (Sands) Thompson. He was the youngest of seven children. His father was a native of Charlestown, R. I., and was at one time master of a packet plying between Newport and New York. The family moved from Lebanon to Norwich, Conn., when Edward was two years old. In Norwich his father was proprietor of a hotel for several years

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

and about the year 1826 the family moved to Block Island, where they lived for a few years, later removing to Newport, where they settled. Edward attended the schools that the city afforded in those days and at the age of 12 years obtained employment as a butcher's boy in a market owned by James Holt, near the foot of Mill street.

In the year 1838 it was the desire of his parents that he should learn a trade and a contract was entered into between his parents and Amos Crandall of Bristol, whereby Edward was to give four years service as an apprentice to learn the ship builder's trade, the consideration to be a small sum of money each month, his board and clothes and allow him to go to school winters. On June 8th, 1838, Edward took passage at Newport for Bristol on the packet sloop Emmeline, of which the late Capt. James Miller was master. When he entered the employ of Mr. Crandall the latter was at work on the schooner Pearl, built for the late Capt. Richard S. Pearse, a noted shipmaster of this town.

In 1844 Edward had completed the four years of his apprenticeship but he continued to work for Mr. Crandall for several years. During the time he was employed at the Crandall shipyard the steamboat Washington, the first propeller driven steamboat of any considerable size that was ever built, was constructed there. The Washington plied between Providence and New York and was afterwards used for service during the Mexican war.

Mr. Crandall's yards were located in the rear of Thames street, between State and Bradford streets, next north of the Seth Paull company wharves, the property being now owned by Wm. T. C. Wardwell. After leaving Mr. Crandall's employ he was engaged by Thompson, Stanton & Skinner, the former being a brother (Joseph S. Thompson). In 1853 he went to Fall River to work on a marine railway conducted by his brother Joseph.

At one time he was employed by Capt. James Hood at Somerset, Mass., who was engaged in ship building. He had charge of "laying down" the first ship built there by Captain Hood. He also "laid down" the four lightships built for the United States

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

government, Captain Hood having been awarded the contract to do the work.

From 1854 to 1857 he was employed at the shipyard of his brother Joseph, which was located at the head of Bristol harbor. Three barks, one schooner, a yacht and a sloop were built there. In 1863 he went to the shipyard of Capt. Jesse Davis, which was located in the rear of Water street in Warren, R. I.

In the latter part of that year, John B. Herreshoff, who had started the business of building yachts and sailboats in a small building on the site of the present plant, secured the services of Mr. Thompson who for eleven years continued in his employ.

When John H. Soule, now of Westport, Mass., was engaged in yacht building at Bristol, next south of the Cranston Worsted Mill, Mr. Thompson was employed by him for a time.

When the Herreshoff works resumed operations on a large scale he returned to those shops and continued to work there up to the time he retired about eleven years ago. During the time he was employed at the Herreshoff plant he witnessed its growth from a very small beginning to the large well-equipped plant it is today.

"Uncle Ed" was an enthusiastic fireman and had served as a volunteer for more than 67 years. He was a charter member of the Hydraulion Engine and Hose Company No. 1 since its organization in 1848, and was runner on the old Hydraulion engine ten years previous to that date.

In 1845 he was united in marriage to Miss Mary Hull Swan, daughter of the late Samuel and Hannah Swan of this town. Mrs. Thompson died February 15, 1887.

Mr. Thompson was a regular attendant of the State street M. E. Church. He was endeared to the hearts of all who knew him. He was a kind neighbor, quiet, unassuming and his genial nature won for him a host of friends.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

COL. CHARLES A. GREENE, 1822-1899

COL. CHARLES A. GREENE died at his home on Hope street, Sunday morning, May 14, 1899, in the 77th year of his age.

Colonel Greene was well and favorably known throughout the State. His long term of service as editor of the Bristol *Phoenix* and the many important positions which he has held in the State, county and town has brought him into prominence with men from all sections of the State and also neighboring states, who have recognized in him a man of sterling worth and character.

Colonel Greene came from Puritan, Colonial and Revolutionary stock, his ancestors being prominent in the events of those days. He was the only son of the late Thomas Rogers and Phebe (Fenner) Greene and first saw the light of day in Natick, R. I., December 8, 1822.

In 1829 his parents removed from Natick to the town of East Greenwich, where they resided some seven or eight years before coming to Bristol. His early education was such as the private schools of those days afforded. At the age of seventeen he entered the office of the Bristol *Phoenix* as an apprentice to the printing business, under the late William H. S. Bayley, who had established the *Phoenix* two years previously. He subsequently worked as a compositor on the Providence papers of that time and also on the *Tribune* of New York City.

About the year 1850 Colonel Greene purchased the business of Lemuel A. Bishop, and for a number of years conducted the business of tin and sheet iron worker and dealer in stoves and house furnishing goods in a store on Thames street. He continued in this business until 1862, when, after the death of Mr. Bayley, he purchased the *Phoenix* establishment. For a period of thirty-one years he was the editor and publisher of the paper.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

Colonel Greene served as clerk of the Supreme and Common Pleas Courts of Bristol county from 1865 to 1868; was a member of the General Assembly from Bristol for the term 1873-74; sheriff of Bristol county from April 16, 1875, to June, 1877. He was elected a member of the Town Council of Bristol in 1879 and served until 1881, being president during the last year of service.

During the Dorr war he was a member of the Bristol Train of Artillery and went with that organization to Chepachet at the time it was called out. In April, 1855, he was elected to the command of the Bristol Train of Artillery and served a number of years. In 1872 he was again elected commander of the company and served until 1877.

When the Rhode Island Press Association was organized he was elected its first president, serving for more than two years.

He was a past master of St. Alban's Lodge No. 6, A. F. and A. M., having served as master of that lodge for five consecutive years, from 1858 to 1863. He was also grand lecturer of the Grand Lodge for a number of years. He was also a member of the King Philip Steam Fire Engine Co., No. 1, and at one time was foreman of that company. He was trial justice of the peace for the ten years prior to 1866, and he has also held many minor offices in the town.

At the time of his death he was colonel of the Bristol Train of Artillery Veteran Association. For several years he was engaged in the real estate and life insurance business until illness compelled him to retire.

CHARLES H. SPOONER, 1827-1905

IN THE death of Charles H. Spooner, which occurred February 14, 1905, at his home on Union street, Bristol loses one of her most highly respected native sons, and a faithful public official. Mr. Spooner has been a life-long resident of Bristol, being born in this town May 26, 1827. He was the son of Charles and

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

Eleanor Spooner. He attended the public schools of this town and later learned the trade of baker, serving his apprenticeship in Providence. For 50 years he conducted a bakery on the south side of State street, near Hope street.

Mr. Spooner has been honored by many positions of trust in the public life of the town. He was clerk of the Common Pleas Division of the Supreme Court for Bristol County at one time and has served the town as assessor of taxes since 1881, and was chairman of the board at the time of his death. He was also a member of the Board of Trustees of Rogers Free Library, having served from the time the library was established in 1878. He was one of the oldest members of United Brothers Lodge No. 13, I. O. O. F.

He was also one of the oldest members of the First Baptist Church, having joined the church in 1842. He has held nearly every office in the church and for 35 years was choirmaster. He was prominently connected with the Y. M. C. A., being one of the original members when the association was organized in 1863.

At the first annual meeting of the King Philip Fire Engine Company No. 4, held in the Artillery Armory on State street, January 2, 1849, he was elected to membership. On the fiftieth anniversary of the company in October, 1898, he was the Historian of the Day.

Mr. Spooner served as Overseer of the Poor for 12 years, retiring in 1900. November 21, 1850, he married Miss Mary E. Fish, of Newport. Mr. Spooner was a genial, companionable man, respected by all, and loved by those who knew him best. He leaves an honorable record of honesty and integrity in business and official life.

"As a friend Charlie Spooner had no superior. While on a visit to my native town during the past summer Charlie called on me and, after a lapse of nearly fifty years, I saw the same kind and genial Charlie Spooner of old. At that time he spoke of his expectancy that ere long he would be called home, and on parting said, 'Grafton, should you come to Bristol next summer I shall not be here to welcome you.' I feel that in my feeble way I should add to what others may say: that a truer friend and a more faithful husband cannot be found."

G. W. G.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

HON. ISAAC F. WILLIAMS, 1833-1892

ISAAC F. WILLIAMS, Superintendent of the National India Rubber Co. of this town, died Saturday morning, November 12, 1892, at his residence on Byfield street, after a brief illness, in the 60th year of his age.

Mr. Williams was born in New York City May 21, 1833, the son of Isaac F. and Martha (Garrison) Williams. In 1848 his parents moved to the state of Ohio, and two years later young Williams went to Harlem, N. Y., where he worked in a rubber manufactory for several years. From there he went to Naugatuck, Conn., and took charge of a rubber manufactory, remaining for about six years. In 1865 when the rubber works was started in Bristol he was engaged as Superintendent and he occupied that position up to the time of his death. He was reputed to be one of the best skilled rubber manufacturers in the country, and one of the oldest in that industry.

Mr. Williams was a member of the Town Council from 1869 to 1872, and from 1882 to 1884. He was senator from this town, in the General Assembly for two years, 1870 and 1871. He was a member of the School Committee for about 20 years. He served as chairman of the Republican State Central Committee for several years and was a member of that body at the time of his death.

Mr. Williams was a past master of St. Alban's Lodge No. 6, A. F. & A. M., a member of Mount Hope Chapter, Royal Arch Masons; of St. John's Commandery, K. T., of Providence; of United Brothers Lodge, No. 13, I. O. O. F.; and of Wampanoag Encampment, No. 9, of Odd Fellows.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

GEORGE W. EASTERBROOKS, 1827-1899

THE subject of this sketch was very well known in Bristol back in the eighties and nineties. His store on Hope street where he sold newspapers, periodicals, candy, cigars, tobacco, fancy groceries, fruit, etc., was a very busy place in those days. "Easterbrooks' was known as one of the best trading centers in town." The old merchant, his three sons, John, Charles, and Edward, and his young grandson, George Salisbury, were kept very busy waiting on the large trade which he had built up over a course of 50 years. He first started in business about the year 1850 in the small brick building on lower State street where Charles H. Spooner had a bake shop for so many years. It was about the year 1860 that he moved his stand to Hope street where he carried on the business over a period of 40 years.

Mr. Easterbrooks was born in this town in the year 1827; his father, John E. Easterbrooks, back in the forties, kept a little store at the lower end of State street, near Thames, where he sold cakes, candy, fruit, etc.

"SCOTTY" DIXON, 1844-1896

THE death of Walter Scott Dixon, which occurred January 24, 1896, removes from Bristol a familiar figure, and one of her most highly respected citizens. Modest, polite, unassuming, conscientious, he lived his religion much more thoroughly than he talked it, a trait sufficiently rare to make its possessor a marked personality. He was a member of the Y. M. C. A. and of the First Baptist church. In the church he had been for years a prompt attendant and a faithful usher. He was born a slave in Richmond, Va., in the year 1844 and there learned the cobbler's trade, endeavoring to earn money enough to purchase his freedom. He was also

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

a machinist and during the war worked in the Tredegar Iron Works in Richmond, helping much against his will to build artillery for the Confederacy. In Richmond he was a member of Ebenezer Colored Baptist church. At the close of the war in 1865, he came to Bristol with William P. Tilley, a sutler with the Union army. Mr. Dixon's first business venture was a small confectionery, fruit and cookie stand under a tent on the lot now occupied by St. Michael's chapel. He soon removed his business to a building on Thames street near the present pumping station. One day he added Barrington oysters to his stock and his first customer for the bivalves was the late Dr. Drury. The doctor interested himself in Mr. Dixon and induced him to open a restaurant in the Drury block in the rooms now occupied by Dr. Day, giving him a month's rent as a trial. This business venture was a success from the first and he remained there for many years. He later removed to the depot, where he remained until the early eighties, when the Old Colony Co. purchased the railroad. His restaurant was then moved across the street to the corner of Franklin and Thames street, where he has since conducted it. He was well and favorably known by many travelers whom he had served at his restaurant. Notwithstanding the comparatively humble position which he held there is no man in Bristol who will be more missed in the circle which he helped to fill than Walter Scott Dixon.

The following was written by Mr. William P. Tilley of Berkley, Va., shortly after Scotty's death: "Yours informing me of the death of W. S. Dixon was received and I felt very sorry to hear of it, for he was a very faithful and helpful friend. My acquaintance with him commenced in Richmond on the day of Lee's evacuation. Our brigade was one of the first in, when Main street was in flames. We took possession of a large shoe store, corner of Fourth and Broad streets, to issue supplies. It belonged to the Taylor family in which Scotty was a slave, but a trusted one, being a strong Baptist. Taylor requested me to allow him to remain on the premises to look after them, which I did; finding him honest and useful, I installed him as purveyor to our mess. We were subsequently ordered to Petersburg, to Fortress Monroe, and then to Texas. Scotty went along, as I paid him well. When I returned north Scotty came along with me; he remained with us for three years, spending the summers in Bristol and the winters in Baltimore—an attached and devoted attendant.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

"My wife taught him to read and cipher, for although while a slave he was taught a good trade, shoemaking, they would not let him learn to read. He was about 20 years old when I first met him in Richmond. He became attached to Bristol and the Baptist church there and when my mother left the town she fitted him out for housekeeping and cobbling in a little shop on Thames street, near Pierce's stables. After following that for a while he gave it up and gradually worked into the restaurant business. He sent me a nice picture of himself only last summer."

HERBERT FRANKLIN BENNETT,

1845-1908

HERBERT FRANKLIN BENNETT was born in Hopkinton, R. I., March 18, 1845, the son of Bela W. P. and Clarissa C. (Brown) Bennett.

He spent his boyhood days in Hopkinton, until the breaking out of the Civil War, when he enlisted in Battery E, 1st Regt. R. I. Vol. Light Artillery, Sept. 30, 1861. He re-enlisted Feb. 3, 1863, and on Feb. 8, 1864, was commissioned as second lieutenant, and assigned to Co. L, 14th Regt. R. I. Heavy Artillery, stationed at Fort Banks, La. He was mustered out of the service at the close of the war, Oct. 2, 1865. Mr. Bennett was only 16 years of age when he enlisted in 1861. He held the enviable record of having been a commissioned officer before he was 19 years of age. From the date of his entering the service, he was desirous of eventually becoming a commissioned officer. With this in mind he made a serious study of artillery tactics, so as to be ready to qualify for a commission. In time he learned of a vacancy and taking the required examination, passed it successfully, and was given a lieutenant's commission. During his four years in the army he saw very active service, taking part in 27 engagements all through the South; the Second Battle of Bull Run, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville and the Wilderness being some of the important battles.

He was commander of Babbitt Post No. 15, G. A. R. from 1887 to 1890, and was past junior vice-commander of the Department of R. I., G. A. R.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

Two years after the close of the war, in 1867, Mr. Bennett came to Bristol to reside. At the time he was in the employ of the Providence, Warren and Bristol Railroad and had been a conductor for several years when he was elected town clerk of Bristol, April 8, 1882, an office to which he has since been re-elected annually.

Beside holding the position of town clerk, he was council clerk and clerk of the Court of Probate of Bristol. In 1881 and 1882 he was elected as representative to the General Assembly from Bristol. He was a member of the Commandery of the State of Massachusetts Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States. He was a member of St. Alban's Lodge, No. 6, A. F. and A. M., and Hope Chapter, R. A. M., of Bristol. For the past ten years he has been a member of Hydraulion Engine and Hose Company No. 1, and was the second vice president of the Bristol Veteran Firemen's Association. He was past regent of Mount Hope Council, Royal Arcanum, a member of the board of managers of the Bristol Branch of the Industrial Trust Co., a vestryman and treasurer of St. Michael's Episcopal Church, a member of the board of trustees of the Rogers Free Library, and for several years was vice president of the Bristol Y. M. C. A.

Mr. Bennett was united in marriage to Emma Sophia Gilmore of Providence, Oct. 19, 1870.

He died at his home on Bradford street, Jan. 6, 1908, in the 63rd year of his age.

Mr. Bennett was town clerk for over twenty-five years. Always painstaking and thorough in his work, his records were looked upon as accurate and reliable for all times to come. His long experience and never failing good judgment have been of inestimable value to the various councils over a period of years.

Of him it can be truly said that all who knew him looked upon him as a friend. An innate desire to be of service to his fellowmen, a manner always courteous and agreeable, these all made for him a place deep in the hearts of the people of Bristol.

Herbert Franklin Bennett will always have a place in the annals of Bristol as its ideal town clerk.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

REV. GEORGE LYMAN LOCKE, D.D., 1835-1919

THE close of the longest rectorship in the history of St. Michael's Church came early Sunday morning, March 23, 1919. A pall of sadness settled over the town Sunday morning when, with the tolling of the bell of St. Michael's, it became known that the venerable and beloved rector had passed away.

Dr. Locke was born in Boston, Mass., August 28, 1835, the son of Lyman and Almeria Rosalind (Boynton) Locke. He was graduated from Harvard University in the class of 1859 and after serving as assistant rector at St. John's and Trinity Church, Boston, came to St. Michael's May 5th, 1867, to become its rector. In 1873 he married Emily Judson of Philadelphia, daughter of the Rev. Albert Judson, a distinguished Presbyterian minister of those days. Mrs. Locke died in 1882.

At the beginning of his 50th year of service as rector, in 1916, Dr. Locke said: "Mine has been a happy pastorate. There are now 500 connected with the parish. All of the vestrymen I first knew have gone on, and there is none left, so far as I know, of the men and women who constituted my earliest congregation. At that time the population of Bristol was about 6000. There are none left of those who were then prominent in the affairs of the town. During my pastorate of nearly a half century, I have married 325 couples, baptized a few less than 1000, and attended the funeral of about 1200 persons."

Dr. Locke's connection with the Rogers Free Library dates back to the year 1876 as a member of the Book Committee of three members, named by Mrs. Rogers, to select and purchase the books which should form a nucleus of the library. In November, 1879, he was appointed a trustee, and in July, 1880, was elected secretary of the board, which office he held up to the time of his death, being succeeded by his daughter, Mrs. Wallis E. Howe.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

In the years 1871, '73 and '76, Dr. Locke was chairman of the School Committee.

One whose friendship with Dr. Locke dates back to the year 1867, the year when he first came to Bristol, has left a very fine account of the venerable clergyman. In 1931 Rev. H. Usher Monro wrote:

"Mr. Locke soon after settling in his parish won his strong place in the hearts of his parishioners, a place which he never lost in all the years of his remarkable pastorate. He had an unusually attractive personality. He was a scholar and a lover of books. He was an ideal minister both in the pulpit and among his parishioners. His pastoral instincts and sympathies were strong yet there was always a wisdom and discretion which seemed to guide him. He was especially faithful and diligent in the care of the sick and those in need of help and advice. If there was one other profession which Mr. Locke might have eminently adorned had he made that his choice, it was the medical. He was always studiously interested in all the cases of disease and infirmity which came under his observation. He had a natural fondness for the medical profession which to a remarkable degree added to the general effectiveness and power of his pastoral work and its benign influence among the sick. This was true not only among his own people, but during his long pastorate his kind ministry went out to many in the town who were not of his parish. It might be truthfully said of him, 'that the town was his parish'.

"One of the things which my memory recalls as a feature of the first year of his ministry were the prayer meetings held in the old Chapel. This building stood by the church where the chantry now stands, and what a flood of memories that old building brings up! The prayer meetings were a recognized part of the parish activities, and were held on Wednesday evenings. They were well attended; the older people of the parish enjoyed these meetings and the young people also attended.

"I can recall the interest that was awakened by these meetings, and how much of the interest was due to the wise guidance and co-operation of the new rector.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

"The rectorship of Dr. Locke was unique both in the character of it and in its length of years. Even the rectorship of the first Rev. John Usher, which covered the years 1723 to 1775, did not surpass that of Dr. Locke, for he was rector for a yet longer period. He had also come to be esteemed as a leading and highly influential citizen of the town, deeply concerned with its municipal affairs; the growth and improvement of the public schools; and the welfare and happiness of the town's people. He took a constant and vital interest in the growth and character of the Rogers Free Library, and no citizen ever gave to it a more critical and discriminating oversight in the selection and choice of its books for a reading public.

"Such a saintly life and character can not be measured by years!

"It has an infinite value wrought into the lives of untold numbers, in spiritual power and moral worth, and which can only come to its full flowering in the lives and characters of succeeding generations.

"St. Michael's will always be rich and yet more rich for all coming time, because of the beautiful life and faithful labors of its honored and beloved rector, Dr. George Lyman Locke."

HON. WILLIAM T. C. WARDWELL,

1835-1907

WILLIAM T. C. WARDWELL was born in this town September 20, 1835, a son of Hezekiah Church and Sallie (Gifford) Wardwell.

He came of good old New England stock, a descendant of William Wardwell, who landed in Boston in 1633. It was this William Wardwell's son, Uzal, who came to Bristol on the settlement of the town in 1680. His mother, Sallie Gifford, was a lineal descendant of Sir Walter Gifford, who landed in Massachusetts Colony in 1630. His grandmother, Elizabeth Church, was a descendant of Captain Benjamin Church of Indian war fame.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

He received his education in the public schools and the old Mount Hope Academy in this town, and was one of the original forty-five pupils selected to constitute the new "Select School" (High School) in 1848.

About the year 1830 his father, Hezekiah C. Wardwell, who was a carpenter and builder, started a lumber business, which he carried on successfully for many years.

In 1858, William and his brother, the late Samuel Drury Wardwell, succeeded to the business which was carried on under the name of Wardwell Bros. In 1872 he bought out his brother and carried on the business until 1894, at which time the Wardwell Lumber Co. was organized. He became president of the new company and under his capable management it has prospered, until today it is the leading lumber concern in these parts.

In politics he was a Democrat and has always taken an active interest in public affairs of the State and town.

He represented this town in the General Assembly in 1870-71, and was senator the following year, 1872. He was elected lieutenant-governor of this State for one term, 1890. He was a prime mover in the project to erect a memorial to Gen. Ambrose E. Burnside in Bristol; the Burnside Memorial building, erected in 1883. He was instrumental in having the R. I. Soldiers' Home, which was built in 1891, located in this town. Governor Wardwell was at one time a director of the National India Rubber Co. and of the Bristol and Warren Water Works.

For many years he was president of the old First National Bank, until it was absorbed by the Industrial Trust Co. of Providence in 1900. He was a director of the Industrial Trust Co., and a member of the board of managers of the Bristol Branch of that company.

He was elected a member of the Town Council in 1882-83-84.

Always interested in music, on April 15, 1890, he was chosen chairman of the then newly formed Bristol Choral Society. He possessed a rich tenor voice and in those days no musical event was complete without him.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

For many years he was a member of the vestry of St. Michael's Church and at the time of his death was senior warden.

He was a member of St. Alban's Lodge, No. 6, A. F. & A. M., and also of St. John's Commandery, No. 1, K. T.

November 24, 1874, he was united in marriage to Leonora Frances Gladding of this town. Mrs. Wardwell died in 1903.

Governor Wardwell died at his residence on Bay View Heights, October 16, 1907, in the 73rd year of his age.

As a citizen, William Thomas Church Wardwell was one of the foremost. Progressive and liberal-minded he ever had the welfare of his native town at heart. His many years of irreproachable conduct in his private, political and business life, all have made for him a host of friends. He was by nature quiet and unassuming, true to his friends and charitable towards all. He was full of those generous impulses which go to make a true man. He will be sadly missed, not only in his family circle but by his many friends in Bristol and throughout the State.

AN OLD FRIEND'S TRIBUTE

Once again the angel of death has smitten one of the few surviving members of the original class that entered the High School in the fall of 1848.

Governor Wardwell was a communicant and senior warden of St. Michael's Church, which he loved well and where for many years he sang in the choir. He possessed a voice of unusual beauty and with his lamented wife, who was also a member of the choir, she possessing a rich contralto voice, the beautiful duets and solos sung by them will never be forgotten by the older parishioners.

Governor Wardwell, as a citizen of Bristol, was one of the foremost. He could enter the homes of the rich, or of those of humbler circumstances and accommodate himself to either and was always welcome.

He will be greatly missed by the many throughout the town who have known youth in school days, followed by manhood's busy years and later, when age has furrowed the brow, the man as boy drops a tear upon the freshly made grave of him for so many years. This tribute from one of the three original male members of the High School, now left, who remembers so well past years, and the scenes of the friend of long ago.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

HON. AUGUSTUS OSBORN BOURN,

1834-1925

FORMER Governor Augustus O. Bourn died at his residence "Seven Oaks", on Hope street, Jan. 29, 1925, in the 91st year of his age.

He was born in Providence, R. I., Oct. 1, 1834, in a two-story wooden house that stood on the south side of Pawtuxet street (now Broad street). He was a son of George Osborn and Huldah Batty (Eddy) Bourn. Governor Bourn was a descendant of Jared Bourn, who was admitted to the church in Boston, April 22, 1634, later removed to Rhode Island, locating at Portsmouth, where he was representative in the Colonial Legislature, 1654-55. On his mother's side he was a descendant of William Eddy, of Providence, a Revolutionary soldier and pensioner. He attended private and public schools until twelve years of age, and, in September, 1847, entered the high school on Benefit street, and four years later entered Brown University. He attended the latter institution four years, 1851-55, and was graduated in 1855 with the degree of A.M., after which he joined his father in the rubber manufacturing business in Providence. The elder Bourn was senior member of the firm, Bourn, Brown & Chaffee. After the death of his father in 1859, he succeeded to his interest and place in the firm.

In 1864 he organized the National Rubber Company, and built a large plant in this town. He was treasurer and active manager of the company from 1865 until 1887; that company becoming the most important corporation of the town, nearly half of the then population being employed at the plant.

From 1889 to 1893 he was consul general to Italy and resided at Rome, being appointed by President Harrison. At the close of his term he returned to Bristol and shortly after resumed rubber manufacturing in Providence.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

It was in 1894 that he organized the Bourn Rubber Co., becoming its treasurer and manager.

Always a Republican in politics he represented this town in the State Senate, 1876-83, and from 1886 to 1888. In 1883 he was nominated by the Republican State Convention for the office of governor and was elected over his Democratic opponent. In 1884 he was re-elected for a second term.

He was a member of the University Club of Providence; Brown Chapter of Phi Beta Kappa; What Cheer Lodge, A. F. & A. M.; Providence Chapter, Royal Arch Masons; and Calvary Commandery, K. T.

Governor Bourn married Feb. 26, 1863, Elisabeth Robarts Morrill, of Epping, N. H., who died in 1915.

His was a long and active life, over ninety years.

As governor of this State for two terms from 1883 to 1885, he ably administered the affairs of State and gave to public duty the same conscientious attention as to his private affairs.

For more than sixty years he has made Bristol his home, and his familiar face will be greatly missed for a long time to come.

In the passing of Augustus Osborn Bourn the State and the town of Bristol loses one of its outstanding citizens.

PARMENAS SKINNER, JR., 1837-1920

PARMENAS SKINNER, JR., was born in the city of Newport, R. I., June 12, 1837, a son of Parmenas and Harriet (Dayton) Skinner. Mr. Skinner was of old New England stock, descending on his father's side from the Thomas Skinner branch of the family. On his mother's side, he was a descendant of Norbert Felicien Vigneron, a French Huguenot physician who settled in Newport in 1690, and was one of the prominent physicians of Rhode Island in the early days.

The elder Mr. Skinner moved his family to Bristol in 1843 and carried on a successful ship building industry for a great many years.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

Mr. Skinner received his early education in the public schools of this town, attending the old Mount Hope Academy for a period and later the High School. His education was completed at the Lyons University Grammar School, Providence, R. I. During a four years residence in Hartford, Conn., he made his start in the insurance business, continuing it in Providence, and later in Bristol.

In 1876 he was instrumental in organizing the Bristol County Savings Bank, holding the office of secretary and treasurer for twenty-five years, until the bank was absorbed by the Industrial Trust Co. of Providence. He was then made a member of the board of managers of the Bristol Branch of that institution. Following this change he turned his entire attention to his insurance business, which he carried on successfully until the time of his death, having represented some of his companies for more than fifty years.

Mr. Skinner was always interested in the public affairs in the town, having served on the school board for a quarter of a century as clerk, chairman and for a period starting in 1878, as superintendent of schools. For a number of years he was a member of the board of directors of the Y. M. C. A. of this town.

He was a member of St. Alban's Lodge, No. 6, A. F. & A. M., for more than fifty years. Mr. Skinner was prominently identified with the First Congregational Church of this town, of which he was a member from early boyhood. He was deacon for 42 years, from the year 1878 up to the time of his death. For 40 years he was treasurer of the church. He was superintendent of the Sunday School for 15 years, 1872-79, and 1888-96.

Mr. Skinner was married to Sarah C. Spooner, December 10, 1863. Mrs. Skinner, who was a daughter of Deacon William B. and Miriam (Manchester) Spooner, died in 1912.

Mr. Skinner passed away at his residence on Hope street, April 27, 1920, in his 83d year. With the passing of Parmenas Skinner, Jr., the town of Bristol loses a citizen of the highest type—a Christian gentleman and a sympathetic friend to all who knew him throughout his long and active life.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

GEORGE ULRIC ARNOLD, 1843-1924

GEORGE ULRIC ARNOLD, well known and lifelong resident of this town, died September 2, 1924, in his 82nd year, at his home on Hope street.

He was born in this town May 9, 1843, a son of Rufus Day and Sarah (Lincoln) Arnold. He was educated in the public schools of this town and the Rhode Island Normal School. From 1863 to 1903, a period of 40 years, he was in charge of the finishing department of the old Richmond Mfg. Co. located on Thames street, now known as the Namquit Mill.

At a meeting of the trustees of the Rogers Free Library held February 21, 1878, Mr. Arnold was elected librarian. He was the first to hold that office, and has held it up to the time of his death.

For many years he was a trustee of the Bristol County Savings Bank. He was secretary of the sinking fund commission of this town since it was established in 1902. He was a member of the school committee from 1881 to 1908 and was president of that body for 13 years, from 1895 to 1908. Since the year 1905 he has been coroner of the town of Bristol; for 11 years he was town moderator. He was a member of the board of managers of the Y. M. C. A. of this town for 49 years, from 1867 to 1916. For over half a century he has been deacon, moderator and treasurer of the First Baptist Church of this town.

Mr. Arnold was one of the first to hold office in the United Brothers Lodge, No. 13, I. O. O. F., and on May 6, 1920, was presented a 50-year gold medal. He was also a past grand master of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows of Rhode Island. He was a member of the R. I. Society, Sons of the American Revolution, and was historian of the society for several years. For many years he has been a member of the R. I. Library Association. For more than 20 years he has been connected with the Bristol County Gas and Electric Co.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

Mr. Arnold was united in marriage to Sarah Melissa Anthony, April 26, 1866. Mrs. Arnold died in 1923.

George Ulric Arnold was a man of great integrity, always interested in the welfare of the town. He will be greatly missed, especially in his church and library activities to which he has given the greater part of his long life.

THE OLD BURYING-GROUNDS

IN THE year 1684 the first meeting-house was erected on the spot where the Court House now stands; after one hundred years of service, the old house of worship was torn down in 1784. Professor Munro writes: "After the first meeting-house was built in 1684, the ground near it was used as a resting place for the dead." "In the year 1718 a number of the early settlers were buried in the rear of the spot upon which the Court House now stands. When that building was erected in 1817, the tombstones were removed to the burying-ground east of the Common; the bodies were not disturbed."

The Rev'd Mr. John Sparhawk, one of the early pastors of the town, who died on the 29th of April, 1718, according to the old records, "was buried upon the Common, in the cemetery close by the church."

CEMETERY ON SOUTHEAST CORNER OF THE COMMON

The date of the cemetery on the southeast part of the Common can be traced from the old town meeting records of 1737: "A lot of land lying east of the Town's Land and west of Wood street was ordered to be laid out for a burying place for the use of the Town forever."

The 1851 map shows the north boundary line of this plot exactly in line with the north boundary line of the old cemetery (East Burial Ground) directly across the road.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

"In 1737 the part of the Common east of Gladding's house was designated as a burying-ground." This house stood on the south side of the Common, about half way between High and Wood streets. As late as 1895 a slight depression in the land still remained where the cellar once was. The house at one time was used as a small-pox hospital, probably on account of its nearness to the burying-ground. In later years it was always referred to as the "Old Pest House on the Common."

The old records show that they were using the southeast part of the Common in 1801 for burial purposes; for at the time the Train of Artillery was firing the customary salute of 13 rounds (at the close of their annual election of officers) one of the pieces was prematurely discharged, shattering the arm of one of the gunners and wounding several others of the gun squad. The poor fellow died a few days after and his remains (with military honors) were buried in the Cemetery on the Common.

Simeon Potter, who died in 1806, was buried upon this part of the Common. "From his house on Thames street, the old captain was borne to his last resting-place in the burying-ground upon the Common." At some later date, probably at the time (1853) they were clearing off that part of the Common, his remains were removed to the North Burial Ground.

In 1853 the town meeting "Voted—that Bennett J. Munro be appointed a committee to remove the remaining tombstones from the West to the East burying-ground." In the early seventies when they were ploughing up the southeast part of the Common, people now living remember of them turning up bones that were only a foot or two under the surface and throwing them in a pile off to one side; later they were reburied over in the East Burial Ground.

EAST BURIAL GROUND

Professor Munro in his "History of Bristol" mentions "The burying-ground, the one east of Wood street, to which some acres were added in 1811, and which is still in use (1880).

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

THE OLD WALKER FAMILY BURYING-GROUND

The first services of the Protestant Episcopal Church in this town were conducted by a layman in the early part of the eighteenth century in the house of William Walker. "This house stood between High and Wood streets and south of Walley street, a little to the north of the road which skirts the head of Walker's Cove." Not very far from where the house once stood, set back in a little grove of trees, is the old Walker family graveyard. Some of the stones are still there. The oldest grave is that of "John ye son of Thomas and Elizabeth Walker—who dyed may the 3d 1719, aged 34 years." On the stone is this inscription: "Hee was furst born of this race, and furst buried in this place." Thomas Walker, "one of the furst settlers, who dyed in 1724, in the 70th year of his age" is also buried there.

THE NORTH BURIAL GROUND

In 1822 the town purchased a tract of land on the Neck for the purpose of erecting a "House of Industry" (Poor House). At that time according to the town meeting records, April 17, 1822, it was voted that "A part of said town land be set apart for a burying-ground, the same to be well enclosed."

JUNIPER HILL CEMETERY

The middle of the last century, Levi D'Wolf, the youngest son of Mark Anthony, was laid to rest on the beautiful hillside of a part of his estate known as the "Junipers". The inscription on his stone reads: "On this very spot he was accustomed to spend hours in communion with God." In part, the gift of his daughter, Abigail, who rests nearby her father, the place has become the beautiful Juniper Hill Cemetery.

THE OLD D'WOLF CEMETERY

Down on Tanyard Lane is the old D'Wolf family graveyard. It dates back to some time previous to the year 1837, the year Senator James D'Wolf died; for his body and that of his wife are entombed in the old vault.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

ST. MARY'S CEMETERY

This cemetery, located on Malt House Lane (Chestnut street), dates back to the year 1884. June 7th, that year, a parcel of land consisting of three acres was purchased of Peter Riley, for the purpose of a cemetery. Dec. 14, 1895, two additional acres were purchased from Mr. Riley. June 1, 1927, one and one-quarter acres were purchased from Peter C. R. Morris; and Feb. 5, 1929, one and one-half acres were purchased from Hezekiah C. Wardwell. The ground was consecrated Sunday, August 17, 1884, by Bishop Hendricken. At that time Rev. Father Carrigan was in charge of the parish.

THE OLD BRISTOL FERRY

IT WAS on the 13th of March, 1781, that General Washington accompanied by Gen. Howe and two aids passed through Bristol on his way to Providence. The party together with their mounts coming up from Newport were ferried across to the Bristol side where they were met by a company of the inhabitants mounted on horses and escorted through the village. According to the old records the ferriage toll was \$240 (the equivalent in English money);* this abnormally high charge was because of the depreciation of the currency of the colony at that time.

In those days Bristol Ferry was one of the most important ferries in the colony as it afforded the most direct communication between Newport and Providence and Boston. A stage route from the ferry to Boston had been established as early as 1716. The first definite reference we have of the Bristol ferries is by Capt. Benj. Church in August, 1676. The old Indian-fighter was putting up at "Sanford's" down on the Island when word was brought to him that an Indian on "sandpoint over against Trips"

*The United States' monetary system began with the Act of April 2, 1792. Previous to that time English money was used.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

called across to be brought over to the Island. Sandpoint was where Bristol Ferry lighthouse now stands.

The ferry from Bristol to Portsmouth has always been called "Bristol Ferry", probably because it was owned by Bristol proprietors. The old records of 1681 mention a ferry which was to be a charge on the proprietors of the town. From that date down to the year 1753 the ownership of the ferry changed hands many times. In the year 1753 William Pearse, a yeoman of Bristol, bought the ferry property for £2000, lawful money. The farm and ferry remained in the Pearse family for over a hundred years.

In the early part of 1776 fortifications were erected on both sides of the ferry in order to keep communication open. When the Americans were driven off the Island the battery which they had erected was trained by the British on the Bristol side of the ferry.*

At that time the Pearse family who occupied the ferry-house sought safety in the village; according to tradition a cannon ball passed between the legs of the horse carrying Mrs. Pearse and her young son up the long hill to the village. Besides being driven from his home Mr. Pearse lost six barrels of cider and thirty bushels of potatoes which were taken by the American soldiers who came over from the Island.

In 1859 George Pearse sold to Capt. William H. West the farm, wharf, ferry-boat and franchise for \$13,000. The place is still occupied by Capt. West's only surviving daughter, Miss Minnehaha West.** Captain West was a deep-sea sailor; when he retired in 1859, he was only 33 years old; he carried on the farm and for several years ran the ferry taking passengers over to the Portsmouth side in a small sloop named the "Mount Hope". At that time Captain Hicks operated a ferry from the Portsmouth side; the two captains had an arrangement as to the fares taken in whereby Captain West would one week turn over to

*Out in front of the old Ferry-House is a pile of cannon balls that were dug up years ago, while ploughing the fields.

**Miss West has since died—March, 1941.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

Captain Hicks the money taken in during the week, and the next week Captain Hicks would give his receipts to Captain West.

When the steamboat started to run from Fall River to Providence in 1827, stopping at the ferry and the village of Bristol, the ferry business began to fall off and when the railroad to Newport was opened in 1865 Captain West gave up the ferry.

Up to the year 1826 sailing craft was the only means of transportation across the ferry way. These boats were large enough to carry horses and cattle on the decks, just forward of the mast. A new type of boat propelled by horse power which was called a "horse-boat" or "team-boat" had been used on the New York ferries across the North River for some time and had proved so efficient that the early steam ferry-boats were unable to compete with them.

In the year 1826 a horse-boat was built for Bristol Ferry and continued in operation until the year 1845. Of the old horse-boat there is no known picture in existence today. There were two types of horse-boats; in one the horses worked on a treadmill, similar to that used to operate the old type of threshing machines; the other, the type used on the Bristol Ferry boat, was operated by horses treading on a revolving disc. An inclined shaft went up through the center of the platform, which was attached to it and cogs on the rim of the circular platform turned a shaft which in turn operated the paddle wheels. It must have been slow old going, but nevertheless steady and sure. In the early part of the nineteenth century travel was very heavy and when the horse-boats came into use all kinds of wheel vehicles, even the heavy stage coaches, were ferried across.

According to an account that appeared in a Newport newspaper about one hundred years ago "A stage coach, four horses attached, every week day morning at 9 o'clock left Newport from Townsend's coffee house, now the U. S. Hotel, for Bristol Ferry, picking up passengers on the way. The route was along the east or main road; when within four miles of the ferry the stage passed through an archway which was known as the toll-house, the building being of brick and plaster (which each year received an

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

immaculate coat of whitewash), and extending from one side of the road to the other.

"The driver of the coach paying the toll before passing through the archway.

"When the ferry was reached the passengers left the stage and went aboard a small scow or barge, called a horse-boat, the craft being propelled by horse power, four horses, two on either side of the boat, treading on a revolving surface which by the application of cogs turned small wooden wheels or paddles. When the sea was rough one wheel would often be entirely out of the water while the other was completely under. The scheduled time of passage across was thirty minutes and the little waiting-room on one part of the deck called 'ladies' cabin' was utilized for lunch on the passage over.

"On the Bristol side another stage coach met the boat and the passengers continued on their journey. The fare from the ferry to the village (Bristol) was 25 cents. The distance in, being only two miles, a high state official of those days, a former lieut. governor, refused to pay the fare, insisting strenuously that the charge was exorbitant and walked the two miles to the village under a midsummer's blistering sun, part of the way up very steep hills."

In the early days the rates of ferriage for a single person across Bristol Ferry were:

1669	— 6 pence
1715	— 8 pence
1743	— 1 shilling
1756	— 5 shillings
1767	— 3 pence
1798	— 8 cents
1822	— 8 cents
1844	— 8 cents

The early ferry acts prescribed the rates of ferriage and also the hours during which the ferryman must be in attendance. Night service was required only in the case of physicians, surgeons and midwives and also those sent for them; these must be carried at any time of night. The act of 1752 remained in force so long as sailing craft were in use.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

As early as 1647 the exportation of cattle from the Island of Rhode Island had begun, for the rates of ferriage at that period include livestock. The transportation of livestock was one of the chief functions of the sail ferry-boats as long as they continued to operate.

According to tradition about the year 1826 one Isaac Fish ran a line of stage coaches from Boston to Newport via Bristol Ferry and the heavy coaches were carried across on the horse-boat that was in use at that time. Another story handed down is that at one time an entire circus was carried across on the ferry boat, the elephants of course swimming across on their own.

The picturesque old Ferry-House dates back to around 1750; this was sometime before it came into the possession of the Pearse family. The rear part of the house is much the older and was originally nearer the road, traces of the old cellar can still be seen. Many years ago an ell was built on the north end of the house; this was where the ferryman and his family lived.

John Ingraham, who was captain of the night police back in the eighties and nineties, was the ferryman in his younger days and occupied the quarters. Before his time there was a fellow by the name of George Coyt who ran the boat for Captain West. George had a parrot and from what has come down to us, it was a very talkative one. When any stranger appeared 'round the bend in the road, Polly would screech "Going over? Going over?" When George made his appearance from the rear of the house where he had been busy working, the parrot would greet him with "George Coyt, you old scalawag—going over—going over!"

Miss West tells about one of the Pearses, George, who was possessed of a powerful voice and also a powerful pair of lungs. Jeremiah Gifford, who was part owner of the ferry on the Portsmouth side at that time, was equally blessed. On calm days when there was no wind blowing, Pearse would go down on the end of the wharf and holler across—"Jeremy, come over. Jeremy, come over" and Jeremy would answer across in kind, and then bring the ferry boat across.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

In its prosperous days there was a taproom located in the southeast corner room just off the main entrance. In those days the stage coach would come down the long hill, swing around the turn in the road and come to a quick stop in front of the main entrance. The remains of the old ferry wharf can still be plainly seen, extending out into the bay, directly in front of the old house.

The old slave-hut in the rear is still standing. The census of the year 1774 shows that William Pearse owned three blacks at that time.

In the olden times the ferry house with its taproom was to the ferry what the old inn and taproom were to the stage coach. Both came into being from necessity and convenience. Travelers reaching the ferry when night had set in were compelled either to pay an exorbitant rate for night passage or wait for daylight to be put across. Oftentimes where the ferries were operated by sailing craft, high winds or calm would hold up the passage. Uncertain hours of waiting were ahead of them and in due course they quite naturally felt the need of food and oftentimes drink. So, naturally, it came about that the demand regulated supply and in turn the supply was regulated by the law-makers. Long before there was any general legislation concerning the sale of strong drink and the lodging of travelers, the local authorities were offering inducements to engage in the ferry business. They seemed to consider the furnishing of liquid refreshment to be a natural and desirable collateral business for the ferrymen. All through the old records we find entries such as this: "Granted a license to Job Almy to sell strong drink as he is the keeper of the ferry, since it was found that passengers passing over said ferry have need of refreshment."

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

THE GREAT SEPTEMBER GALE of 1815

THIS day is the semi-centennial anniversary of that tremendous gale of wind which swept over New England causing an immense destruction of property and lives. In this town the effects of the gale were truly disastrous. For several days previous the wind had been light from northeast and east with an overcast sky threatening rain. On the morning of the 23rd the gale commenced from the southeast varying to south and southwest; the tide rose to an unusual height completely submerging the wharves and filling the cellars of the stores and dwelling houses on the west side of Thames street with water. The entire fleet of vessels then lying in the harbor were swept from their moorings and driven ashore. Quite a number of stores and other buildings standing on the wharves westward of Thames street were swept away with their contents; houses and other buildings in different parts of the town were unroofed and trees were uprooted presenting at the close of the gale an appalling spectacle. Four young men in attempting to pass on to Poppasquash on the road at the head of the harbor were swept from the road and drowned.

Fifty years have passed and what a change has been wrought. Probably not one in ten of those who were in active life at that time are now living. Look at the men of business of those days—the D'Wolfs, Churches, Pecks, Gladdings, Babbitts and a host of others who were on the active stage of life—all have passed away. Look at the clergymen of that day—Bishop Griswold, Rev. Dr. Wight, Barnabas Bates, all gone. The then fathers of the town, the doctors, the judges and the lawyers, all with scarcely an exception have passed away. Look at our streets, our public buildings, our churches and our cemeteries and what a change has taken place. It is really interesting for one to compare the good old-fashioned town of Bristol in 1815, with its population of 2900 with our present prosperous town of about 4700 inhabitants.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

Whoever lived in Bristol 50 years ago, and soon after left the place, should he now return could hardly point out any spot which has not been so much altered that scarcely a trace of the old landmarks remain. A few years more and all who witnessed the memorable gale will be gone and the places which once knew them will know them no more.

Sept. 23, 1865.

In looking over a package of old newspapers recntly I came across a copy of *The Yankee*, published in Boston, of date October 6th, 1815, which contained the following account of the direful effects of the great September Gale in this town:

“Bristol (R. I.) suffered severely.” The account of the losses occupies nearly a column. Of the persons who experienced damage the following are named:—Isaac Liscomb, Samuel Gladding, Charles D’Wolf; Jacob Babbitt, whose fine range of stores from the centre to the west end, totally levelled, and forty thousand dollars worth of sugar was totally lost; Mr. Leonard, the post-master, who lost all his postoffice books, papers and 600 dollars public money; William D’Wolf, Col. Throop, James D’Wolf, Royal Diman, Capt. Wilson, Nath. Wardwell, Nath. Gladding, Nicholas Peck, Tho. Church, Parker Borden, Judge Howland, John Reed, Judge Bosworth. The writer of the account says, “To give you some idea of the sea, William D’Wolf’s brig Juno, 160 tons, drove from his wharf, and she, with the Toadfish (after taking James D’Wolf’s yellow store with them,) went across Royal Diman’s wharf, and the Juno brought up against Wardwell’s new brig which was sunk in his dock; the Toadfish brought up against her, and now lies very safe with her top-gallant yards athwart, exactly on Col. Wardwell’s wharf just below his still-house, with George Munroe’s sloop alongside of her. The brig Richard, loaded and ready for sea, broke from the wharf, drove up the head of the harbor over most of the wharves, and went over the causeway between the Spider Windmill and S. White’s house, and now stands as right up as a dish in T. Church’s meadow at the head of the millpond not much in-

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

jured. T. Church's brig went over the town-bridge and back, and then across Harding's garden, and brought up in Newton Waldron's garden, at the millpond. The Macdonough parted both her cables and went ashore on George's farm; she is some injured—but Capt. Carr, who examined her, says she can be got off without great expense. I compute the whole loss of property in this town, at 150,000 dollars, perhaps more. Jacob Babbitt is the greatest sufferer; B. Bosworth and Morice suffered severe loss, and so did Nathaniel Wardwell, Gladding, &c. Four lives were lost, viz. John Read, Josiah Read, Henry Bosworth and Wm. Harding, jun., a boy. Our town is in great distress.”

THE HURRICANE, 1938

THE account of the September, 1869, gale which appeared in the *Phoenix* at that time has some very interesting figures concerning the damage to the trees in Bristol.

“The number of shade trees on the sides of streets uprooted by the storm was 167.”

Another item states: “Upwards of 200 trees destroyed, chiefly linden, aspen, poplar and horse-chestnut. The elms remained firm with few exceptions.”

A careful survey of the trees uprooted in town on Sept. 21, 1938, taking the same streets as recorded for 1869, strange as it may seem, comes to almost the very same figure. The total figure includes only the trees that were actually uprooted, numbering 169. In addition to these figures there were 55 trees with large limbs broken off; 44 trees with trunks split but not uprooted; hundreds of trees throughout the town with many of their top branches broken off. It would seem that a conservative figure for the total number of trees damaged in town would be around six or seven hundred. This estimate is for the trees on the highways only and does not include any trees on private estates, of which there were hundreds. At the North Farm, for instance, 160 trees were either uprooted or damaged beyond repair.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

Where there were very few elms destroyed in 1869, nearly all the 1938 casualties were of this variety. The number of poles (telephone and electric light) damaged in the compact part of the town was twenty. After summing up the damage it seems incredible, considering the number of fallen trees, how few houses were damaged. Twenty-nine houses, and only a few of them seriously, were damaged by falling trees.

Another remarkable thing is, that with the hundreds of trees and large limbs crashing to earth all during the storm, not a single person was injured.

SURVEY*

<i>Street</i>		Uprooted Trees	
		1869	1938
Hope		41	19
Thames		11
High		18	36
Wood		12	10
Bradford		11	11
Franklin		12	17
Oliver		3
State		8	17
Church		14	15
Constitution		7	9
Union		13	17
Burton		12	12
Byfield		5	6
		167	169
On the Common			6
Mount Lane			4
Walley			7
Richmond			1
Neck Road			55
Ferry Road			6
			79
			248
Split, or large limbs broken off			99
			347
Grand Total			347

*This survey was made three days after the hurricane, Saturday, September 24, 1938.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

After reading about the 1815 gale and the resulting damage along the waterfront where the lower part of Thames street was entirely washed away, I have walked along the shore line and tried in vain to reason out how it was possible for so much land to be washed away in only a few hours time. Now, after witnessing the furor and the deadly pounding of the angry seas as the huge waves, for two long hours on September 21, last, lashed our shore line and washed away piece after piece of the land, it is no longer a mystery. Today a trip of inspection along the shore line, on Hope street, from Union down to Walley street, gives one some idea of what happened in 1815. And also sets one to thinking what would have happened if there had been no retaining wall all along the water front. How much of Hope street would have been left? I rather think it would all have been washed away, as was Thames street (the same stretch of road) in 1815. Even with the wall a great deal of damage was done. In the rear of the DeWolf mansion on Hope street the huge holes in the ground, and the brick walls of the house stove in give mute evidence of the might of the seas that battered down the high sea wall surrounding the place. From there on, down to the Herreshoff boat shops, the sidewalk is all gone, as is also that part of the sea-wall above the street level. From the south shop and there on down is ample evidence of what the angry seas did and also gives one an idea of what would have happened if the land had extended farther out into the harbor as it did in 1815. The reason the road is untouched is because there was nothing to wash away. In 1815 the roads were of dirt, while in 1938 they are of cement.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

AN INCIDENT CONCERNING GOVERNOR WILLIAM BRADFORD IN 1775

ONE hundred years ago this morning at an early hour Doctor William Bradford, (afterwards Deputy Gov. Bradford, elected at the October session of the General Assembly, 1775, later U. S. Senator, 1793-1797) who lived in a small house on the lot where now stands the mansion of Col. Samuel Norris, at the corner of Hope and State streets, left his door and proceeded with quick step along Hope street to a house that then occupied the site of the present residence of Mrs. Nancy Peck, next south of the corner of Franklin street. Some of you readers will remember the old house, as the writer does. Doctor Bradford rapped smartly upon one of the windows and called out: "Sion, get up. They've been out—they've been out." The Doctor had just received news from Boston of the raid of the "British Regulars" the day before, and of their firing on the "minutemen" at Lexington Green.

Companies of minutemen had been formed in all the New England Colonies, and all eyes, for some time, had been turned towards Boston, where a large force of British troops under General Gage had been concentrated, expecting that a movement would be made into the country. And the startling news was to come that they had not only made a raid into the country to destroy military stores but had fired upon a little gathering of minutemen and spilled American blood.

The person to whom Doctor Bradford was so eager to break the startling news was Capt. Sion Martindale,* an influential merchant and citizen of Bristol, who like the doctor had been active in resisting the arbitrary acts and decrees of the British

*Born 1733; died 1785.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL .

Parliament and ministry against the American Colonies. That the doctor knew his man was shown when Sion, commanding a company in Col. Thomas Church's regiment, took a very active part in the battle of Bunker Hill, which occurred two months later.

My grandfather's account of that battle, which I heard him relate almost forty years ago, is still fresh in my mind. He was a private in Captain Martindale's Company and was not quite twenty years old at the time. He told of their own ammunition running short, orders were passed along the lines not to fire a gun until they could "see the whites of their eyes, and to aim at their waistbands." He also said that men were falling all around him on every side and that he expected every moment would be his last; but he escaped without a scratch, and lived to tell the story of the famous encounter.

Captain Martindale sometime after was placed in command of the armed vessel *Washington*, and a large part of her crew were Rhode Island men. This was the first armed vessel sent out by the Americans against the British. She had been out only a few days when she was captured by the British ship *Foy*, of 20 guns, and all of her crew were sent to Portsmouth, England, and confined there as prisoners of war.

THE GOVERNOR BRADFORD FARM

From the *Bristol Gazette*, September 11, 1833.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

The Subscriber having been appointed administrator to the estate of JOHN BRADFORD, Esquire, deceased, late of Bristol, calls upon all persons indebted to said estate to make payment, and upon all those who have demands against the same to present them for settlement to

N. Bullock, Admr.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

From the *Bristol Gazette*, October 5, 1833.

AUCTION

SHEEP, CATTLE, PRODUCE, ETC.

Will be sold at Public Auction, on Saturday the 19th day of October next, at 10 o'clock, a. m. on the MOUNT FARM, of the late John Bradford, 200 Sheep, two pairs working Oxen, and a Beef creature; several excellent Cows, and a number of young Heifers and Swine. 30 Tons best English Hay; a stack of coarse Hay; a stack of Oat Straw; some corn Fodder; Rye, Oats, Corn and Potatoes. Also a great variety of Farming Tools, in good order; a Riding Chair and a Sleigh. Conditions of the sale will be liberal. Should the above day be stormy the sale will be postponed to Monday, 21st October at 10 o'clock, a. m.

N. Bullock

Admr. to Estate of J. Bradford, Esq.

From the *Gazette and Companion*, February 13, 1836.

AUCTION SALE

DELIGHTFUL COUNTRY SEAT

To be sold at Public Auction,
On THURSDAY, the 3d day of March next, at 11 o'clock a. m. on the premises, all that excellent, fertile and extensive estate in Bristol, long known as the MOUNT FARM, formerly the residence of Gov. Bradford, and more recently of the late John Bradford, Esq. containing upwards of 300 acres of first rate Land, divided into lots of suitable dimensions, of tillage, grass and forest, and wholly fenced with stone walls. Standing on the farm is a large and commodious Mansion House, two capacious barns and all other necessary buildings. There is also a large and productive Orchard of apple, and a variety of other fruit trees. The Garden lands are extensive and in a high state of cultivation. The grass lands abound with perennial springs which afford an unfailing supply of water to the pastures throughout the season, and fertilize portions of the principal meadows. Washed by the waters of Mount Hope Bay on the East and

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

South, and indented with several deep coves, the farm gains annually a more copious supply of seaweed and other manure, than any other in the county. Persons wishing to survey the premises before the sale, will please call on John S. Pearse, or Walter W. Bradford, residing on the estate, or on N. Bullock, or the subscriber in Bristol. Conditions will be liberal and announced at the sale.

B. W. BRADFORD

BURIAL OF COMMODORE OLIVER HAZARD PERRY IN 1826

OLIVER HAZARD PERRY, the hero of Lake Erie, born in South Kingstown August 23, 1785, fell a victim to yellow fever at Port Spain (Trinidad), on his 34th birthday, August 23, 1819, and his remains were interred on that island the following day.

Seven years after, by a vote of Congress, his remains were brought to his native place, in the U. S. Ship Lexington, Captain Shubrick, which had been specially assigned by the Government for that purpose. The authorities of Newport, being appraised of the arrival of the ship, at once took measures for a public funeral occasion, and Monday, the fourth of December, 1826, was set apart for that purpose. Invitations to the military and civic authorities, and citizens of the State generally, were extended, and the response was prompt and general. The morning of the fourth opened with a sharp, biting, cold air, wind northeast and cloudy. Our citizens (Bristol) generally having accepted the invitation, were astir early, and with the military companies, including the Bristol Train of Artillery, Col. Samuel Taylor, and Bristol Light Infantry, Capt. William P. Monro, embarked on board the sloop Emeline, Capt. Henry C. Coggeshall, and Becca and Betsy, Capt. Peter Gladding, while an additional number, of whom were Rev. Father Taylor of the Methodist Church and

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

the writer, took the sloop *Susy* and *Ann*, Capt. William Lawless. A fair wind soon wafted us to Newport, which we found draped in mourning for the occasion.

The ship *Lexington* lay at anchor in the inner harbor, with her spars manned and colors at half mast, as were also the numerous shipping, and flagstaffs on shore. The companies landed at Long Wharf and soon the steamer *Washington*, Captain Bunker, arrived, bringing the military companies from Providence and vicinity, with the Governor and Staff, and civic officers, and a great body of people.

The military escort was soon formed and proceeded to Clark's wharf at the south part of the town. In the meantime four boats from the *Lexington*, bearing the remains, left the ship and proceeded to the landing place. The slow movements of the boats with muffled oars, measuring at the rate of two strokes per minute, with the firing of minute guns and tolling of bells, made a deep impression upon the minds of all beholders.

The remains were received by the U. S. Marines and placed on a funeral car provided for the purpose. The line of march was then formed and moved with slow and measured steps to the sound of martial music, direct to the cemetery. The escort was pronounced to be the finest military display ever witnessed in the State, being composed of the following chartered commands:

Providence Artillery; Newport Artillery; Bristol Train of Artillery; Providence Cadets; First Light Infantry, Providence; Second Light Infantry; Bristol Light Infantry; Providence Volunteers; Newport Volunteers; Pawtucket Rifle Corps; United States Troops from Fort Walcott; and a company of U. S. Marines from the *Lexington*. Next to the troops came the hearse bearing the remains, preceded by eight U. S. seamen as pallbearers, all of whom served with the Commodore at Lake Erie.

The funeral car was constructed after the model of the boat in which Commodore Perry left the *Lawrence*, at the battle of Erie. It was elevated on carriage wheels and on the prow sat a gilt spread eagle; above was a canopy supported on standards, the

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

whole richly hung with fine black cloth over velvet, and a golden star representing each State. Beneath this canopy was laid the coffin, of mahogany, enclosing two interior coverings of lead, and enveloped in the U. S. flag, with the uniforms, hat and equipage of the deceased and the sword presented to him by Congress. The hearse was drawn by four white horses, each with a sable plume on the head and black mounted harness.

Captains Crane and Shubrick, Creighton and Turner, Chauncy and Kearney, all of the Navy, acted as bearers. Three lads, sons of the deceased, with other relations followed next. A body of seaman from the Lexington, one hundred and eighty in number, in the neat garb of the sailor, with a large number of civic and military officers brought up the rear of the procession and thus marched to the cemetery at the north end of the town, amid the firing of minute guns, the toll of bells and solemn sound of martial music.

Arriving at the cemetery the military opened columns and the procession marched through to the grave. The impressive service of the Episcopal Church was read by the venerable Bishop Griswold of Bristol (who rode across the island that morning, in a private carriage) and the remains of the hero were deposited in their last resting place amid three volleys of musketry. The procession returned to town, and the military re-embarked for home.

The wind had died down to a calm and the prospect of the Bristol companies reaching home that night was anything but flattering, when Captain Bunker, of the steamer Washington, with his usual courtesy, offered to take the Bristol packets in tow up to Poppasquash Point, provided they would start at once, which necessitated the loss of the dinner and the military returned with empty stomachs.

On leaving the cemetery a number of the Bristol boys repaired to a boarding house on Bannister's wharf, kept by a lady named Wicks, where they all partook of a fine dinner. Night approaching, with no prospect of reaching home by water (the steamer having left), a party of eight started on foot and as we passed the wind mills, just out of town, the sun was descending in the west-

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

ern horizon. A sharp but pleasant walk across the island brought us to the Ferry House, where the ferryman, known as "Uncle Jeremy", demurred in taking us across the Ferry, saying he was *about tuckered out*. The prospect of a double ferriage and the rumbling carriages in the distance, indicating a full freight, prompted him to start across and soon we were landed on the Bristol side. As we neared the town the sound of music told us that the Bristol companies had already arrived and were marching to their headquarters.

UNITED STATES POST OFFICE AND CUSTOM HOUSE

BUILT in 1857 and opened for business November 1 of that year. The site on which the building is located was purchased through the agency of Viets G. Peck, from Walter D. and Sarah M. Briggs, for \$4,400, the deed of transfer being dated March 12, 1856.

In September 1856, Hezekiah C. Wardwell, father of ex-Lieut.-Gov. W. T. C. Wardwell and Samuel Drury Wardwell, was appointed by the United States treasury department to superintend the erection of the building for a post office and custom house. The cost of the building was \$20,000, and the contractor was John Coburn of New York. Previous to the erection of this building the post office was located in stores in various places about town.

"In 1820, the post office was located in the building at the head of Long Wharf. Pardon Handy was the postmaster at the time and the office was in his store.

"In 1830, when Dr. Lemuel W. Briggs was postmaster, his office was upstairs in the small shop on lower State street where "Blondie" Rawson had a saloon back in the nineties. Later he had his office on Hope street.

"In 1852, when George H. Pearce was postmaster, the post office was located on the first floor of the building next east of the

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

Bristol Hotel. There was a tailor shop in the same building.”
(Mr. Pearce was a tailor by trade.)

May 10, 1856, *Bristol Phoenix*: “The new Custom House and Post Office is to be erected on Hope street, on the site now occupied by the stores of M. W. Pierce, Jr., Benjamin Tilley and the Union Store. We understand that the building occupied by Mr. Tilley and the Union Store, has been purchased by Mr. J. B. Munro and Dr. S. S. Drury, and will shortly be removed to their lot on Hope street, next south of the residence of Wm. Fales Esq.”*

POSTMASTERS**

BRISTOL, BRISTOL COUNTY, RHODE ISLAND

<i>Postmaster</i>	<i>Date Appointed</i>
Hezekiah Usher	(Established) February 11, 1792
Josiah Finney	March 25, 1800
David A. Leonard	October 29, 1804
Barnabas Bates	April 17, 1817
Pardon Handy	April 25, 1820
Lemuel W. Briggs	March 4, 1823
George H. Reynolds	March 16, 1840
William B. Tilley	June 12, 1841
Benjamin Wyatt	March 31, 1845
George H. Pearce	June 1, 1849
Hezekiah J. Pitman	April 20, 1853
Thomas J. Thurston	June 5, 1861
John B. Pearce	November 13, 1874
John J. Christie	February 26, 1887
William M. Gorham	February 14, 1891
Charles F. Easterbrooks	February 22, 1895
William M. Gorham	June 15, 1899
Edward J. Prest	February 9, 1910
Daniel G. Coggeshall	March 20, 1914
George W. Warren	January 7, 1924
William J. McShane (Acting)	April 1, 1929
William M. Connery	June 19, 1929
William J. McShane (Acting)	September 16, 1933
Daniel W. Coggeshall	February 18, 1935

*The Drury Block; built sometime between 1846 and 1856.

**The first post office to be established in Bristol was in 1775 under the postal system of Rhode Island, with Jonathan Russell as postmaster.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

NOTABLE BRISTOLIANS OF THE PAST

MEN who have held high offices in the State and National Governments.

Deputy Governor

William Bradford 1775-78

Governor

Byron Diman 1846-47

Francis M. Dimond (July 20-Dec. 31) 1853

Ambrose E. Burnside 1866-69

Augustus O. Bourn 1883-85

Lieutenant Governor

Byron Diman 1840-42

Nathaniel Bullock 1842-43

Byron Diman 1843-46

Francis M. Dimond (Jan. 1-July 19) 1853

J. Russell Bullock 1860-61

William T. C. Wardwell 1890-91

Attorney General

Joseph W. Blake 1843-51

Samuel P. Colt 1882-86

Speaker of the House (R. I.)

William Bradford . . . Held the office for several terms between 1764-1802

James D'Wolf 1819-21

Nathaniel Bullock 1825-26

Frank H. Hammill 1915-19

Member of the Continental Congress from Rhode Island

William Bradford 1776

Member of the First United States Congress from Rhode Island

Benjamin Bourn (4 terms) 1790-96

United States Senator from Rhode Island

William Bradford 1793-97

James D'Wolf 1821-25

Ambrose E. Burnside 1875-81

LeBaron B. Colt 1913-24

Member of the Supreme Court of Rhode Island

Shearjashub Bourn Associate Justice 1776-78

Shearjashub Bourn Chief Justice 1778-81

John D'Wolf Associate Justice 1819-22

Luke Drury Associate Justice 1822-24

J. Russell Bullock Associate Justice 1862-64

Justice of U. S. District Court for District of Rhode Island

Benjamin Bourn (appointed) 1801

THE OLD STONE WALL ON THE NECK ROAD

THE older generation will remember the long stretch of wall that, at the turn of the century, extended along the east side of the Neck Road, from the Perry estate up to the Viets Peck property. They would remember it for two reasons—its extraordinary length and the well-built lines.

Forty years ago, this old landmark, a long, unbroken line of wall, except for the two breaches at the Seth Paull property, was as finely constructed piece of wall as you would find anywhere in New England. In later years as the land was parceled out in house lots, many breaches were made in the old wall, until today (1942) hardly a vestige of it remains. What a pity it could not have remained intact, that future generations might witness what skilled craftsmen their ancestors were. Mr. Viets Peck, years ago telling about the old landmark, said that he remembered when it was built. "James DeWolf Perry owned the land at the time (about 1850) and most of the stone used in its construction came from Point Farm over on Poppasquash Point. Point Farm was owned by Mr. Perry at that time; there was a small hotel on the point which was built in 1840; it survived until 1876, when it was destroyed by fire. Major Raymond H. Perry, a son of the owner, (he was about 15 years old at the time) teamed the stone over to the Neck Road. The stone was loaded on a sledge and hauled over the road by a team of oxen—and it took a long time. The foundation is half as deep in the ground as the height of the wall, and was pronounced well-built by everybody who examined it. The wall was built by a stonemason and his son who came over from the Island of Rhode Island. They were two years building it, and during the time they lived in a small house on the Perry place. The two winters they were working on the wall were so cold they would

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

start in the morning wearing three pairs of pants and a corresponding layer of coats, one over the other. As the sun got higher they would discard them, one layer at a time, and by the time it got to be midday they would be down to a flannel shirt and one pair of trousers. Then, as the afternoon wore on, they would start putting them on again, and by the time the sun was going down below the horizon they would be back again to full equipment."

"THE OLD TRAMP HOUSE"

AUGUST 11, 1903—The old tramp house at the foot of Bradford street was bid in at auction sale this last week by Patrick Hammill for \$11.50. Mr. Hammill will repair it and move it away to the east part of the town. It was built 65 years ago and during its existence has served the town well. Years ago the old No. 1 Fire Engine and the "night watch" were quartered in the old building, the latter occupying a part of it. In later years it was used as a "tramp house". Its many years of public service ended ten years ago (1893) at which time it was sold to the Wardwell Lumber Co.

In those days it was a haven for the many "knights of the road" who found themselves stranded in the town. The night watch would pick them up and lock them in over night. That they might not go hungry, they were provided with a bit to eat. Some member of the night watch would go up to Jim Miller's store which was up Bradford street a short piece and buy a quarter's worth of soda crackers, charging same to the town. At nine o'clock the town's guests and the crackers were locked in for the night. The next morning after a hearty breakfast of more crackers the guests were speeded on their way.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

BRISTOL POLICE FORCE, 1904

	Service dated from	
James Hoard, Jr., 1843-1907	1866	Chief
John H. Morrisey, 1861-1915	1890	Captain
John D. Dimond, 1836-1905	1879	Captain Night Police
Benjamin T. Munro, 1853-1913	1885	Night Police
Thomas R. Dwyer, 1858-1940	1891	Night Police
James W. Goff, 1875-1934	1899	Night Police
Henry F. Serbst, 1867-1939	1904	Night Police

This account of the old police force would not be complete unless we mentioned John S. Ingraham (1832-1915), who in the eighties and nineties was Captain of the Night Police.

They were all fine, sturdy, reliable men and they fulfilled their trust, as guardians of the peace and property of the town, well. I knew them all years ago and have always had great respect for every one of them.

HON. EZRA DIXON, 1849-1936

EZRA DIXON was born in Spencer, Mass., on the 12th day of December, 1849. His father, Dwight James Dixon, and his mother, Susan Ann Bixby, were of York County, Maine, prior to their coming to Spencer, where their son Ezra was born.

Mr. Dixon came from one of the oldest of New England families, his American ancestor, Nathaniel Dixon, coming from Ely, Cambridge, England, prior to the year 1634.

Educated in the district school of his birthplace, at a very early age he began his career in the cotton industry, working as a back-boy in one of the local mills.

On December 1, 1863 (he being 14 years old at the time), he entered the United States military service in the quartermaster's department in South Carolina, and was honorably discharged

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

April 6, 1864. He re-enlisted July 15, 1864, in Company F, 42nd Mass. Vol. Infantry, and served until mustered out with his regiment, November 11, 1864. He enlisted a third time in the quartermaster's department in December, 1864, and was stationed at Nashville, Tenn., until mustered out at close of the war.

It was the year 1874 that he first came to Bristol, for the purpose of installing some machinery at the Namquit Mill. He was prevailed upon to remain, and on the 8th of July, that year, he entered the employ of that company as overseer of the spinning department. For the 12 years following his connection with this company continued. It was during this period that he developed and patented the lubricating saddle now used on cotton spinning machines in so many parts of the world.

In 1876 the Dixon Lubricating Saddle Co. was formed by him for the manufacture of his patent. In 1886 he severed his connection with the Namquit Mill that he might devote his whole time to furthering its distribution.

Mr. Dixon was a director and a member of the executive committee of the Industrial Trust Co. of Providence. At the time the Bristol branch of that institution was started he became chairman of the board, which office he held at the time of his death. Previous to their being absorbed by the Industrial Trust Co. in 1900, he was president of the Bristol County Savings Bank, and vice president of the National Eagle Bank of this town.

He was appointed sewer commissioner in 1900, at the time the sewerage system was installed, and served on that board for thirty years.

Politically, Mr. Dixon was a Republican. He was elected in 1907 to the House of Representatives, and in 1908 was elected state senator, an office which he held until 1916. For many years he was a member of the Republican State Central Committee, and also a member of the executive board.

Mr. Dixon's interest in the State Street M. E. Church, of which he was a member and of which he held the office of trustee, dates back to the time when he first came to this town. As a Young Men's Christian Association worker, he gave liberally of

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

his time and means, succeeding to the presidency of the organization, October 1, 1883, and continuing for 19 years.

For more than 35 years he was a member of the board of trustees of Rogers Free Library.

Mr. Dixon was one of the charter members of Babbitt Post, No. 15, G. A. R. He was deeply interested in the post and was a regular attendant at its meetings. He was the last surviving charter member of that organization. He was past department commander of the Department of Rhode Island, G. A. R.

Mr. Dixon was very prominent in Masonic circles, being a member of St. Alban's Lodge, No. 6, A. F. & A. M., Mount Hope Chapter, R. A. M., Webb Council, Royal and Select Masters, and St. John's Commandery, K. T., of Providence. He was also a past noble grand of United Brothers Lodge, No. 13, I. O. O. F.; and a member of Wampanoag Encampment, No. 9, of Odd Fellows.

From his coming to Bristol sixty years ago Mr. Dixon always held a deep interest in the welfare and advancement of the community.

A man of agreeable manner and genial disposition, upright and just in all his dealings with his fellow men, he could rightfully claim his friends as without number. Of simple religious faith, he felt and recognized his duty to God and his fellowmen. He was generous with his wealth and freely gave his time and services to all good causes.

Mr. Dixon married, August 14th, 1872, Annie Prest, daughter of William and Rebecca (Morton) Prest. Mrs. Dixon died in 1929.

His was a long and active life; the end came on March 22, 1936, at his home on High street. He was in the 87th year of his age. With the passing of Ezra Dixon the town loses another of its influential and leading citizens. Always a prominent figure in the industrial, banking, and political life of the community, he will be sorely missed.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

REV. WILLIAM RAMSAY TROTTER,

1856-1914

REV. WILLIAM RAMSAY TROTTER, rector of Trinity Church of this town for nearly 28 years, died Wednesday, April 1, 1914, in his 58th year. He was born in New York City Nov. 30, 1856, a son of Andrew R. and Mary (Williams) Trotter.

When a boy he came to Providence to reside and attended Classical High School from which he was graduated. In 1875 the family came to Bristol to reside and the following year he entered Brown University. Graduating in 1880 he received his B.A. degree and three years later in 1883 he received his A.M. degree. From 1880 to '83 he attended the General Theological Seminary in New York City. He was ordained to the Diaconate by Bishop Clark in 1883 and became assistant rector of Trinity Church. Feb. 24, 1884, he was ordained to the priesthood and Aug. 1st following became rector of Trinity Church. After nearly 28 years of unselfish service failing health compelled him to tender his resignation as rector of the church he so dearly loved. At a meeting of the vestry, Nov. 13, 1911, his resignation was accepted with deep regret and at that meeting he was then elected rector emeritus of the church.

Mr. Trotter's interest in music in connection with the church dates back to the year 1875 when at its first service held on Whitsunday, he became organist and choirmaster. The boy-choirs of Trinity Church for a great many years have been noted for their excellence, all of which is due to Mr. Trotter's training and guidance. At the Easter Sunday and Christmas eve services the church would be crowded, such was the fame of the choir and the beautiful music.

Mr. Trotter was a member of the school committee from 1907 to 1913 and president of that body from 1909 to 1912.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

He was married to Helen H. Turner Sept. 30, 1891. Mrs. Trotter died in 1909.

MINUTE OF VESTRY — APRIL 13, 1914

William Ramsay Trotter came to Trinity Church filled with the energy of youth and the enthusiasm of freshly assumed ordination vows. It was his only care and he loved it dearly. For many years his labors in the parish and in the community were broad and monumental, as pastor and teacher and spiritual guide. Under his direction the parish grew from comparative weakness to stable strength and breadth of influence. Large numbers of people came under the influence of his strong and kindly personality, and one of his most enduring monuments may be seen in the unusual number of young men and boys he drew to him and whose lives are anchored to the church.

As priest and citizen he was looked up to and respected by the entire community in which he dwelt and labored so many years. His latter years were clouded with bereavement and great physical suffering, yet he bore himself with that fortitude and cheerfulness which becomes a soldier and servant of Jesus Christ. God grant unto him rest, light, comfort and peace in the Church Expectant.

JOHN POST REYNOLDS, 1850-1915

JOHN POST REYNOLDS, superintendent of schools of this town for thirty-one years, died at his ancestral home, "Willowmere", on Bristol Neck, December 8, 1915.

He was born in this town, March 17, 1850. His father was Samuel Godfrey Reynolds and his mother was Catharine Ann Hamlin, of Syracuse, N. Y. Mr. Reynolds was a descendant in the eighth generation of Robert Reynolds of Boston, who was the ancestor of the Bristol branch of the family. A son of Robert Reynolds, Capt. Nathaniel Reynolds came to this town when the Mount Hope lands were opened for settlement and at the first

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

town meeting held, September 1, 1681, at which time the name of Bristol was given the town, he was one of the 76 men then admitted to the town as citizens.

In his youth Mr. Reynolds attended the public schools in this town. Leaving the high school in 1863, he attended Walnut Hill School, in Geneva, N. Y., to prepare himself for college. He entered the sophomore class of Brown University in 1868 and was graduated in the class of 1870, with the degree of Ph.B.

Mr. Reynolds was a member of the school committee from 1883 to 1907. In 1884 he was elected superintendent of schools and also secretary of the board, which offices he held up to the time of his death. The fact that he was never absent from a meeting of the board during the 31 years of his service speaks volumes for his interest and faithfulness in his life's work.

Mr. Reynolds was a devout and most spiritual churchman. His connection with the Trinity Church parish dates back to the year 1875, when he was elected to the vestry at its first meeting of organization. A few years later he was elected senior warden, which office he held up to the time of his death.

He has always taken an active interest in town affairs and served as a member of the town council from 1882 to 1885. In 1898 he was elected judge of probate and served for six years, until 1905.

He was a member of the Churchman's Club; an officer of the Rhode Island Institute of Instruction; a member of the N. E. Association of School Superintendents; and of the Reynolds Family Association.

Mr. Reynolds married, May 7, 1885, Fanny Greenwood of this town.

In the death of John Post Reynolds the town has lost one of its most highly respected citizens; a type of Christian gentleman who placed his duty, religious and civil, above all other calls in life.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

ORRIN LUTHER BOSWORTH, 1849-1922

JUDGE BOSWORTH was born in Warren, R. I., April 19, 1849, a son of Benjamin Miller and Elizabeth (Luther) Bosworth. He was a lineal descendant of Nathaniel Bosworth, son of Edward, who settled in this town and built the homestead known as "Silver Creek". Judge Bosworth used to say that he was a "forty-niner", and that he had no birthday, as he was born at midnight.

His early education was at the public schools of his birthplace, after which he attended the law school of Union University, then located at Albany, N. Y., graduating in the year 1876. The following year he came to this town and opened a law office on Bradford street, upstairs over James A. Miller's grocery store. He was admitted to practice in New York State, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island, also the United States Circuit Court. He was judge of the Fifth Judicial District Court of Rhode Island from May 26, 1897, to January 31, 1911.

He was past master of St. Alban's Lodge, No. 6, A. F. & A. M., also a member of St. John's Commandery, No. 1, K. T. He was a member of the Sons of the Revolution, and of the Society of the Sons of Colonial Wars.

He married Isabella Judson Essex, January 16, 1878, at which time they took up their residence in Bristol.

Judge Bosworth passed away December 25, 1922, at his home on Hope street, in his 74th year.

By his death Bristol loses another of its old-time prominent citizens. For nearly a half century he had made Bristol his home, and had always taken an active part in the affairs of the town. Bristol will miss his familiar figure in the town meetings, which he always made it a point to attend from the time he first came to the town forty-five years ago. His cheery greeting, his cordial manner, his sincerity, all of these made for him a host of friends, who mourn his passing. The town of Bristol has lost a friend.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

CHARLES BRISTED ROCKWELL,

1848-1929

CHARLES BRISTED ROCKWELL was born in Winsted, Conn., September the 25th, 1848, the son of Henry Ensign and Enerette (Munson) Rockwell.

He came of Colonial and Revolutionary ancestry, a direct descendant, the ninth in line, of Deacon William Rockwell, one of the three original selectmen of Dorchester, Mass., in 1630, who later moved to Windsor, Conn., in which section a branch of the family remained until moving to Winsted. He came from a long line, mainly educators and jurists. His father, Henry Ensign Rockwell, left Yale in his sophomore year to become the principal of a high school; later assuming the commissionership of the Fisheries Commission Station at Woods Hole, Mass. While at Yale University he roomed with Charles Bristed Astor for whom he named his fifth son. For many years he was connected with the federal government as commissioner of education.

At the age of 16 the son left home to engage in business in Boston. About the year 1870 he went to Germany to study the manufacture of worsted yarns and cloth, studying and earning his living, later entering the siege of Paris as a reporter in the eventful Franco-Prussian War. Upon his return to America he entered business upon his own account, later forming the partnership of Rockwell & Skerry.

In 1886 he organized the Cranston Worsted Mills at that time located in Cranston, R. I. The business was moved to Bristol in the year 1891; the new quarters being in the old factory on Thames street, erected in 1839, which was formerly the Pokanoket Mill. In 1927 the business was merged with the Collins & Aikman Corporation of Philadelphia. Twenty-five years ago he purchased the Namquit Mill, which is now a part of the plant

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

of the Collins & Aikman Corp. The buildings which were formerly of the Herreshoff Mfg. Co. on Burnside street, were added and a branch was established at West Barrington, R. I., in the plant formerly of the O'Bannon Corp.

Mr. Rockwell was a man of great energy and exceptional business ability, self-made in every sense of the word, and honorable and just in all his dealings. Of a quiet, retiring disposition, probably no man was more looked up to and respected either among his business associates or among his townsmen. His sincerity, simplicity and directness were such that no one could fail to respect him.

Among his many acts of beneficence in this community, besides his many gifts to charities, is Rockwell Hall, Y. M. C. A. building. His last act was the grading and fencing of the old DeWolf Inn plat on Thames street. He was at one time a member of the Town Council, and took an active part in all town affairs. At the time of his death he was a member of the vestry of St. Michael's Church. He was a member of the board of managers of the Bristol Branch of the Industrial Trust Company for many years.

Mr. Rockwell was twice married. In 1879 he married Martha Briggs Skerry of Plymouth, a descendant of Myles Standish. They were married in Brooklyn by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, one of the noted clergymen of the time. Mrs. Rockwell died in 1915. His second wife was Sarah Nelson Guerin of Sterling, N. J.

Mr. Rockwell passed away in New York City on the 10th of May, 1929, in his 81st year.

Charles B. Rockwell will be missed by friends and associates alike; the town of Bristol has lost a true friend; one that will be hard to replace.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

WILLIAM FREDERICK WILLIAMS, M.D., 1859-1931

DR. WILLIAM FREDERICK WILLIAMS died suddenly early Wednesday morning, October 28, 1931, at his residence on Hope street, in his 72nd year. The news of his death was received with great sorrow by his hosts of friends by whom he was held in greatest respect because of his unswerving loyalty and devotion to the best interests of the town and its people.

Dr. Williams was born in New York City, December 23, 1859, the son of Isaac Frazee and Mary Elizabeth (Weed) Williams. His father came to this town in the year 1864 to take charge of the old National Rubber Co., of which he was superintendent from the time it was started up to the time of his death in 1892, a period of nearly 30 years.

Dr. Williams acquired his early education in the public schools of this town; and later entered Brown University, from which he was graduated in the class of 1883. In 1886 he entered Harvard Medical School, from which he received his M.D. degree in 1889. For a time he practiced in New York City and then returned to this town where he has practiced up to 15 years ago when he retired.

He was a member of the R. I. State Board of Health and chairman of that body for many years. He was also medical examiner for this district from 1892 to 1916.

He was a charter member of the old Neptune Boat Club which was organized in 1877, retaining his membership up to the time of his death in its successor, the Bristol Yacht Club. He was a charter member of the Naval Reserve Torpedo Company and its commanding officer from 1896 to 1899.

Dr. Williams was a Republican in politics and represented this town in the General Assembly from 1903 to 1905. He was elected senator for the year 1906.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

From 1894 to 1913 he was a member of the school committee. For several years he was a member of the board of directors of the Y. M. C. A. and also on the board of managers of the Bristol Branch of the Industrial Trust Co.

Throughout his life Dr. Williams' connection with St. Michael's Church was very active. For the past 49 years he was a member of the vestry and for the past 22 years senior warden.

He was a member of the R. I. Medical Society and also of the R. I. Historical Society.

On January 20, 1891, he was married to Mildred Lewis Williams of this town. Mrs. Williams died in 1928.

PHILO V. CADY, 1856-1933

PHILO V. CADY, Sheriff of Bristol County since 1891, passed away at his home on High street, September 5, 1933, in the 78th year of his age.

Sheriff Cady was a man of most genial disposition; a man much respected throughout the community, he will be missed for some time to come. That he held the office of sheriff for 42 consecutive years is evident proof of his integrity and efficiency.

He was born in Barrington, R. I., May 23, 1856, the son of James J. and Experience (Smith) Cady. His father was a ship-builder, and after receiving his education in the public schools of Barrington and Warren, the son spent a year working in his father's shipyard. Following this he went to Boston where he learned the trade of cigar-making.

In 1877 he was attracted by the gold in the Black Hills of South Dakota and spent two years in the Dakotas, Wyoming and Colorado. He returned East in 1880 and accepted a position as foreman in the cigar-making factory of Geo. H. Slade Co. in Chelsea, Mass.

In 1881 he came to Bristol and established himself in the cigar-making business. For 15 years he carried on the business, retiring in 1896.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

Appointed in 1891 to the office of sheriff of Bristol County, he held that office up to the time of his death. Always a staunch Republican, he was for many years a member of the executive board of the State Central Committee of this party.

Sheriff Cady has always maintained a very keen interest in all that concerned the welfare of the town. He was one of the oldest members of Burnside Lodge No. 34, K. of P., of this town. He was married in 1875 to Elizabeth McCormick, who died in 1889. In 1893 he was married to Florence May Maxwell of Warren.

ALFRED M. MERRIMAN, M.D., 1868-1939

BRISTOLIANS of every walk of life were grieved to learn of the death of Dr. Alfred Mitchell Merriman, Monday morning, January 9, 1939, following an illness of three weeks duration. His death removes a man who has long been a prominent figure in the life of this town, not only as a physician and surgeon, but as a man closely identified with the civic, social and charitable activities of the community.

Dr. Merriman was born in Harpswell, Maine, May 1, 1868, a son of the late Capt. Walter and Lavina Merriman. He attended the public schools of Harpswell and then was graduated from the high school in Brunswick, Maine.

In 1892 he received his A.B. degree from Bowdoin College. The following year he began the study of medicine at Bowdoin Medical College and did sufficient original chemistry to obtain his A.M. degree at the end of his first year. Besides his medical studies he found time to work as an assistant in the Chemistry Department and also taught in the public evening school. During his last year of graduate study he worked as an assistant to Dr. Weeks, the surgeon, and in 1895 was awarded his degree as Doctor of Medicine. His internship was spent at the State Institutions at Howard, R. I.

He came to Bristol in 1896, a young man of 28 years, after having a thorough training in the science of medicine and sur-

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

gery. Since he became established here he has had a very successful medical career, confining himself to general practice and minor surgery.

For thirty years he was surgeon at the Rhode Island Soldiers' Home. He also served in this capacity at the local plant of the United States Rubber Co., the Herreshoff Manufacturing Company and the Cranston Worsted Mill.

He was elected to the school committee in 1898, serving for six years, during four of which he was chairman of the executive committee. Later he was made school medical inspector, a position he held for six years. During the World War, among his many other endeavors, he started a tuberculosis clinic which was later taken over by the State Tuberculosis Society.

In 1926, in accordance with the policy of the American Red Cross, he organized a Relief Unit in this town.

In 1936 he served as chairman of the Fourth of July Committee especially appointed to hold office during the year of the 150th anniversary of the signing of the Federal Constitution. Big as Bristol celebrations usually are on the Fourth, this one was even more so.

Ever since his election in 1927 as Colonel in command of the Bristol Train of Artillery, he has given to this time-honored organization countless hours of time and effort.

His interest in the B. T. A. Band is very well known. Nothing suited him better than to attend the rehearsals of this musical group and follow its constant and steady improvement.

He was greatly interested in the B. T. A. Entertainment Association and through it he accomplished much in the promotion of local amateur musical and dramatic talent.

He was a member of the board of directors of the Y. M. C. A. for 25 years, and president of that organization for 15 years.

He was a past president of the Men's Union of the Congregational Church, a past master of St. Alban's Lodge, No. 6, A. F. & A. M., a member of the Bristol Rotary Club, the Bristol Yacht Club, the Providence and Rhode Island State Medical Societies, and of the American Medical Association.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

Dr. Merriman was married in 1898 to Fannie R. Perry, daughter of Major Raymond H. Perry, an officer in the Union Army during the Civil War. She died in 1908. In 1911 he married Cordelia L. Allen.

THE OLD HERRESHOFF FAMILY

THE old Herreshoff family, noted for inventive and scientific accomplishment, has resided in this country since Revolutionary times. The paternal line had its origin in Germany, descending from Carl Friedrich Herreschoff, of Minden, Prussia, a member of the famous Guard of Frederick the Great, which it will be remembered was made up of men chosen because of their great stature. Carl married Agnes Muhler, a woman of great beauty and highly cultured, from whom many of the attainments of their descendants have been inherited. They had one child, Carl Friedrich Herreschoff, jr., or Charles Frederick Herreshoff, as he later spelled his name. He was born December 27, 1763, in the town of Minden, Prussia. (Died Dec. 19, 1819.)

In 1783 he emigrated to America, coming to New York City where he started in business. In 1792 he came to Rhode Island on a business trip and at that time made the personal acquaintance of the wealthy Providence merchant, John Brown.

This meeting finally led to a marriage between young Herreshoff and Mr. Brown's daughter, Sarah. (Died in Bristol, R. I., Aug. 2, 1846.) They were married in July, 1801, and a few months later the young couple were established in the farm on Poppasquash belonging to the bride's father. This estate was formerly owned by William Vassall, a wealthy Tory who, at the outbreak of the War of the Revolution, fled to England. His property was confiscated by the Rhode Island Assembly and sold in 1781—after its occupation as a hospital by the French troops of Rochambeau—to John Brown of Providence.

Of this union there were born six children; Charles Frederick Herreshoff, III, the fifth child, was born July 26, 1809, in

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

Providence, R. I. (Died in Bristol, R. I., Sept. 8, 1888.) He attended Brown University, graduating with the class of 1828.

He was married on May 15, 1833, to Julia Ann Lewis, of Boston. (Born March 20, 1811. Died at Bristol, R. I., Feb. 19, 1901.) They were the parents of nine children, all of whom were born at the old family homestead, "Point Pleasant Farm", on Poppasquash.

	<i>Born</i>	<i>Died</i>
James Brown	Mar. 18, 1834	Dec. 5, 1930
Caroline Louisa	Feb. 27, 1837	June 21, 1924
Charles Frederick	Feb. 26, 1839	Sept. 10, 1917
John Brown	April 24, 1841	July 20, 1915
Lewis	Feb. 3, 1844	Feb. 15, 1926
Sally Brown	Dec. 1, 1845	Feb. 19, 1917
Nathanael Greene	Mar. 18, 1848	June 2, 1938
John Brown Francis	Feb. 7, 1850	Jan. 30, 1932
Julian Lewis	July 29, 1854	Feb. 10, 1919

1838

1838

'76

SIXTY SECOND ANNIVERSARY
OF
AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE

The Committee of Arrangements for celebrating the Sixty-Second Anniversary of our National Independence, propose the following as the

ORDER OF THE DAY:

Salutes will be fired at Sunrise, at Noon, and at Sunset.

A procession will be formed in front of Pearce's Hotel, State street, at 10 o'clock, A. M., in the following order, under the direction of

Col. NATHANIEL FALES.

ORDER OF PROCESSION.

1. Bristol Artillery—Col. W. R. Taylor.
2. Committee of Arrangements
3. Officiating Clergymen
4. Orator of the Day, and Reader of the Declaration of Independence.
5. Past Orators of the Anniversary.
6. Clergymen of the Town.
7. Members of the Town Council.
8. Town Clerk and Town Treasurer.
9. School Committee.
10. Commissioners of the Asylum.
11. Members of the State Legislature.
12. Judges of the County Court and Clerk.
13. Officers and Soldiers of the Revolution.
14. Officers of the United States Army and Navy.
15. Militia Officers—General, Regimental and Staff.
16. Officers of the Customs and Post Office.
17. Citizens and Strangers.

The procession will proceed up State street to High street, down High street to Constitution street, down Constitution street to Hope street, up Hope street to the Catholic Congregational Meeting House, where will be performed the following

EXERCISES:

MUSIC

PRAYER

Reading of the Declaration of Independence.

MUSIC

ORATION,

MUSIC

BENEDICTION

After the exercises, the procession will form and proceed to Pearce's Hotel and dismiss.

The wall pews on the floor and front seats in the galleries will be reserved for the ladies. The committee respectfully ask the co-operation of their fellow citizens to carry the above arrangements into effect, in order that the day may be celebrated in a becoming manner.

GEO. H. REYNOLDS,
GEO. H. PEARCE,
J. M. GOODING,
J. H. WARDWELL,

} Committee of arrangements.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

SOME CHOICE ADS AND NOTICES OF THE LONG AGO

THE ads of the olden days are always interesting; they give a pretty good idea of what the people at the different periods were using in their daily lives; they tell us what these people were paying for the various commodities; and also give us the opportunity to make comparisons with present day prices. Many things which were in daily use years ago have long since disappeared from the storekeeper's shelves; if you asked one today about them, he probably wouldn't know what you were talking about.

The merchants of the olden days surely believed in spreading throughout the community the news of the arrival of new stocks of goods, and also in letting folks know what they had on their shelves. Some of the old ads were brief and to the point; others were lengthy and covered about everything that was on the shelves; however, they are all interesting and worthy of study.

A few taken at random from the old files of the Bristol *Phoenix*:

1833 —

BRASS FOUNDER AND COPPERSMITH

Charles H. Bush respectfully informs the public that he has taken a shop a few rods south of Mr. Spooner's Candle Works, where he intends to conduct the above business, and will manufacture the following articles:
Academy, Factory and Ship BELLS
Composition Rudder Joints,
Bolts, Ruffs, and Saucers,
Dovetails and Spikes,
Deck, Sheathing and Coppering NAILS
Sail Thimbles; Well, Cistern, Oil and Beer Pumps.
Coolers, Ladles, Piggins, Dippers and Scoops.
Funnels and Funnel Noses,
Brass and Copper Kettles, of all Sizes.
Jamb Hooks and Stove Trimmings.
Brass and Copper Wash Basins.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

Factory Castings of every description,
will be promptly and neatly executed.
All orders addressed to the subscriber,
will have immediate attention.
Cash given for Old Copper, Pewter and Lead.

1836 —

— TO LET —

The pleasant and convenient House on the
Northwest corner of Hope and State streets.
Rent moderate.

W. and N. Coggeshall

This was the block owned by Frederick A. Easterbrooks which was destroyed by fire March 14, 1899. In 1836 the Coggeshalls had a store in this old building, on the ground floor, letting the upper floor as a tenement. Back in the year 1833, Sylvia Griswold D'Wolf mentions this old store in a letter to her husband, Prof. John D'Wolf: "Mr. N. Coggeshall is going to fit up his stores immediately—he will have three fronting the south, none the east side, you will hardly know the place when you return." The store was directly across from Sylvia's house, which in those days stood on the southwest corner of Hope and State streets, flush with the street.

1836 —

\$20 REWARD

Whereas several young persons have been in the habit of gathering themselves in and about the old Methodist Chapel and Lecture Room and frequently disturbing the congregation in the hours of worship, and whereas on Sunday night last some one of them grossly insulted the preacher—this is to give notice that thereafter all such persons will be dealt with according to law.

Benjamin Tilley
Wm. Pearse, 2nd
Marshall Waldron

About this time the editor of the local paper was complaining about the rowdies hanging out on the street corners and passing insulting remarks at the young misses of the village as they were passing by. He went on to say that "For years the N. W. corner

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

of Hope and State streets has been known as 'loafers' corner'. It has been the regular hanging-out place of the gang for years. Why the constables do not do something about it—break up the gang," the editor could not understand.

Here is what a young soldier in camp somewhere in the South, back in the year 1861, had to say about it: "Down here we do not hear as much profane talk as is heard every night on the corner of State street, and also no ardent spirits are used."

From the *Bristol Gazette* of April 9, 1836. This little piece of news is certainly unique. The old editor was original if nothing else.

BIRTHS.

On Thursday morning last, the lady of Parker Borden, Esq. of this town, presented him with two fine sons.

1838 —

FOR SALE —

Mansion House, S.E. corner of Hope and Church streets, belonging to Capt. Isaac Blye. At one time a Tavern. Also large building directly East formerly occupied by Capt. Blye as a cooperage.

1838 —

I would inform you, one and all
That I shave clean at the Golden Ball,
I'll cut your hair in a stile that's nice
And charge but half the usual price.

J. W. Smith

1839 —

THE OLD TIN SHOP

Repairing all kinds of Tin
and Sheet Iron Ware, etc.

Amos T. Gorham

The old tinsmith was "Wash" Gorham's father. Old Wash used to tell that when he was a boy, he and his father would walk to Newport every day. He was helping his father copper the bottom of a ship that was hauled out down there. They would walk down to the Ferry every morning and take the ferry-boat across, returning at sundown.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

Wash was born in 1838 and died in 1925; he was the youngest of a family of eleven children. The old records of 1820 mention Wash's father, a tinsmith in the village in those days.

1841 —

LOOK HERE!

The person who borrowed my Book, containing
5000 receipts for Cooking, will do me a great
favor by returning it immediately.

Chas. Spooner

Chas. H. Spooner, son of the old baker, kept a bake-shop on State street for over 50 years, up to about the year 1902.

Back in the year 1850 his bake-shop was located on Thames street at head of Steamboat wharf. The quaint little brick shop where he baked brown-bread, beans and the most delicious Indian puddings one ever tasted, is still standing on the south side of State street. The old brick oven which was in back is gone. As a youngster, it was always a great treat to watch "Uncle Charles" push the long-handle wooden paddle (called a peel) loaded with small pots of beans and Indian puddings (all to be baked overnight) deep down into the back of the long oven where a tiny fire of coke was doing its best to heat the cavern-like interior. An old map of the year 1846 shows the Town Clerk's office as located in this old building.

1841 —

Job M. Barrus

Barber and Shoemaker,

Takes this method of informing his old friends
and the public generally, that he has taken the
Shop on State street, next door to Ephraim
Gifford, where he will patiently wait for calls
of those who may please to favor him with their
custom. He will serve his customers from the
crown of the head to the sole of the foot, body
not included.

Job was a very versatile sort of individual, for the old records back in the year 1820 tell about him as one of the four-piece band which accompanied the military of those days on their parades and at "trainins".

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

1841 —

HAIR TRUNKS
BONNET RIBBONS
FUR CAPS

FLANNELS! FLANNELS!
Red Flannels All Wool 25 cts. per yd.

RICH SHAWLS
French Cashmere \$15

COWHIDE BOOTS
at \$2.25 per pair

1842 —

SPECTACLES—at 25 cents

All who are less than 100 years old can find spectacles at 55 Hope Street. All over 100 may go to the Long Room in Warren.

J. Gooding

1842 —

FOR SALE

Brass Eight Day Clock

The homeliest clock that ever was, is for sale and warranted to be a time keeper, if one can judge from what it has done for the last 113 years—Price \$10. Its case is of the coffin pattern.

J. Gooding & Co.

1843 —

FIRE BUCKETS

At a town meeting held on 13th day of June, John Peckham, Jr. and Bennett J. Munro were appointed a Committee to examine every dwelling house in the compact part of the town, to ascertain who have and who have not fire buckets in conformity to law.

Wm. Throop
Town Clerk

“In those days the law required every householder to have two fire buckets, with his name on them, hung in the front entry of his house. Many of the old families in town still have these old leather buckets with the initials of the original owner painted on them. These old relics of the past now displayed in front hallways are indisputable evidence that the owners came from some of the early Bristol families.”

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

1844 —

ROPE WALK for SALE

The subscriber offers for sale his Ropewalk on Wood street, with all the necessary apparatus for making Cordage, with a good horse machine, and a horse well trained for the business. The Walk is well calculated for a large business as there is no other Walk in town calculated for making cordage; it offers a rare opportunity to any one who may wish to embark in the business.

Benjamin Tilley.

1845 —

Carpet Bags.

1847 —

"Will exchange drygoods for onions @ 25 cents bush."

H. Wardwell

1848 —

Parasollettes
and
Sun Shades

1848 —

Halpa Rosa, a new article for the hair, also Bears Oil and Ox Marrow.

Drs. Briggs and Drury.

1850 — From the *Phoenix*

WANTED A WIFE

The undersigned citizen of Rhode Island of the age of *about* 55 years, in sound health and comfortable circumstances, wishes to form a matrimonial connection with a woman of respectable character and kindly affections. She must not be over 50 years old, must know how to bake a jonny cake, cook a beefsteak, wash and mend shirts, and darn stockings, and perform other household duties. To such a woman the undersigned offers himself. None others need apply.

John Dennis

1851 —

Furniture and Coffin Wareroom!

No. 40 Bradford St.

Furniture and Coffins of every description.
Constantly on hand or made to order.

George Munro, 2nd

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

1851 —

Kossuth Hats

1851 —

Melodeons

\$45 — \$100

Henry P. Pierce

1855 —

White Beaver Hats

1855 —

Daguerreotypes

J. C. Richardson

No. 79 Thames St.

1855 —

Ready Made Coffins

John S. Weeden

No. 52 Church St.

Opposite the Common

1855 —

Shaving—Hair Cutting—Curling.

Hair and Whiskers Dyed a beautiful Black or
Brown, and warranted not to change color.

Dan Tanner

No. 6 State St.

1856 —

Snuff and Tobacco

1856 —

House Pumps

1856 —

“Those that like a warm bed in a cold night,
are informed that we have on hand some nice
comforters.”

1856 —

“A few more of those Shirt-Bosoms at 12½ cts.
—worth 25 cents.”

1859 —

Notice

Pew to Let

Pew No. 42 in the Cong. Church

inquire of Josiah Gladding

or the Saxon

1864 —

Josephus Gooding,
dealer in

Clocks, Watches and Jewelry

Fancy Goods, Blank Books, Stationery
and

Musical Instruments

corner of Hope and State sts., Bristol

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

1879 —

Bristol English and Classical School

Wilfred H. Munro, A.M.

Principal

(Rev. Harry Howe Bogert writes: "I attended this school in 1879")

Here are a few that appeared in our local paper 77 years ago; the time was 1865, and the Civil War had just ended.

LONG WHARF STORE

CONSTANTLY on hand and to be sold at the lowest market prices — Choice Oolong Tea, Japan do, N. Y. Factory Cheese, Connecticut do, Havana White and Brown Sugar by lb, bbl or box, Muscovado Sugar, Refined do, Extra No. 1 loose ground Coffee, No. 1 loose do do, Java Coffee in papers, W. India do do, Mocha do, Stickney and Poore's do, Challenge do, Rye Coffee, Bolted Meal, Rye Meal, Wheaten grits, Farina, Corn Starch, Choice Muscovado Molasses, Honey in Jars and Cans, Kendall's Olive Soap, French Laundry do, B. T. Babbitts do, Number one do, Woman's friend do, Jackson's extra no 1 do, Phila. Detersive do, Lincoln's Pearl do, Castile do, Toilet do, Fish lines, hooks and sinkers, Lamp Wicks, Excelsior Flour, Richland do, Empire State do, Wamsutta do, for sale by lb. bag or bbl, Oswego Starch, Dried Apples, Soda Crackers, Raised do, Wine do, Pic-nic do, Hard Bread, Dried Currants, Preserved Citron, Raisins, Prunes, White Beans, Pickles, Sugar Cured Hams, Dried Beef, Pure Lard, Firkin Butter, Farm Butter, Wash Tubs various sizes, Chopping Trays, Water Pails, Wire Sieves, Rolling Pins, Clothes Pins, Floor Brushes, Clothes do, Stove do, Shoe do, Corn Brooms, Hand Brooms, Cocoanut dippers, Clear pork, salt pork, Salt beef, Candles, Codfish, Kerosene oil, Friction matches, Bag Salt, Cider Vinegar, Pepper sauce, Cream Tartar, Ground Mustard, do Cinnamon, do B. Pepper, do Cloves, do Allspice, do Ginger, do Mace, do Nutmegs, Eureka Saleratus, G. M. do, Fresh hops, Shoe Blacking, Stove Polish, best plug Tobacco, Solace do, O. K. Chewing do, Yellow Bank do, Killikinick do, Domestic Cigars, Havana do, Wooden pipes, Clay do, Porcelain do, Liquid

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

bluing, Essences all kinds, Eggs and Milk,
Patent Medicines, Balm Gilead, Pain Killer,
Armington's Bitters, Soothing Syrup, etc. In
fact every article to be found in a first class
Grocery and Provision Store.

Remember the Long Wharf Store.

C. J. Fales

.

Eggs, Butter, and garden and farm produce
wanted at the

Long Wharf Store.

.

OTIS MUNRO,

Dealer in

Flour, Grain and Groceries, corner State
and Thames streets.

.

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS

Of all kinds, on hand and for sale by
Otis Munro

.

FARMERS AND ONION RAISERS

Seaweed constantly for sale on the Long Wharf.
Inquire of

C. J. Fales,

Long Wharf Store.

.

For Sale at the Bradford St. Union, Preserved
Peaches, Tomatoes, Currants and Blackberries,
Grape, Blackberry and Guava Jellies, Honey
loose by the lb. or in bottles, Tamarinds by
the lb. or in jars, Figs, Raisins, &c. Also, all kinds
of Pastry, Pies, Cake, Cookies, white, brown and
Graham Bread fresh from the bakehouse every
morning; all my crackers come fresh from the
bakehouse every morning which is very essential
at this season of the year. Also Hops and Malt,
Pickles loose, by the quart, in jars or by the
dozen. Also Rye and Indian Meal all the sea-
son; nice Dates, Figs and cooking Prunes, Sar-

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

dines, Candies of all kinds, Gum Drops. The above are only a few of the articles we have on hand for sale together with a good assortment of Groceries. Also Sword Fish, Mackerel soaked and ready for the breakfast during the summer months—every morning or evening.

J. Gladding

GLEANINGS FROM THE PAST

1681, Sept. 1st—"The proprietors with the inhabitants of this place assembled together and agreed that the name of the town should be Bristol." "The name was probably suggested by Bristol, England, and for some time after its settlement it was called New Bristol."

1718—Here is a quaint old entry in the Town Meeting records of that year: "A Town meeting was held this day, but owing to a Funeral which was to take place, the meeting was adjourned to the following Monday."

1686—25 shillings a year were ordered to be given William Brown for sweeping the meeting house, and opening and shutting the doors before and after service.

1689—"John Corps chosen Poundkeeper, and digger of Graves, likewise he is chosen Sweeper of meetinghouse, and Ringer of the Bell, and the Selectmen are to agree with him by the year."

The old grave-digger didn't live very long after this, his many duties must have been too arduous. For it was only a few years when we read of the widow following his corpse to the grave, and then we run across this entry:

1692—Voted, that Widow Goody Corps have three pounds for this year, it being for Ringing the Bell for Sabbath Days, and Town Meetings and also for Sweeping the meeting house." The "widder" filled the old sexton's boots pretty much—she did everything he did but dig the graves.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

1709—John Liscomb was chosen to Ring the Bell and Sweep the meeting house and also look after the boys to prevent their playing in times of Public Worship on the Lord's Day.

1727—The town erected a school house on State street. It was a single story, gambrel-roofed building, 26 x 20, that cost £50. It was situated just in back of the Court House, which then stood in the middle of State street, a few rods east of Hope street. In 1799 it was taken down and the school transferred to the Court House.

In 1744 a school house stood in the middle of Constitution street between Hope and High streets. It was pulled down about the year 1800, being useless. An old 1846 map of the town shows a school house located on the northwest corner of Constitution and Hope streets. (Miss Fanny Slade states that years ago her mother taught in this school.)

The 1846 map shows another school house on the south side of Constitution street, just west of the Manchester house which stands on the corner.

The 1846 map also shows the "Ocean House" on the site of the old "Gas House" which was on the corner of Hope and Washington streets (Gas House Lane).

1799—Town Meeting Records: "Voted—that teams with 2 oxen, horse and 1 man have \$2 per day, for working on the highway. Horse and cart and 1 hand have \$1.25 and for 1 man 67 cents—all to work 8 hours in each day."

1803—Town Meeting Records: "Resolved that Capt. James D'Wolf have liberty to Dig a well in the lane westward of the Court House, between Hope street and Thames street under the direction of Messrs Aaron Easterbrooks, Josiah Smith and Newton Waldron, who are appointed a committee to point out the spot where sd. well shall be dug." This is a quaint way of designating the location: The lane, referred to, must have been lower State street.

1807—Town Meeting Records: "Committee of three appointed to erect a building suitable for a Market House at the foot of Pump Lane, so called, west of Thames street."

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

1811—"The fence enclosing the burying ground at the Academy bid off by James D'Wolf for 7 dollars."

Back in the year 1817 President James Monroe visited this town and while here was the guest of General George D'Wolf at his residence on Hope street (the Linden Place). The president and his party came up from Newport on the steamboat Fire Fly. This was the first steamboat that had ever come into this harbor and her presence attracted equal attention with that of the President and his party. When the news arrived in town that the President was coming to Bristol, quite naturally it stirred up a lot of interest.

The free holders immediately called a meeting to be held in the new Court House, to make suitable plans for the reception of the expected guest and to appoint a reception committee.

An old record says of this meeting: "It was largely attended; in the center of the Court room was a large table, around which the free holders assembled. Many of the prominent people of the town were there. Conspicuous among the crowd was Uncle Joe, the "King of Munroe Town," as he was called, who never let an opportunity go by of being present at a town meeting and always had a keen eye on the treasury. Uncle Joe was not opposed to the President's visit, in fact he was glad, for he wanted to see the President of the United States; but he thought that those fellows who held office or were trying to get an office should pay the bills.

1820—According to the old records, meetings of the freemen legally convened (town meetings) were holden at various places in town—the State House (Court House), Brick School House and Academy Hall.

1823—Town Meetings Records: "Perry Dotee was appointed town Cryer and to serve until the annual town meeting in April next." He "did not except" as noted later in the records. An extract from the same records—"the following accounts were red and refered to the council etc." (Some of the spelling in those days was terrible.)

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

1833—"The Church and Society in this town called Christians have purchased the lot of land on the corner of High and Constitution streets, for the purpose of erecting a house of public worship."

1834—"There are in Bristol 243 persons by the name of MUNRO." 112 males, 131 females. At that time the population of the town was about 3300. One out of every 14 persons in the town was a Munro.

1834—"Council are authorized to have a Hearse built at the expense of the town."

1841—Chas. E. Bennett was conducting a Singing School on Friday evenings at half past six at the Court House.

1845—The town meeting voted: "That a public tomb be erected in the burying ground east of the Common."

1846—Lard oil—used in lamps—was being tried out for lighting purposes. "Just as efficient as whale oil," the editor of the *Phoenix* assured his readers, "for he had tried it out."

1846—Champlin Bowen drove the hearse. He was a farmer and at one time worked for Senator D'Wolf. He lived in the old "Barrack House" on High street.

1847—Deacon Jeremiah Diman (1767-1847). At the time of his death, the editor of the *Phoenix* wrote: "A few years since (3-16-1844) he gave us through these columns an account (eye-witness) of revolutionary times; Burning of Bristol by the British in 1778."

1847—Dr. Samuel S. Drury started to practice in Bristol; he was 22 years old at the time. Born in the year 1825, he died in 1879.

1848—Three schoolhouses were erected in Bristol:

The North Primary Schoolhouse, stone building on Franklin St., the South Primary Schoolhouse, stone building on High St., and the Northeast District Schoolhouse.

1849, July—The old Sugar House: "We understand that our enterprising young townsmen Messrs. Cornelius R. Dimond, Samuel Norris and Horace M. Barns have formed a co-partnership under the name of C. R. Dimond & Co. for the special pur-

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

pose of manufacturing and refining sugar on a large scale. The stone building at the head of Norris' wharf will immediately be lengthened and raised to six stories in height and fitted for a sugar manufactory. We understand that the steam apparatus necessary has already been contracted for and preparations made for starting the business as soon as possible."

1851—"The old Commercial Hotel is being improved inside and out and is being reopened under the name of the Mount Hope House as a Temperance House—an unsightly building before—raised up and finished off with two stores in the basement."

1852—"The members of the Hydraulion Engine Co. No. 1, Captain Joseph S. Thompson, had a Grand Supper and Ball at their house on Thames street in the evening of January 8th, which was got up in good style, and came off to the satisfaction of all."

1855—Three churches were erected in Bristol: Congregational, Methodist and Roman Catholic.

1855—Ambrose E. Burnside—Bristol Fire Arms Co.—was manufacturing fire arms on Burnside street.

1855—"Lot of land on State street, 114 x 268 feet deep, purchased by the Methodist Society for \$3500."

1855—Walling's maps were selling for \$5 a copy.

1856—"A. T. and T. J. Usher have demolished the old store and are to build on the same site a large brick building." (This is the Morris block on the east side of Thames street.)

1856—The *Phoenix* mentions the shipyard of the Thompson Bros. at Green Point, at the head of the harbor. (Capt. Joseph S. Thompson and Edward I. Thompson were the old shipwrights.)

1857—J. P. Newall's lithographic "View of Bristol from Pappoose Squaw's Neck." These pictures were first on sale in July, 1857.

1857—The old Congregational church which stood in the middle of Bradford street, was moved to the north side of the street.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

1858, July—"The brick school-house corner of High and State streets in accordance with a custom which has been regularly observed for years in the past was set on fire by burning wads from the guns or from fire-crackers on the 4th.

"The most remarkable part of the performance was the effective method adopted by some irregulars to save the furniture of the school-room from the flames. It was demolished, and the entire room was stripped of everything, even the sliding doors between the two rooms, in an incredibly short time and before there was the least sign of danger to them either from fire or water.

"Whoever was the inventor of this novel plan should receive a medal from the town."

1862, December—"Bristol soldiers wounded in the late battle of Fredericksburg, Va.

Maj. Jacob Babbitt, wounded severely in breast and arm; since died.

Adj. Chas. F. Paige, lost an eye.

Serg. Maj. Joseph S. Manchester, severely, lost an arm; since died.

Sergt. Benj. F. Miller, slightly wounded.

Serg. Chas. H. V. Mayo, wounded in heel.

Serg. Geo. W. Simmons, wounded in thigh, severely.

Corp. James Duffy, Jr., slightly wounded.

Private Alonso Pierce, severely wounded in abdomen."

1864—From the Town Treasurer's Report: "Paid John B. Pearce (sheriff) services in attempt'g to prevent the infernal rowdyism at the Post Office—\$11.00."

It seems that some of the youth of the town were in the habit of hanging out in the lobby of the Post Office evenings while waiting for the mail to be sorted. While there they whiled away the time by raising the very devil, to the disgust of the folks who were in the habit of going there for the evening mail. The post-master finally had to lock the doors on them, and only reopened them when the mail was sorted.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

In 1865—In the Rhode Island Colored Regiment that arrived at the camp at Portsmouth Grove on Wednesday were the following that enlisted from this town:—John Robbins, Charles E. Reed, Thomas Butler, Carrington M. Slade, Charles Bright, Frederick Braddock, Joseph Ray, and William D'Wolf.

1865—A stranger in the town a few days ago was overheard by a bystander, near the corner of Church and Hope streets, soliloquizing:—"That's a big steepled meeting house you've got, without any bell, and there's a face and figures, but no clock; well, I never was in a town of this size afore where they couldn't afford a town clock—it's as much needed in the daytime as the town watch is at night."

It was only a few years later that this public-minded stranger's suggestion was "fait accompli", for in 1871 a clock was presented to St. Michael's church by John R. Gardner, a wealthy gentleman of the town. He desired to furnish "a clock of sufficient size and power, that the strike may reach a radius of some two miles, so that the rich and poor, the employer and the employee may know the hour of day as well as the night. It would also be an ornament and useful instrument, as well as a great comfort to the sick and sorrowful, who are frequently deprived of the means of knowing of the passing moments."

1870—"The ringing of the 'town bell' at noon and nine o'clock in the evening has been discontinued. The last ringing was on the evening of Dec. 3, 1870."

1870—"At a meeting of the Town Council, gas lights, ordered to be substituted for oil lamps on the corners of High and Franklin and Wood streets."

1873—"The old Academy building which was sold at auction has been cut in two and the front half moved to the lot on the corner of High and Franklin streets to be fitted up for a tenement house. The other half was moved to the west side of Prospect street." (Both of these are still standing in 1942.)

1873—"When they repaired Bradford street they hitched a horse and seven yoke of oxen to the plough and it took a lot of

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

hawing and geeing to keep the plough going through the hard earth."

1880—"The Providence Telephone Co. petitioned the Town Council to set up a line of poles through the town."

1887—The Children's Home on Union street was opened in May. An old house of white brick, said to be haunted, that stood on the site was destroyed by fire. The 1870 map of Bristol shows a previous home for destitute children on the south side of Congregational street.

1889—"The old Market building, for many years located at the foot of State street has been removed to a lot on the west side of Wood St. It is hereafter to be the home of the steam road-roller."

1891—Some interesting facts concerning the church bells in town.

<i>Church</i>	<i>Tone</i>	<i>Lbs.</i>	<i>Inches</i>	<i>Date</i>
St. Michael's Chapel	A	826	35½	1879
Baptist	A	1000	36¾	1831
Congregational	F sharp	2147	46	1854
Methodist	E	2285	47	1868
Trinity	E flat	3067	52½	1891
St. Michael's	D	3203	55	1891

1893—"Mr. John Howland Pitman (1814-1904) resigned his position as janitor of the Town Hall December 29, after serving the town in that capacity for more than 34 years. In the year 1859, December 1st, the hall was opened for the first time to hear a lecture on "General Washington" delivered by the Hon. N. P. Banks, the hall being filled with an appreciative audience. This was the first of a series of lectures delivered during the winter months. During this time the hall has been opened 2,440 times, according to the records kept by Mr. Pitman; fifty of these were for town meetings and nine for presidential elections. During this time there have been nine agents of the hall."

"One hundred years ago, Daniel Gladding, father of the late town clerk, Peter Gladding, was the leader of the local band in

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

town. In those times the band used to practice evenings out in front of his house on the narrow strip of lawn." This house is the one now owned by Miss Lillia R. Farrington, located on the north side of Bradford street; it was built in the year 1813.

"Years ago they used to ring the bell of the Baptist church when there was a fire in town. The doors of the church were always left unlocked and the first one to learn of the fire rushed to the church and furiously rang the bell. A fire was a fire in those days and could be anywhere in town. After learning that there was a fire, the next thing was to find out where it was. Sometimes it would be 'all out' before the fire companies got there."

This old picture of the Common as it was in 1826 is interesting: "The public common, a portion of which is devoted to graveyard purposes and the remainder for cow pasture is bare like the deserts of Sahara without tree or shrub." It is surrounded on three sides by granite posts, standing about eight feet apart. Buttonwood trees are planted on three sides, with elms in front of the public buildings fronting on High street." (In the early thirties the buttonwoods were stricken by disease, and nearly all of them died; they were replaced by other varieties, mostly elms.)

"The county jail nearby the Court House is a small wooden building, incapable of holding a man against his will.

"The sidewalks at certain seasons of the year are almost impassible for the mud and water."

An old account back in the forties tells about a lecture that was to be held in the Court House. (That was where they held the concerts and lectures in the olden days.)

"The night of the lecture the roads and sidewalks were in such a deplorable condition from recent rainfalls that the folks were mired to their boot tops in the mud while attempting to cross the road in front of the hall and had to give it up and return to their homes."

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

From the *Phenix*—1855

Mr. Editor: I lately made a visit to your pleasant town, and while admiring the handsome houses, was much annoyed by my horse (who is rather skittish) shying about the streets; at first I did not notice the cause, but it proved to be his fear of clam shells, cabbage tops, lobster shells, potato parings, heaps of weeds, piles of broken bricks, etc., which the streets appeared to be made of.

Perhaps it was the day for the scavenger carts to take up the waste fixings that will accumulate about all houses, but which in well managed towns is never allowed to be put into the streets, to frighten horses, create unwholesome smells, or offend the sight of the ladies that walk the streets.

Your beautiful town is worthy of clean streets and good side-walks.

(Signed) Providence—Observer

1855—"In Hope street many of the limbs of the shade trees hang so low that it is difficult to pass under them with a raised umbrella or with a carriage."

1865—"The sidewalk on the west side of Hope street between Church and Constitution streets was — say those who forded it — but a little more than ankle deep in water, in some places, during the rainy days of this last week."

1840—"Bristol is probably the only community in America that still celebrates Guy Fawkes' day; his memory is commemorated here every year on the 5th of November. There are no formal speeches, nor do the people dress in mourning for the distinguished Briton. The bells are rung, tar barrels are burned, and an anvil is sometimes fired off, and the boys attest their frantic joy by knocking off each other's hats in the day time and carrying off peoples' front gates in the evening."

1865, October—"We are glad to notice that our Town Council have adopted the necessary measures to put a stop to the making of bonfires on the Common and public streets in this town on the evening of the fifth of November. Heretofore large gangs

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

of boys have been in the habit of collecting all sorts of combustible materials and burning them in various localities about town. All good citizens will approve of the doings of the Council in this matter."

1875—"The water that supplied the several distilleries in the town years ago came from Grey's spring, about two miles north-east of the town, and about a mile from Reynolds' pond. It was brought through wooden pipes, laid about two feet below the surface of the ground, and in addition to feeding the distilleries, also furnished a supply of water for family use in the town. While excavating for the water pipes a great number of these old wooden pipes were dug up, many of them in a decayed state."

1895—"In excavating for new water pipes on Hope street at the corner of Bradford street an old wooden pipe used many years ago to convey water from Grey's spring located on Bristol Neck to the distilleries then in operation on Thames street was unearthed. The pipes were made of logs about a foot in diameter, through which a hole about 4 inches in diameter was bored. On one end of each pipe it was made smaller so that it could be inserted into the next section of pipe. The piece dug up is in an excellent state of preservation."

"From the days of Capt. Benjamin Church, the old Indian fighter, military organizations have existed in Bristol. The first of its kind in this town was in 1681, when the citizens formed themselves into a "training band" for protection against the Indians which were lurking about in the woods and swamps in the vicinity. At their first meeting Benj. Church was appointed Captain. They were required to turn out once a week, on Saturdays, on the Common for drill and parade, and the members were also required to hold themselves in readiness for duty at all times, and especially on the Sabbath day—this continued until 1698."

"From the year 1785 to the present time the anniversary of American Independence has, with a few exceptions, been duly observed by military parades, orations and public processions."

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

"Fifty-seven Fourth of July orations were delivered in the old Congregational meeting-house when it stood in the middle of Bradford street, and the Rev. Dr. Wight invoked the divine blessing on thirty-six occasions."

"The town at this time was humane and charitable as well as patriotic. The Bristol Female Charitable Society was then, as now, doing its deeds of love and charity among the unfortunate and deserving poor in the town. The Masonic fraternity was taking care of widows and orphans of deceased members. The churches also ministered to the temporal wants of their communicants, and many benevolent individuals had their private beneficiaries. Collections for the poor were taken in the churches on Thanksgiving and Christmas days, and a generous supply of turkeys, geese, chickens and meats were distributed by the rich and benevolent among those in humbler circumstances."

A FEW ANECDOTES

STRIPED PAINT

BACK in the nineties there was an old fellow in town named John M. Wing who kept a hardware store in the old Mount Hope Block; he was getting along in years at the time. One forenoon Tom Downey, who did a little painting (it seems in those days everybody either worked a little or didn't work at all), stopped in at the old gentleman's store. "Mr. Wing," he asked, "have you got any more of that striped paint?"

The old man put on his specs and proceeded to look over the stock which lined his shelves. All the while Tom was telling him that he had a job that he wanted to finish in the worst way—the barber's pole out in front of Jim Williams' shop. The old merchant searched and searched, all the while sputtering to himself, "Damn that Will—damn that Will." Tom didn't say anything more except to tell him to take his time, that he was in no great hurry; he saw the old man was all riled up and he felt kinder sorry for him.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

Finally the old man gave it up. Turning around to Tom, who was patiently waiting, he announced, "Sorry, Tom, I seem to be all out of it this morning—I got every other color but the one you want. I'll order some right off—have it for you in a few days."

"That's all right, Mr. Wing," Tom assured him, "I can finish it some other time."

The old man started to fume again, "I don't know what's the matter with that boy Willie of mine (Willie was then over thirty), I told him time and again, 'Willie, when you sell the last one, put it down in the order book.' "

So Tom decided to give it up for that day, and started for the door; on the way out he turned and apologized again to the old merchant for putting him to so much trouble. Once outside he made a beeline to George Easterbrooks' store; his old cronies would be waiting there, warming themselves around the huge stove down in back, and would want to hear how he made out.

About an hour later another customer came in and wanted some striped paint, only to be told by old Mr. Wing that he was all out of it. Later a third customer was in the market for some. By this time the old merchant was becoming disgusted. "Don't it beat the devil now—you're the third person who's been in here this morning for striped paint—the very day I'm out of the damned stuff."

JEFF ADAMS

That the old New England, Yankee wit was still existent years ago in Bristol, was quite evident after hearing "Wash" Gorham tell about the old fellow who wanted to get a supply of rum to carry him over the week end (his regular Saturday night's supply).

In those days they sold rum at the grocery stores, out of a cask. This Saturday night Vickery's store (it was down on Thames street—most all the stores were down there in those days) was full of customers when Jeff Adams approached the old grocer. "Mister Vickery," he said, holding up his jug, "could

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

I git a gallon of rum for over Sunday?" "All right, Jeff, go right down in back there and draw it yourself, you know where it is—I got to wait on this customer. Be careful not to spill any," he admonished. So Jeff took his jug and went down in back of the store where the casks were standing and proceeded to draw himself a gallon of the best spirits that the old grocer had in stock. When he had drawn what he thought was a fair-sized gallon he replaced the wooden stopper in the jug and returned to the front part of the store. He went up to the counter and said in the same meek tone, "Mr. Vicery, I ain't got the money to pay you tonight, but if you'd just as soon as trust me, I'll pay you sure next week." Then old Vickery remembered that Jeff still owed for the rum he had got the last time. The old man called Jeff's attention to it. "I ain't got no money tonight," Jeff repeated sadly. "If you can't pay me you'll have to pour it back," the old grocer said in a decided tone. So the disappointed Jeff made another trip to the rear of the dimly-lighted store and poured the gallon back. All the while the old man, watching him, was listening to his spirits gurgling back into the cask. When Jeff got outside his face was all of a grin. "Well," he chuckled, "I guess I got as much out of it as he did."

It seems that before he went into the store he had the Yankee foresight to stop at the pump and put a gallon or so of water in his jug.

"FESSOR B.—"

Here is a weird story about the old tomb in the D'Wolf family cemetery on Tanyard lane: Years ago there was a fellow in town they used to call "Fessor" B—. He was a good sort of a fellow and the boys all liked him. On their regular Sunday afternoon hikes they always took him along for he was good company and knew all about the country they traversed.

Coming back from one of these walks just at dusk, their path led through the old D'Wolf graveyard. Halting before the old tomb for a moment they started to recall the incident of years ago when it was blown open. "Fessor" did not say much but it was

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

plain to see that he was doing a heap of thinking. When they were on their way again one of the boys feeling in his pocket discovered an apple and calling to the others to wait a minute, ran back to the tomb, climbed to the top and stuck the apple on the iron pike surmounting it; after which he rejoined his comrades.

That night the gang was holding session in the back kitchen of the home of one of the boys. The weather had changed and turned to a heavy downpour. Going to the door one of them remarked that it was black as ink outside. It was then about ten o'clock. "Just such a night as this when Dickerson robbed the old Senator's tomb," he remembered, "it must have taken a lot of courage and nerve." This was the opinion of everybody in the room—except one—and that one was "Fessor", who was over in the corner half asleep. "Dead folks never yet hurt anybody," he mumbled. The upshot of it all was, that for a half-pint of rum, "Fessor" would start right then and there for the old cemetery and for proof bring back the apple left there that afternoon on top of the tomb. While he was gone they figured it all out; that it was about a twenty-five minutes walk down there and "Fessor" should be back in a little less than an hour—if his courage didn't fail him. Their figuring was about right; the kitchen clock on the mantel showed just fifty-five minutes when steps were heard splashing along the flooded walk. With a vicious kick at the door "Fessor" burst into the dingy kitchen, drenched to the skin. Without a word he pulled the apple out of his pocket and tossed it on the table. There it was, all pierced through. The only thing left was to get rid of his soaked clothes and for the chagrined boys to fulfill their part of the bargain.

Several weeks had elapsed; they were again walking down through the old cemetery. As was their habit, they stopped for a moment in front of the old tomb. Without comment they all studied the wizened windfall still clinging to the rusty iron pike on the top of the tomb—then they resumed their Sunday afternoon stroll.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

HIX DOTY

Another narrative that has survived the days of the old inns and square-riggers, now long past, was told to me by a grand-uncle of mine who first saw the light of day in John Quincy Adams' time.

"It seems they were unloading one of the square-riggers that had just arrived that day from Havana. Sugar, molasses and huge casks of Jamaica rum made up most of her cargo. One particular cask they rolled far up to the other end of the wharf—Long Wharf—and left it there, where it remained overnight. There was a fellow down there on the wharf that day, named Hix Doty, watching them unload the ship. Now everybody has his own curse and the curse of Hix Doty was rum; he spent most of his time hanging around the water front and any loose change he could pick up, he right off traded in for rum at the grog-shop at the head of the wharf. All day long Hix had his eye on that lone cask up there at the end of the wharf and when it got dark he went down there with a gimlet and tapped it. He filled his jug until it was overflowing and then went off somewhere by himself and filled his old hide with Jamaica rum until it was overflowing.

The next day he was down on the wharf again—and so was the lone cask—right where it was the night before. Hix was figuring out in his mind to make another visit down on the wharf as soon as it got dark, when old Mr. Weeden, the cabinetmaker, drove up in his team and backed up to the wharf. Mr. Weeden was also the local undertaker of the town. He jumped out and asked Hix to give him a hand in loading the cask onto the wagon. As soon as they had loaded it on he got in and drove up Church street. Now, Hix was curious—you couldn't blame him—old man Weeden a pillar of the church—so Hix thought he would go up by the old man's shop and see what he was going to do with all that rum. By the time he got up there old man Weeden had it out in back of his shop knocking off the hoops, and the precious liquid was spurting all over the ground—to Hix's deep regret—all going to waste. There was something in that old cask, how-

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

ever, besides Jamaica rum, for when the old undertaker bent over and lifted out what to all appearances was a human body—Hix just closed his rum-soaked eyes and passed out.

It seems that one of the crew had died of yellow fever down there in Cuba and they were bringing the body home in the cask of rum.

Another yarn about Hix was the time he and old Charley Gayton, the local kalsominer and whitewasher of the town, were down in Doctor D—'s cellar, filling a lot of bottles with some of the best spirits that the doctor had in stock (they were for his patients). They were filling the bottles over a small washtub that belonged to Mrs. D—, so as to catch the overflow. They hadn't been down there very long before the fragrant aroma started a working on old Hix, and it was all Charley could do to keep him from sampling it right then and there—and also Mrs. D— kept coming down every little while to see how they were getting along—and she was dead set against anybody using strong drink, except for sickness. Finally Charley suggested that they wait until they had filled all the bottles and what was left over in the tub Hix could have.

So when they had finished Hix lifted the tub up (with Charley's help) and started to drink saucer-fashion—and just then Mrs. D—came down the cellar stairs and caught poor old Hix, his head stuck halfway in the tub, and the medicine running a stream all down the front of his vest—"he was a sight—and me aiding and abetting him," said Charley, "and that was the last time Hix and me was employed to fill medicine bottles for the doctor."

"THE HULL-CORN MAN"

Many of the readers will recall the hull-corn man who back in the nineties was a familiar figure about town at certain times of the year. They will remember him for two reasons—his hulled corn, which he peddled from house to house, was the most delicious of treats; served with cream and plenty of sugar, well just the thought of it makes one's mouth water. (I hated the stuff.)

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

Some folks used to serve it with molasses, which they claimed was a great improvement over the cream and sugar, and there were others who sprinkled a pinch of salt over it in place of the sweets. They will also remember him because he looked just like a "hull-corn man". Everything about him, his tall spare frame always adorned with a long linen duster, the old derby hat which was the vogue of those days, his sideburns, all of these will be remembered. And don't forget the large, shiny tin kettle full of luscious kernels, that he toted along.

When he had made his regular rounds and "struck bottom" as he used to say, then the fun would begin. He was so happy that he would take that kettle and start to swing it around and above his head just like a cowboy warms up his lariat before throwing it, and sometimes he would throw it—'way up the street. Other times he would roll the kettle cart-wheel fashion right up the middle of the road, every now and then giving it a vicious kick for good measure. He lived somewhere up in the northeast section of the town and on his way home sometimes he passed the Congregational meeting-house up on High street. You will recall there is a long stretch of fence all along the front. Well, one day it happened it was a poor one, he hadn't "struck bottom" and he was mad, real mad. I forgot to say that the fence is an iron affair—all adorned with beautiful pointed spikes of wrought iron—in fact it is a work of art. Well, when he got along there in front of the old meeting-house he grabbed the handle of his kettle with both hands and crashed it right down on those sharp spikes, not once but several times. When he finally got through the thing looked like a sieve.

.

Years ago they used to tell about a young seamstress in the village named Miss Bridget Walker. She was remembered as being very tall and thin and also as not being too expert in her line. If a dress did not fit very well, her alibi was "Pshaw, you're made crooked."

.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

Josiah Peckham, who years ago ran the livery stable on Jail Lane, used to tell a good story about old Nehemiah Carey. Nehemiah used to like to spend an evening, now and then, up-street with the boys, as he called 'em, and sometimes he would come home a little befuddled. One night when he got home the house was all lit up; he went into the sitting-room where his wife was busily sewing. "Ma," said he, "what yer got all the lights goin' for?" Then he leaned over the table and started blowin' 'em out—at the first puff the room was in total darkness.

.

Years ago when they used to sell rum in the grocery stores in town, there was an old fellow named Goodwin who kept a store on Hope street where Peter Bradford carried on his grocery business back in the eighties. "Wash" Gorham used to tell a story about old Goodwin. "Wash" would chant:

Half pint new,
Two ounces yellow,
Trust me now,
Paid you 'fore,
Won't you, Mister Goodwin!

It seems that one of "Mister" Goodwin's regular customers wanted to get a half pint of new rum and two ounces yellow snuff. He had paid for his previous purchases but this time he wanted to get trusted, so he took this original way of asking for credit.

A hundred or hundred and fifty years ago, people surely liked their rum; the old account books of those days show entries, every other thing, for rum, gin and wine.

.

Fred Burgess tells a story about old Marmaduke Mason that is rather interesting. Back in the nineties Fred used to keep a cigar and periodical store on Hope street just a few doors below Jed Young's apothecary shop. One morning he had just hung out in front of the shop copies of the morning papers and the Police Gazette which had just arrived when old Marmaduke

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

came shuffling along on his way to the post office. The old man spotted the pink sheet with a picture of one of those raving beauties of the gay nineties, clad only in tights, right on the front page. He shook his cane first at the poor girl and then at poor Fred, all the while squeaking in his shrill, cracked voice, "Hell papers, hell papers, Burgess sells hell papers." Fred says that the old man kept that yelling up all the way down to the post office, "Burgess sells hell papers, Burgess sells hell papers." He also said that within fifteen minutes he was all sold out of the pink sheet.

CENSUS STATISTICS from 1748 to 1940

BRISTOL TOWN

Year	Population	Colored	Other Races	Gain Loss
1748	1,069	128	13 *	
1755	1,080			+ 11
1774	1,209	114	16 *	+ 119
1776	1,067			— 142
1782	1,032	76	2 *	— 35
1790	1,406	108		+ 374
1800	1,678	113		+ 272
1810	2,693	177		+ 1015
1820	3,197	213		+ 504
1830	3,034	171		— 163
1840	3,490	171		+ 456
1850	4,616	200		+ 1126
1860	5,271	234		+ 655
1865	4,649	145		— 622
1870	5,302	135		+ 653
1875	5,829	190		+ 527
1880	6,028	173		+ 199
1890	5,478	164	2	— 550
1900	6,901	129	9	+ 1423
1910	8,565	43	2	+ 1664
1920	11,375	41	4	+ 2810
1930	11,953	34	1	+ 578
1940	11,159	24	2	— 794

*Indians.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

CENSUS of the COLONY of RHODE ISLAND

Taken by order of the General Assembly, in the year 1774

HEADS OF FAMILIES, BRISTOL TOWN

Joseph Addie	Jeremiah Diman	John Ingraham, jr.
Sarah Allen	Jonathan Diman	Jeremiah Ingraham
John Barrows	Nathaniel Diman	Timothy Ingraham
James Bosworth	Joseph Diman	Joshua Ingraham
William Bradford	Charles D'Wolf	Robert Jolls
Daniel Bradford	Mark Anthony D'Wolf, jr.	Mehetabel Jolls
Priscilla Bradford	Richard Drown	Ebenezer Jolls
Benj. Bosworth, 3d	Solomon Drown	John Jolls
Benj. Bosworth	Jonathan Drown	Sarah Kinnicutt
William Bosworth	Isaac Eslich	Joseph Lynsey
William Bosworth, jr.	Mary Eslich	William Lynsey
Ebenezer Blake	Jeremiah Finney	William Lynsey, jr.
Simon Burr	Josiah Finney	Elizabeth Lynsey
Lenox Bullock	Nathaniel Fales	Sarah Lamb
Shearjashub Bourn	Timothy Fales	Daniel Lefavour
Shearjashub Bourn, jr.	Nathaniel Fales, jr.	Samuel Liscomb
John Burt	Jonathan Fales	William Lawless
Peter Church	John Gladding	Bennet Munro, jr.
Nathaniel Church	Daniel Gladding	Nathan Munro
Unis Church	William Gladding	George Munro
Samuel Church	John Gladding, jr.	Mary Munro
Nathaniel Carey	John Glover	William Munro
Ichabod Cary	Thomas Greene	Hezekiah Munro
Elizabeth Cob	Andrew Gain	James Munro
Lemuel Clarke	Thomas Gray	Stephen Munro
John Coomer	Elizabeth Hough	Bennett Munro
Josiah Cushing	Benard Hill	William Munro, 2d
Thomas Champlin	William Harding	Charles Munro
Isaac Chase	William Holmes	Hannah Munro
William Coggeshall	John Howland	Edward Munro
Sarah Coggeshall	John Howland, jr.	Nathaniel Munro
Newby Coggeshall	Mary Harscall	Archibald Munro
George Coggeshall	John Hubbard	Nathan Munro, 2d
William Christopher	William Hoar	Simeon Munro
William Coxx, jr.	John Hogens	William Munro, 3d
James Diman	John Ingraham	Seabury Manchester

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

Nathaniel Manchester	Joseph Read	John Usher, jr.
Daniel Maxfield	Joseph Reynolds	Hezekiah Usher
John Mingo	Joseph Reynolds, jr.	Allen Usher
William McCarty	Mercy Reynolds	Anthony Van Doorn
Margaret McCarty	Joseph Russell	Patience Walker
John May	Benj. Rosbottom	William West
Sion Martindale	Benj. Salsbery	Oliver West
Jonathan Munday	Caleb Salsbery	James West
John Morris	Levi Salsbery	Samuel West
James Newning	Bennet Salsbery	John West
Joseph Oldridge	Thomas Swan	Phebe Wardwell
Alletha Oldridge	Restcomb Sanford	Joseph Wardwell
John Oldridge	Joshua Sanford	Benj. Wardwell
John Oldridge, 2d	Nathaniel Smith	Isaac Wardwell
Samuel Oxx	Benj. Smith	Stephen Wardwell
George Oxx	John Smith	William Wilson
Nathaniel Pearse, jr.	Nathaniel Smith	John Wilson
Richard Pearse	Peter Smith	Jeremiah Wilson
William Pearse	James Smith	Thomas Wilson
George Pearse	Richard Smith	William White
Thomas Pearse	Josiah Smith	Lydia Woodbury
Nathaniel Pearse	Stephen Smith	Samuel Whitaker
Jonathan Peck	John Smith	John Waldron
Loring Peck	Samuel Smith	John Waldron, 2d
Mary Paine	Billings Smith	Cornelius Waldron
John Pratt	Edward Salbey	Isaac Waldron
Hopestill Potter	Caleb Thurber	Nathaniel Waldron
Simeon Potter	William Throope	Phebe Waldron
Nathaniel Phillips	Esther Throope	Joyce Young
David Richardson	John Usher	

197 heads of families

Whites	1079
Indians	16
Blacks	114
										<hr/>
Total Population	1209

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

CENSUS OF BRISTOL TOWN

A SUMMARY

Taken by the Rev. Henry Wight, January, 1785

Total number of Inhabitants	1195
Widowers and Bachelors, heads of families . .	10
Distinct families	218
Widows, heads of families	34
Persons above 60 years of age	78
Children, living with their parents	628
Children under 10 years of age	328
Domestics, hired or living in families	122
Slaves of both sexes	73
Free Negroes, and other persons of color . .	25
Dwelling-Houses	126

FIRST CENSUS of the UNITED STATES, 1790

THE First Census Act was passed at the second session of the First Congress, and was signed by President Washington on March 1, 1790. Under this law the marshals of the several judicial districts were required to ascertain the number of inhabitants within their respective districts, etc.

By the terms of the First Census law nine months were allowed in which to complete the enumeration. The census taking was supervised by the marshals of the seventeen judicial districts, who employed assistant marshals to act as enumerators. The assistant marshals made two copies of the returns; in accordance with the law one copy was posted in the immediate neighborhood for the information of the public, and the other was transmitted to the marshal in charge, to be forwarded to the President. For the most part the headings of the schedules were written in by hand. Indeed, up to and including 1820, the assistant marshals generally used for the schedules such paper as they happened to have, ruling it, writing in the headings, and binding the sheets together themselves. In some cases merchants' account paper was used, and now and then the schedules were bound in wall paper.

The total population as returned in 1790 was 3,929,214, and the entire cost of the census was \$44,377.

No attempt has been made to correct mistakes in spelling made by the deputy marshals. The names have been copied as they appear upon the original census sheets.

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

HEADS OF FAMILIES, BRISTOL TOWN

Hale, Amos	Peck, Samuel	Esleech, Isaac
Hale, Coomer	Greene, Joseph	Dimon, James
Burr, Rufus	Gardnier, William	Oxx, Prudence
Jolles, Sarah	Usher, Hezekiah	Usher, John
Vance, James	Bosworth, Samuel	Dimon, Timothy
Davis, Jessee	Wardwell, Phebe	Coggeshall, Sarah
Finney, Jeremiah	Wardwell, Allen	Walker, Nabby
Luther, Benjamin	Burr, Samuel	Smith, Samuel
Coggeshall, Nubey	Munroe, Nathan	Smith, Jemima
West, Lawrence	Hill, Jonathan	May, Elisha
Ball, Sarah	Grant, Richard	May, Sarah
Peck, Thomas	Throop, John	Howland, John, Junr
Peck, Nathaniel	Comas, John	Coggeshall, William
Peck, Jonathan	Comas, John, Junr	Munroe, Edward
Peirce, Nathaniel	Comas, Thomas K.	Eslech, Isaac, Junr
Peirce, Thomas	Gosham, Isaac	West, William
Coy, Mary	Finney, Loring	Cox, William
Peirce, Nathaniel, Jun.	White, Allin	DeWoolf, William
Peck, Nicholas	McCartey, Clarissa	Bailies, Gustavas
Cole, Ephraim	McQuim, Molly	Bosworth, Elizabeth
Reynolds, Joseph	Bourne, Aaron	Woodberry, Lydia
Carey, Anna	Burt, Ann	DeWoolf, James
Peck, Loring	Usher, Allen	Pain, Samuel Royal
Church, Peter	Usher, Edward	Martindale, Sarah
Bradford, Daniel	Munroe, Sarah	Russell, Jonathan
Peirce, Isaac (Negro)	Munroe, Abigail	Wardwell, Stephen
Throop, William	Ingraham, Sarah	Wilson, Jeremiah
De Woolf, Mark	Gladding, Joshua	Wilson, Thomas
Anthony	Gladding, Samuel	Phillips, Nathaniel
Reynolds, George	Gladding, Daniel	Townsend, Samuel
Throop, Esther	Bosworth, James	Wardwell, Samuel
Reynolds, Lydia	Dimon, Jonathan	Wardwell, Isaac
Maxwell, David	Dimon, Jeremiah	Lindsey, William
Reed, Joseph	Lollis, William	Swann, Thomas
Bullock, Simeon	Dimon, Thomas	Swann, Margaret
Reed, Benjamin	Norris, John	Wood, Joseph
Brown, James	Bosworth, Benjamin	Finney, Josiah
Grimes, John	Fales, Thomas	Waldron, Sarah
West, Lydia	Church, Thomas	Martin, Hannah
Bosworth, William	Usher, Allen, Junr	Wardwell, Benjamin
Harden, William	Richardson, Molly	Wardwell, Samuel, Jun.
Bourne, Ruth	Peirce, Thomas	Waldron, Newton
Manchester, Cebra	Holmes, Ruth	Parker, Williams
Church, Samuel	West, Thomas	Lindsey, Joseph

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

Gwin, Mary
Murray, Anthony
Sanford, William
Hathgill, Sarah
Hathgill, Charles
Smith, Josiah
Munroe, Nathaniel
Esterbrooks, Aaron
Peck, Nicholas, Jun.
Lefavor, Daniel
Vandorren, Joshua
Vandorren, Ruth
Vandorren, Mosses
Norris, John
Oxx, Samuel
Ingraham, Jeremiah
Brownwell, Thomas
Smith, Nathaniel
Usher, Hezekiah
Smith, Stephen
Fales, William
Fales, Jonathan
Munroe, Amerentia
Drowne, Jonathan
Drowne, Richard
Drowne, Sollomon
Edminster, James
Hoar, Benjamin
Sanford, Royal
Waldron, Betsey
Sanford, Wait
Cook, Elizabeth
Gladding, William
Munroe, Archibald
Waldron, Billings
Waldron, Thomas
Waldron, Isaac
Gladding, William
Gladding, John
Few, William
Clarke, Samuel

Dimon, Nathaniel
Munroe, Charles
Munroe, Nathaniel
Waldron, Ambrose
Lescum, John
Munroe, Thomas
Lescum, Samuel
Liscum, Nathaniel
Nooning, Rebeckah
Callimore, Peleg
Ingraham, Simeon
West, Nathaniel
Ingraham, Joshua
Richmond, Aletheas
Gladding, Samuel
DeWoolf, Charles
Talbey, Edward
Talbey, Stephen
Allin, James
Munroe, William
Dimon, Joseph
Lawless, John
Ingraham, Jeremiah
Ingraham, John
Gladding, John
Smith, Nathaniel J.
Salsbery, Barnard
Holdridge, Joseph
Manchester, Nathaniel
Munroe, William
Oxx, George
Young, John
Wardwell, Pattey
Wardwell, Joseph
Smith, Richard
Lindsey, Samuel
Smith, Richard, Junr
Waldron, Nathaniel
Howland, Daniel
Hathaway, Asa
Bourne, Shearshairb

White, Revd Henry
DeWoolf, John
Reynolds, Mary
Peirce, William
Peirce, Lydia
Peck, Jonathan, Jun.
Ingraham, George
Bradford, Hon^l William
Sanford, George
Reynolds, Thomas
(Negro)
Bosworth, Timothy
Bosworth, William
Wing, Naomi
Bosworth, Benjamin
Wilson, William
Waldron, John
Gray, Thomas
Gray, Pardon
Munroe, Hezekiah
Munroe, Elizabeth
Blake, Ebenezar
Coggeshal, William
Coggeshall, James
Coggeshall, George
Coggeshall, Hannah
West, Nathaniel Hicks
West, Asa
Maxfield, Daniel
Willard, Hezekiah
Howland, John
Reynolds, Jonathan
West, Oliver
Cranston, Stephen
Fales, Nathaniel
Fales, John
Fales, Nathaniel, Jun.
Munroe, Daniel
Munroe, Nathan
Munroe, Joseph

252 heads of families

Whites	1298
All other free persons	44
Slaves	64
Total Population	1406

SKETCHES OF OLD BRISTOL

INTERESTING FACTS OF THE PAST

OPENING of the Blackstone Canal in July, 1828. First boat to travel over it was the Lady Carrington, which made the trip of nearly 45 miles in one day, returning the following day. Edward Carrington was one of the three commissioners of the company. The cost was \$750,000.

Block Island was admitted to the Colony in 1664, having derived its name from a Dutch trader by the name of Block who owned the island at one time. It is situated about 30 miles S.W. from Newport out in the sea.

Common Fence Point, Portsmouth. At the first town meeting held in 1638 voted: "That the town should be built at the spring—also that a general fence be made from bay to bay, above the head of the spring; the charge to be borne proportionally to every man's allotment."

As early as 1750 a light was established at Beaver Tail.

Dollars and cents came in 1792; previous to that it was pound, shilling and pence.

Here is an item of interest that appeared in 1842:

Revolutionary War Pensioners—

In 1811 over	. . .	20,000
In 1841	7,947

<i>Jan. 1st</i>	<i>National Debt</i>
1791	\$ 75,463,000
1801	83,038,000
1810	53,173,000
1812	45,209,000
1816	127,334,000
1826	81,054,000
1833	7,001,000
1835	0,000,000

You will notice from the above that wars are costly; they were back in 1812, when our little scuffle with England, called "Madison's Folly", accounted for an increase of 82 millions between 1812 and 1816. However, in less than twenty years the debt was paid off.

